

GETTING "MOVIE TESTED"—By Ed Sullivan

# Silver Screen

August

10¢

NRA  
CODE

LIBRARY  
JUL - 8 1955  
PERIODICAL DIVISION

ADVANCE COPY

Greta Garbo

MARLON  
STON

"RESTING IN HOLLYWOOD?" By Elizabeth Wilson



# How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely



**CATHERINE WEARY**  
(above) Winning a Western Beauty Contest led Miss Catherine Weary of Chicago, Ill., to success in ateliers and photographers' studios.

**ELIZABETH RUSSELL**  
(left) Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of N. Y. models, has been "snapped" at least 5,000 times.

**JOSELYN REYNOLDS**  
(left) Pressed into service during a shortage of models in a Fifth Avenue Shop, Joselyn Reynolds has prospered ever since.

**PEGGY LADEN**  
(right) Whenever a photographer gets a call for a "sweet sixteen" type, out goes an SOS for Peggy Laden.

**DOROTHY WALLACE**  
(left) Dorothy Wallace of Dallas, Texas, is highly successful in her work, but her real ambition is for the operative stage.

There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do, and it must produce results. That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy-looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

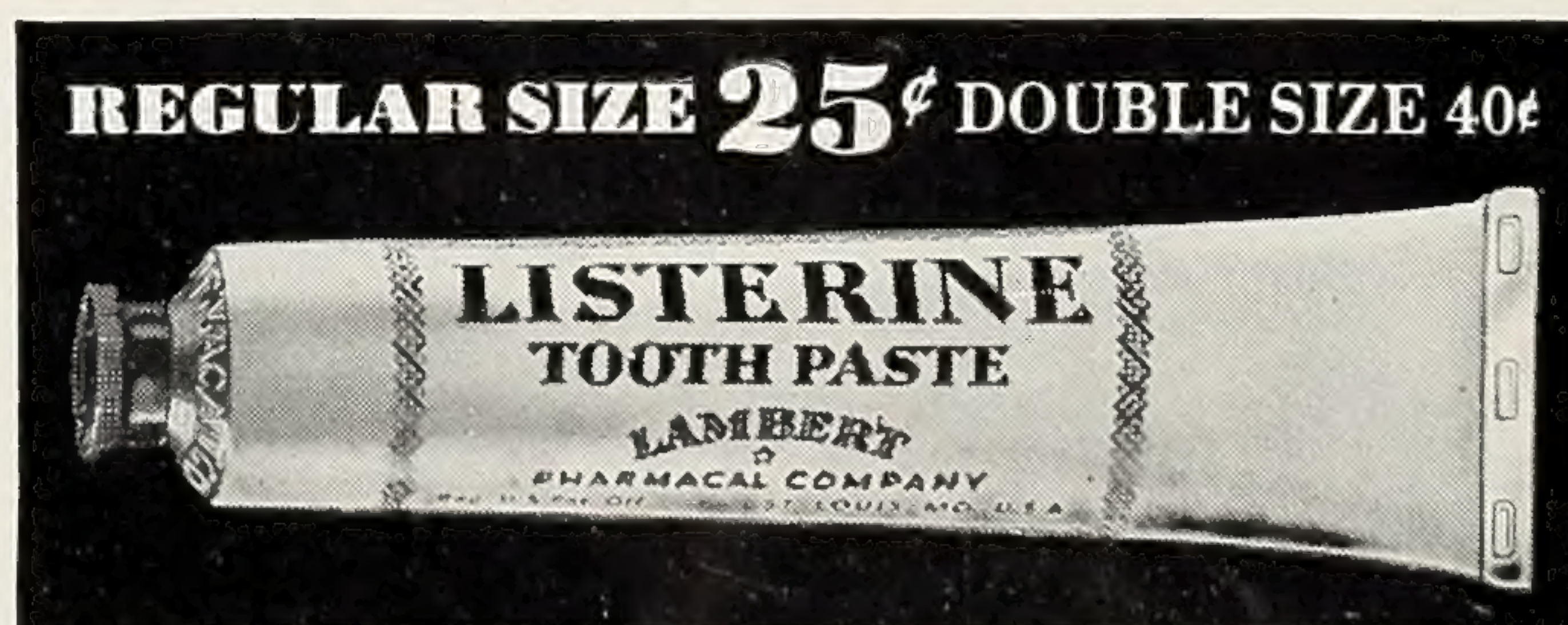
Undoubtedly the tooth paste you

are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums... how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the bril-

liant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



## TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine  
TOOTH POWDER  
25¢

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



# "Accent on Youth"



Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

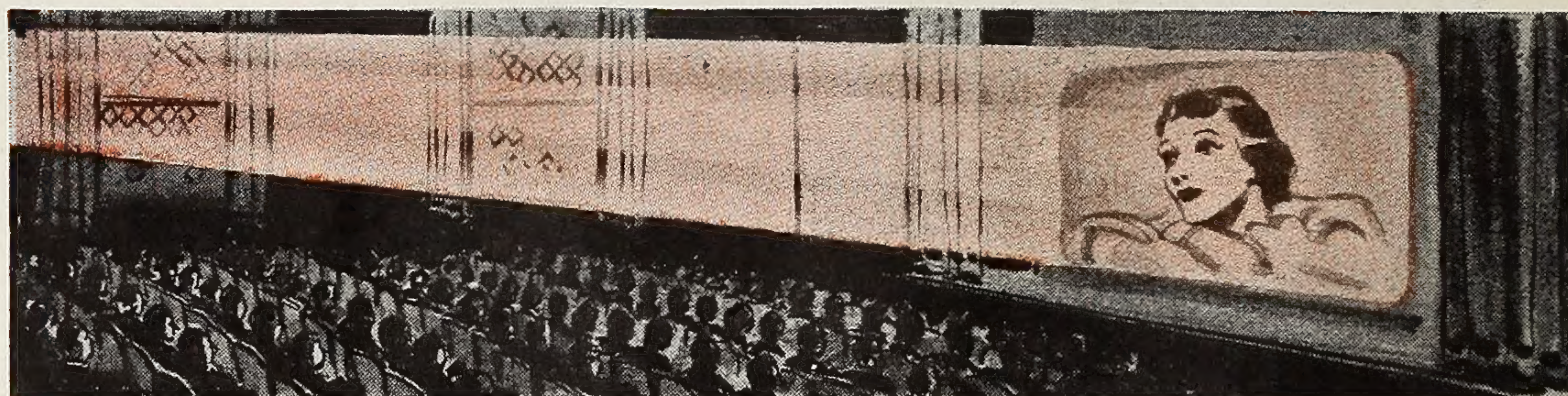
(Advertisement)





# Discovered

IN A  
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



Together,  
A GREAT  
STAR and  
a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



## WILLIAM POWELL<sup>in</sup> *Escapade* with LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN  
VIRGINIA BRUCE  
REGINALD OWEN  
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production  
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman  
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





## The Opening Chorus



Marlene Dietrich

## A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR EDITOR:

I have just come from luncheon at the Vendome and I wish to complain bitterly. In fact I'm so furious that I think I will write a letter to the *Times*, pass a law, or order another double Martini. Why is it, I ask you, that every time I have an ogling visitor in tow, nothing better pops up than three directors' wives, a producer and Peggy Fears!

There was the case of the nice advertiser I took there last week, who really wanted to see movie stars and there wasn't a one until along with the pineapple came Alice Joyce, and I almost kissed her from gratitude. But today when I was lunching with Claudette, who should be there but the cream, the Grade A cream, of moviedom.

There was Marlene Dietrich in a white sports suit with a green jacket and an off to the races cap, and with her was the Countess di Frasso, the party gal of Hollywood. Also, at Marlene's table, was Virginia Bruce who is just too beautiful to be real. Marlene was suffering from a cold. It seems that she went to Frasso's costume party the night before dressed as a swan and, after all, Marlene is a big girl and a swan's neck is only a swan's neck.

At another table was Miriam Hopkins who has just returned from New York. Across from Miriam there was a gay party consisting of Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray, Helen Ferguson and Regina Crewe of New York.

Dotted here and there I saw Ruth Chatterton lunching with Louella Parsons, Ann Harding and an unknown man, Wally Beery, Sally Eilers and Thelma Todd together, and Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. So help me, last month when I brought little Agnes from Memphis, who swoons with delight over anyone connected with movies, there wasn't a star in the joint. Now, after all, as I always say, after all—

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

AUGUST 1935

VOLUME FIVE  
NUMBER TEN

## Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

## CONTENTS

## SPECIAL FEATURES

|                                                                   |                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| THE DI FRASSO PARTY .....                                         | PAGE 10                |
| <i>The Costume Dance That Was the Talk of Hollywood</i>           |                        |
| GETTING "MOVIE TESTED" .....                                      | ED SULLIVAN 12         |
| <i>The Truth About Getting Into the Movies</i>                    |                        |
| "NO, NO, A THOUSAND TIMES NO!" .....                              | LIZA 14                |
| <i>When a Movie Star Proposes</i>                                 |                        |
| THE IMAGINATION OF HOLLYWOOD LOVERS.....                          | MURIEL BABCOCK 16      |
| <i>The Gifts That Tell of Love Are Not Expensive</i>              |                        |
| STUDIO NEWS .....                                                 | S. R. MOOK 19          |
| <i>Reviews of Pictures in the Making</i>                          |                        |
| "ACCENT ON YOUTH" .....                                           | JULIA GWIN 20          |
| <i>This Charming Broadway Play Is Now Presented on the Screen</i> |                        |
| PETER LORRE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST                                 |                        |
| ACTOR .....                                                       | WHITNEY WILLIAMS 22    |
| <i>The Man Everyone Is Talking About</i>                          |                        |
| THE BOYER CHARM.....                                              | LENORE SAMUELS 23      |
| <i>His Pictures Have Made Him a Million Friends</i>               |                        |
| THE "RESTING" OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS...                           | ELIZABETH WILSON 24    |
| <i>Between Pictures the Stars Dissipate</i>                       |                        |
| ALL THE ROMANTIC YOUNG THINGS.....                                | HELEN LOUISE WALKER 26 |
| <i>Heart Affairs of the Younger Fry</i>                           |                        |
| GAMES.....                                                        | JERRY ASHER 28         |
| <i>The Amusing "Games" They Play in Hollywood</i>                 |                        |
| WANTED! .....                                                     | HELEN HARRISON 30      |
| <i>Gene Raymond's Growing Popularity</i>                          |                        |
| GARBO SMILES AGAIN.....                                           | ELEANOR PACKER 47      |
| <i>New Anecdotes About Our Best Loved Star</i>                    |                        |

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

|                                                |                      |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| THE OPENING CHORUS.....                        | 5                    |
| "YOU'RE TELLING ME?" .....                     | 6                    |
| REVIEWS! TIPS ON PICTURES.....                 | 8                    |
| TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....                        | 11                   |
| REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.....                  | 48                   |
| SILVER SCREEN'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT.....        | 50                   |
| <i>Josephine Hutchinson's First Fall Dress</i> |                      |
| THE CULINARY ARTS OF MRS. WARREN WILLIAM.....  | RUTH CORBIN 50       |
| RED HAIR FOR BEAUTY!.....                      | MARY LEE 51          |
| A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....            | CHARLOTTE HERBERT 74 |
| THE FINAL FLING.....                           | 74                   |

## ART SECTION

|                                                 |       |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------|
| MARION DAVIES, LOVELY TO LOOK AT.....           | 31    |
| BETTER AND BETTER.....                          | 32-33 |
| <i>The Movies Make a New High</i>               |       |
| THE SUPER PICTURES ARE COMING.....              | 34-35 |
| <i>Scenes From "She"</i>                        |       |
| THE MOVIE STARS CHANGE THEIR PERSONALITIES..... | 36-37 |
| <i>An Actor Must Fit the Part</i>               |       |
| HARD TO GET.....                                | 38-39 |
| <i>The Elusive Bachelors</i>                    |       |
| THE SCREEN'S SEVEN GORGEOUS WOMEN.....          | 40-41 |
| <i>Beauties From the New Pictures</i>           |       |
| INTERESTING STUDIO ACTIVITIES.....              | 42-43 |
| <i>The Season Opens</i>                         |       |
| OSCULATION .....                                | 44    |
| <i>Clinches</i>                                 |       |
| DIP IN STYLE.....                               | 45    |
| <i>Summer Swim Suits</i>                        |       |

COVER PORTRAIT OF GRETA GARBO  
BY MARLAND STONE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago Office: 400 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Adv. Representative, Loyd B. Chappell, 511 S. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1935.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



# "You're Telling Me?"



**C**ON COWELL of Vancouver, B. C. writes: "Here's a magnum of champagne to Adolphe Menjou for his 'live' interpretation in 'The Gold Diggers of 1935.' Most actors have personal characteristics which peep out in each of their rôles, but Menjou is the person he is portraying at the moment. Hope this is printed and he reads it."

*Menjou, the Magnum Among Mimes.*

"**LAST EVENING,**" writes Robert C. Harder of S. E. Ash St., Portland, Ore., "I saw Mady Christians in 'Wicked Woman' and I am convinced that as an actress Miss Christians can look pained in front of a camera as well as any of her colleagues. However, her obviously Continental accent, charming as it may be, and her luminous graces, natural as they may be, do not lend themselves to the effective portrayal of a rôle which is distinctively Southern and American."

"The point is this—one is not unwilling to concede to the European and British artists their just recognition, but in a situation which calls for a deep and sympathetic understanding of one of the American types, it does seem reasonable to suggest that a proper selection could be made from the wealth of talent at the very doors of the studios."

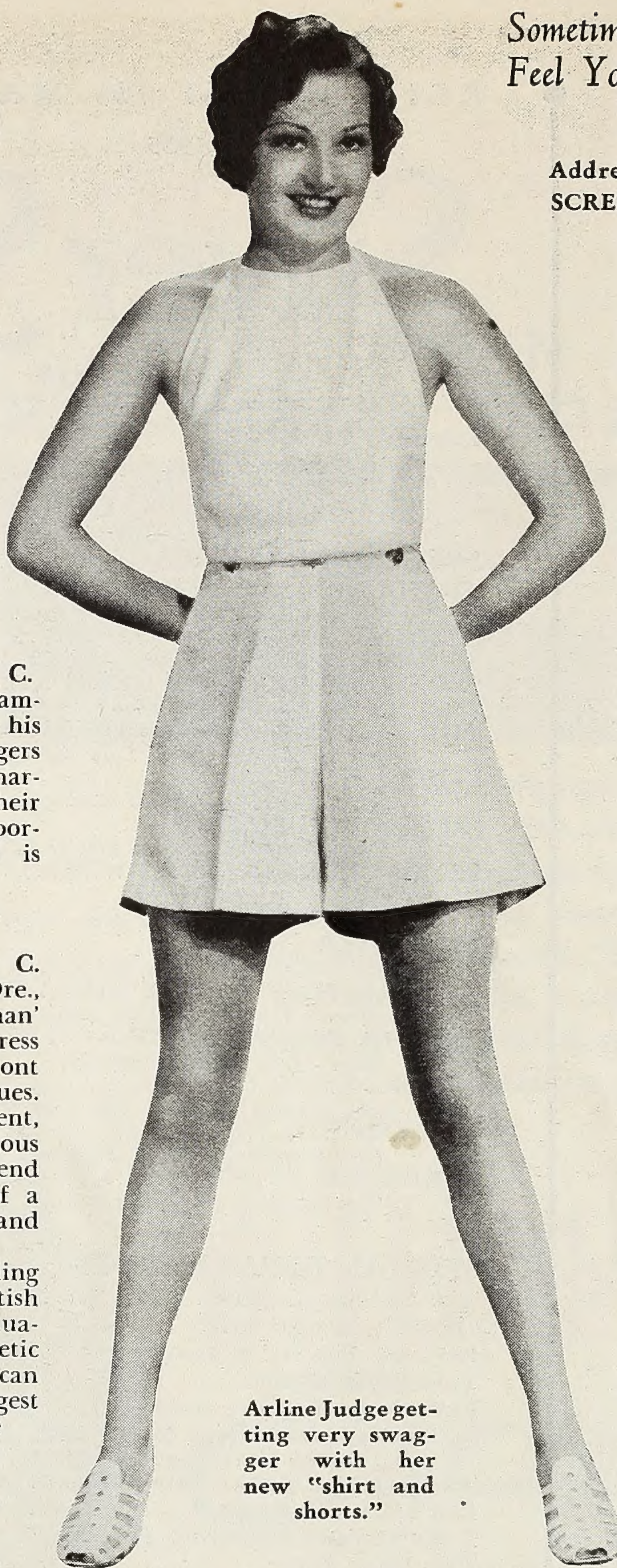
*She has a better chance in "Escapade."*

**LAWRENCE ORMEROD** of Somersham, England, writes: "I don't know if you ever print letters from folks in England, but anyway, here's hoping! Personally I never miss a Sylvia Sidney picture, but why aren't there many more of them with much better parts for that most gifted and attractive Sidney girl, who surely has the cutest smile of them all? So let's be seeing more of her over here in pictures that are more worth while for us, and especially so for the star herself, that shy seductive smiling Sylvia Sidney."

*See "Accent on Youth" next.*

"**I AM SENDING** a compliment to that lovable little creature, Virginia Weidler," writes Betty Beagle of Maple Ave., Findlay, O. "She has more emotion stored up in that little mind of hers than any child actress I know of. She has the acting ability that lasts. She has a sweet and natural way of performing that touches your very heart, and it makes you feel as if she's really living the part, which she probably is, doing it so naturally. She isn't any frilly doll that people tire of so quickly; she's a natural born actress and here's to her success, which I know many people are wishing her most sincerely."

*F. F. V. = Fans Favor Virginia.*



Arline Judge getting very swagger with her new "shirt and shorts."

"**MAY I SAY** a few words in praise of Nils Asther? He is the most romantic figure on the screen today and an excellent actor. Please, producers, let us see Mr. Asther in bigger and better rôles."

*Paging Nils.*

"**ONE OF THE FINEST** things in the movies happened when we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Jeanette MacDonald, without the pain endured by also having to put up with the underslung Chevalier. MacDonald and Eddy as a team are 100%, and 'Naughty Marietta' is not just an episode, but marks an epoch," writes Betty H. Mease of Memphis, Tenn.

*Tough words for Maurice!*

**LOUISE TRAMMELL** of Mead, Okla., writes: "Three cheers for Alice Brady in 'Gold Diggers of 1935!' She, and Hugh Herbert, simply ran away with the picture. I wonder why we haven't been seeing her very much. She simply made you hate her, and while you laughed at her as Mrs. Prentiss, you couldn't keep from thinking how versatile she must be to enact such a rôle so splendidly."

*The Art of Being Silly!*

Sometimes, After You've Seen A Picture, You Feel You Must Pat The Star—Or Punch Him. Here's Your Space—

Address, Editor, "You're Telling Me?" SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

**IN 'THE THIN MAN,** we saw a marvelous couple together, none other than Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. We again saw them in 'Evelyn Prentice.' Now we are waiting expectantly. Are we going to be rewarded and have a chance to see them together again?" asks Joan Lynn of Lamberton Park, Rochester, N. Y. "I hope so, and I hope it's soon."

*Nothing on the fire since Myrna walked out of "Escapade."*

"**PHILO VANCE,** Wallingford, Tugboat Annie, Amos 'n' Andy, Red Davis, The Shadow, magazines and radio books, yes, even comics, offer us characters which have become almost part of our daily lives. But the screen has not created for itself any outstanding characters which live in our hearts. The movies, at best, only present a dramatization of those made famous through other mediums. Why shouldn't there be characterizations that will become famous—lovable or humorous—to prove that the cinema industry can create types of its own, and is not inferior to literature, radio and comic strips?" asks Coursin Black of Philadelphia, Pa.

*Ah, go on! What about Chaplin's screen character or Harold Lloyd or Mickey Mouse or Platinum Blondes?*

"**HE IS LIKE** heaven. That is the only thing that can describe Nelson Eddy, M-G-M's newest gift to the women," writes Ann Bushnell of N. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa. Three words—Handsome, Thrilling, Melodious—describe him to a T. (T stands for terrific.) What more can a woman ask? I'm not a woman, though. I'm only sixteen years old, but I'm old enough to know when a handsome find like Nelson Eddy is grand. Take your Gables, Lederers, Marchs, but give me Nelson Eddy any time. What a man! What a voice. I saw his 'Naughty Marietta' six times and I could see him three times that much."

*"Eddy was a Lady Killer."*

"**IT MAY BE HARD** for a great many people to find anything to be pleased about in these times, with the depression hounding our every footstep, but at least we certainly have been seeing better, more interesting and worthwhile movies," writes Muriel Woodbridge of Berkshire Rd., Grosse Pointe, Mich. "Judging from the letters of the many contributors to this column, the producers and players themselves have been receiving splendid support for their excellent work. I was a bit skeptical at first by the sudden praise and interest in many of the plays, but after seeing such pictures as 'David Copperfield,' 'Imitation of Life,' 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' and 'Clive of India,' I am confident that their faithful support is not misplaced, but wholeheartedly justified."

*In other words, "original" scripts are less interesting than famous themes reincarnated on the screen. But how explain "It Happened One Night?"*

"**HERE, IN THE ORIENT,** the picture 'Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round' has just been released. I had not seen that promising young star (my favorite actor) Gene Raymond, for quite a while but that picture renewed my interest in him," writes Marge Whitacre of Manila, P. I. "Let's



have more of Gene, this time singing with that soft voice of his which thrilled so many in 'Sadie McKee.'"

See "Hooray For Love."

"I'M TWENTY-TWO and I can truthfully say that half the knowledge I have was gained through the movies. I learned how to think, how to walk, how to talk, how to dress, how to make-up, how to be good. I've learned hundreds of things," writes Mildred Englehart of 217 S. Fisher St., Jonesboro, Ark. "But there's one thing that I haven't learned from the movies. I haven't learned how to fall in love. But when I do fall, I will know how to act."

What's the matter? Is Gable slowing up?

"I RUN A BUS and haul from twenty to fifty boys and girls twenty-five miles over a mountain to Vale, our nearest picture show. We go twice a week and get to see all of the good shows, and some that are not so good. In the last three years, I have seen all the big shots and know what shows please the boys and girls most," writes Ben W. Corbett of Harper, Ore. "We have just seen 'The County Chairman' and during the winter we saw 'Judge Priest,' 'Handy Andy,' and 'David Harem.' Tell Bill Rogers that the kids want him to stop running around and make some more shows like these. They are entertaining, all American, and true to life. Will Rogers doesn't have to act, it's just natural with him. He is an old hoss man and has hoss sense enough to know what the people like."

"Yours from the land of the last frontier."

O.K. Ben, but wait till you see Will in "In Old Kentucky."

"HERE'S A VOTE for more of those whimsical and utterly charming Victor Herbert's operettas, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the singing sweethearts," writes Sophie Lokas of Carter St., Rochester, N. Y. "Victor Herbert's melodies are lovely and rollicking beyond compare, and hearing them on the screen from the lips of two such talented stars gives us young people a thrill that modern music has utterly failed to do, and gives the older folk a lovely hour of remembrance."

Note to Mr. Strickling, M-G-M Publicity—"The Singing Sweethearts" are that good!

"I'VE JUST seen 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer.' It was so wonderful and thrilling that I'm still under its spell," writes Mary Mueller of Pensacola Ave., Chicago, Ill. "I want to extend to Gary Cooper my sincerest appreciation of his great performance. When he gave his life to save his regiment I honestly cried, so completely was I under the spell of his genius. Gary Cooper—I bow before you."

Oh—oh! Mary loves Gary—Mary loves Gary (are you blushing?)

#### PICTURE TITLES THAT HAVE BEEN CHANGED

"The Hands of Orlac" (Peter Lorre)  
formerly "Mad Love"  
"Don't Bet On Blondes"  
(Warren William)  
formerly "Not On Your Life"  
"Silk Hat Kid" (Lew Ayres)  
formerly "The Lord's Referee"  
"Escapade" (William Powell)  
formerly "Masquerade"  
"Steamboat Bill" (Will Rogers)  
formerly  
"Steamboat 'Round the Bend"

"I CAN'T HELP WORRYING!" "OH, YES YOU CAN—THERE'S NO  
EXCUSE FOR "ACCIDENT PANIC" NOW!"



## You're truly safe with "CERTAIN - SAFE" MODESS!

Say goodbye to your fold, haunting fear of "accidents." You can!

For just one word—to your druggist or to a saleswoman at your favorite department store—will bring you the dependable protection you've always longed for. And that word is..MODESS.

Modess is the one and only sanitary napkin that is "Certain-Safe." Get a

box. Take out one of the soft, snowy napkins and look at it. See...

- the specially-treated material on edges and back that protects you against striking through.
- the extra-long gauze tabs that give a firmer pinning area and protect you against tearing away.

**MODESS STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE**



NOW I CAN WEAR  
THE SMARTEST SHOES WITH  
PERFECT EASE!



## SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

You'll be foot-happy from the moment you start using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The soothing, healing medication in them stops pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes instantly. They shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes easy on your feet; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quiet irritated nerves.

### Removes Corns, Callouses

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug, shoe or department store.

STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢  
New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢



# Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

## "HUSH"

FOR  
BODY ODORS

AT ALL 10¢ STORES



# Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

## Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 21  
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois  
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name .....

Address .....

# REVIEWS!

## TIPS ON PICTURES

**AGE OF INDISCRETION**—Good. A drama of divorce which, even if it doesn't walk off with any prizes, moves along in an entertaining fashion. The cast is top notch. (Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, David Holt, May Robson.)

**ALIAS MARY DOW**—Fair. With Sally Eilers (a taxi dancer) impersonating the daughter of a wealthy family who was kidnapped when a child, you have the makings of an entertaining little film. In cast, Ray Milland, Katharine Alexander, Henry O'Neill.

**APRIL BLOSSOMS**—Very charming. Made in England, with Richard Tauber, the celebrated Viennese tenor, in the always sure-fire role of Franz Schubert, this melodious film will catch at your heart-strings. Jane Baxter is appealing as the girl he loves so hopelessly.

**ARIZONIAN, THE**—Good. A grand Western, in the old tradition, with virile Richard Dix striding magnificently through the familiar routine, ably abetted by lovely Margot Graham (of "The Informer"), Preston Foster and Louis Calhern, as the villain of course!

**BLACK SHEEP**—Fine. A fast-paced dramatic yarn concerning a card sharp (Edmund Lowe) working on luxurious Atlantic liners. There is plenty of action and excitement, and the cast includes Tom Brown and Claire Trevor.

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—A thriller. IF you're looking for thrills of a decidedly eerie and morbid nature you will find this a worthy successor to "Frankenstein." Better leave the children at home. Not for sensitive souls either. (Boris Karloff, O. P. Heggie, Colin Clive, Elsa Lanchester.)

**CALL OF THE WILD**—Fine. This takes place in the great open spaces—where men are men and, . . . well, you know the rest! Except that Clark Gable, matinee idol de luxe, is our rugged hero, and Jack Oakie furnishes some of the best comedy of the year. Loretta Young is the girl.

**CHINATOWN SQUAD**—Fair. The locale is San Francisco's far-famed Chinatown, with Lyle Talbot (once of the police force) as a sight-seeing bus driver who happens on to an absorbing murder case. (Valerie Hobson, Leslie Fenton, Hugh O'Connell.)

**CONVENTION GIRL**—So-so. Just as all good Americans go to Paris when they die (or so they say!) all good conventions arrive at Atlantic City. This has to do with the brighter side—the girl angle—at those rather dull affairs. (Rose Hobart, Herb. Rawlinson.)

**DOUBTING THOMAS**—Grand entertainment. You'll roll in the aisle with mirth when you see droll Will Rogers put a crimp into the stage bug developed by his amusing wife and daughter-in-law-to-be (Billie Burke and Gail Patrick). One of the best Will Rogers films to date.

**ESCAPE ME NEVER**—Splendid. You will all remember Elisabeth Bergner for her expert performance as Catherine the Great—now you will adore her as the pathetic waif, Gemma, who gets mixed up with that mad, mad Sanger family of musical fame, whose doorstep is the entire continent of Europe.

**FLAME WITHIN, THE**—Good. Ann Harding struggles painstakingly with the role of a psychiatrist who sets out to cure two neurotics, with rather disastrous results for own peace of mind. In fine cast Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Hayward.

**"G MEN"**—A Thriller. The "G Men" are in the employ of the Federal Government to rid the country of vicious, fool-hardy gangsters. With James Cagney lined up with this group you can expect some slap-bang action and loads of entertainment. (Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak.)

**GINGER**—Fine. Little Jane Withers (remember her as the brat in "Bright Eyes") in an en-



Mary Carlisle and her obedient pup, Sammy Boy. Mary perfected her technique by practice on the bachelors of Hollywood.

grossing little tale of an orphan child who transforms a wealthy household. Sounds trite, but it's really delightful. Especially when Jackie Searl is the wealthy family's young hopeful.

**GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE**—Good. It may be tough to be poor, but Betty Davis' troubles begin when she marries a blue-blood from Park Avenue. A familiar plot, but handled with a generous amount of *savoir faire*. (Ian Hunter, Colin Clive, Phillip Reed, Alison Skipworth.)

**GOIN' TO TOWN**—Amusing. All the Mae West adorers (and their name is still legion) will enjoy this robust farce, but there's no use denying the fact that Mae's hilarious romping is not as diverting as it once was.

**INFORMER, THE**—Excellent. A thoroughly fine dramatic story of the Irish Revolution of 1922, with Victor McLaglen giving us a brilliant portrait study of a man who is in the thick of everything but really doesn't understand what it is all about. (Margot Graham-Heather Angel.)

**LADDIE**—Good. If it's a sentimental film that you're hankering for, here it is, all dressed up in cotton wool and authored by Gene Stratton Porter. John Beal plays the title role, Gloria Stuart is the girl he adores so hopefully and Virginia Weidler plays "little sister" adorably.

**MEN OF THE HOUR**—Fair. The romance, adventure and thrills of a newsreel camera man's life furnish the nucleus for this comedy-drama featuring Dick Cromwell, Wallace Ford, Jack LaRue and Billie Seward.

**MURDER IN THE FLEET**—Good. A thriller with the correct amount of murders to keep the tempo moving at an exciting pace. Robert Taylor and Arthur Byron take care of the dramatic high lights while Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy keep the lighter moments humming merrily along.

**MY SONG FOR YOU**—Fine. Jan Kiepura, the distinguished Polish tenor, in another melodious romantic comedy, laid in Vienna and the picturesque south of France. Sonnie Hale provides typically British humor and Aileen Marson, a newcomer, is quite lovely as the heroine.

**NITWITS**—Fair. The team of Wheeler and Woolsey is at it again and the title neatly fits a great many of their dizzy antics. You can expect plenty of songs, plenty of laughter, and a modicum of burlesqued plot.

**ONCE IN A BLUE MOON**—Fair. Those irrepressible showmen, Messrs. Hecht & MacArthur, fashion a film that is a mixture of farce, fantasy and straight comedy, with Jimmy Savo, the master-pantomomist, in the leading role. The setting is Russia, after the war.



**OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Charming. Shirley Temple would be a winner in no matter what she played—so when she becomes an intermediary between her estranged parents, why, Shirley is all four aces in the deck! (Joel McCrea-Rosemary Ames.)

**PARTY WIRE**—Good. Everybody who lives in a small community knows how maddening a party wire can be—especially when innocent conversations are often misconstrued as “scandalous gossip.” (Victory Jory-Jean Arthur.)

**PUBLIC HERO**—Exciting. The “G Men” are in their element these days and here’s another yarn describing America’s gangsters’ uneven fight against these stern denizens of the law. (Chester Morris, Lionel Barrymore, Jean Arthur, Lewis Stone.)

**SCOUNDREL, THE**—Interesting and different. Noel Coward, the playwright with such a tremendous vogue in London and New York, makes his bow as a screen actor in as unique a drama as the cinema has as yet evolved. Julie Haydon is lovely as the young poetess.

**STOLEN HARMONY**—Only fair. In this, George Raft plays a prison saxophonist who gets released and joins up with a traveling band directed by the old Maestro, Ben Bernie himself. Music and subsequent melodrama are mixed at will and often not with the best results.

**STRANGERS ALL**—Good comedy. These strangers happen to be members of one big “happy” family, with May Robson playing the mother who is continually ironing out the kinks in the troubled domestic atmosphere. (Bill Bakewell, Preston Foster, Florinne McKinney.)

**STRAUSS’ GREAT WALTZ**—Fair. Lovers of this composer’s immortal melodies will enjoy this film—others will find fault with its creaky mechanism and rather antiquated type of acting. (Edmund Gwenn, however, is excellent as the elder Strauss.)

**UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON**—Colorful. Warner Baxter is quite at home in the role of a romantic South American gaucho in this lively story of the pampas. With him plays Ketti Gallian, and in addition there is an abundance of music and dancing and laughter.

**UNKNOWN WOMAN**—Fair. In line with the current trend, we have attractive Marian Marsh cast as a secret Federal agent, with several exciting arrests to her credit. Of course she has a romance on the side—with handsome Dick Cromwell, a young lawyer.

**VAGABOND LADY**—Good. An amusing little yarn about the high-powered business magnate (Berton Churchill) and his two sons—Reginald Denny, the plodder, and Robert Young, the playboy—and the latter’s amazing marriage to Evelyn Venable, the janitor’s daughter.

**VILLAGE TALE**—Only fair. Phil Stong, who wrote the popular “State Fair,” also authored this story of small town life . . . but this suffers by comparison. In the cast are Kay Johnson and Randolph Scott.

**WEREWOLF OF LONDON**—Weird and thrilling. An expertly handled tale of the fantastic type, which fascinates even while it horrifies. (Henry Hull, Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington.)

## A NEW CONTEST

*A Beautiful, Framed, Inscribed, Autographed Photograph of Your Favorite Star Will Be Sent To You If You Win In This Delightful Contest.*

**R**ECENT contests in this magazine for autograph albums, signed by the stars, proved to be the most popular offers ever made. It is fascinating to have so intimate a souvenir of your favorite player as these inscribed, signed autograph albums.

The new contest is an even more attractive proposition and there will be fifty winners. Any fan who loves pictures and can write enthusiastically about them may win a prize.

Be sure to secure the September issue in order that you may seize this opportunity to secure for your den or library a beautiful original photograph of your favorite star, framed in excellent taste, and bearing in the inscription your name and the signature of the star.

*In the September Issue of Silver Screen There Will Be An Opportunity For You to Win a Prize of a Most Fascinating and Intimate Sort.*

## SILVER SCREEN’S FAMOUS GOLD MEDAL

Will Again Be Awarded to the Most Popular Actor or Actress of the Screen.

For Details

of how you can vote for your favorite star

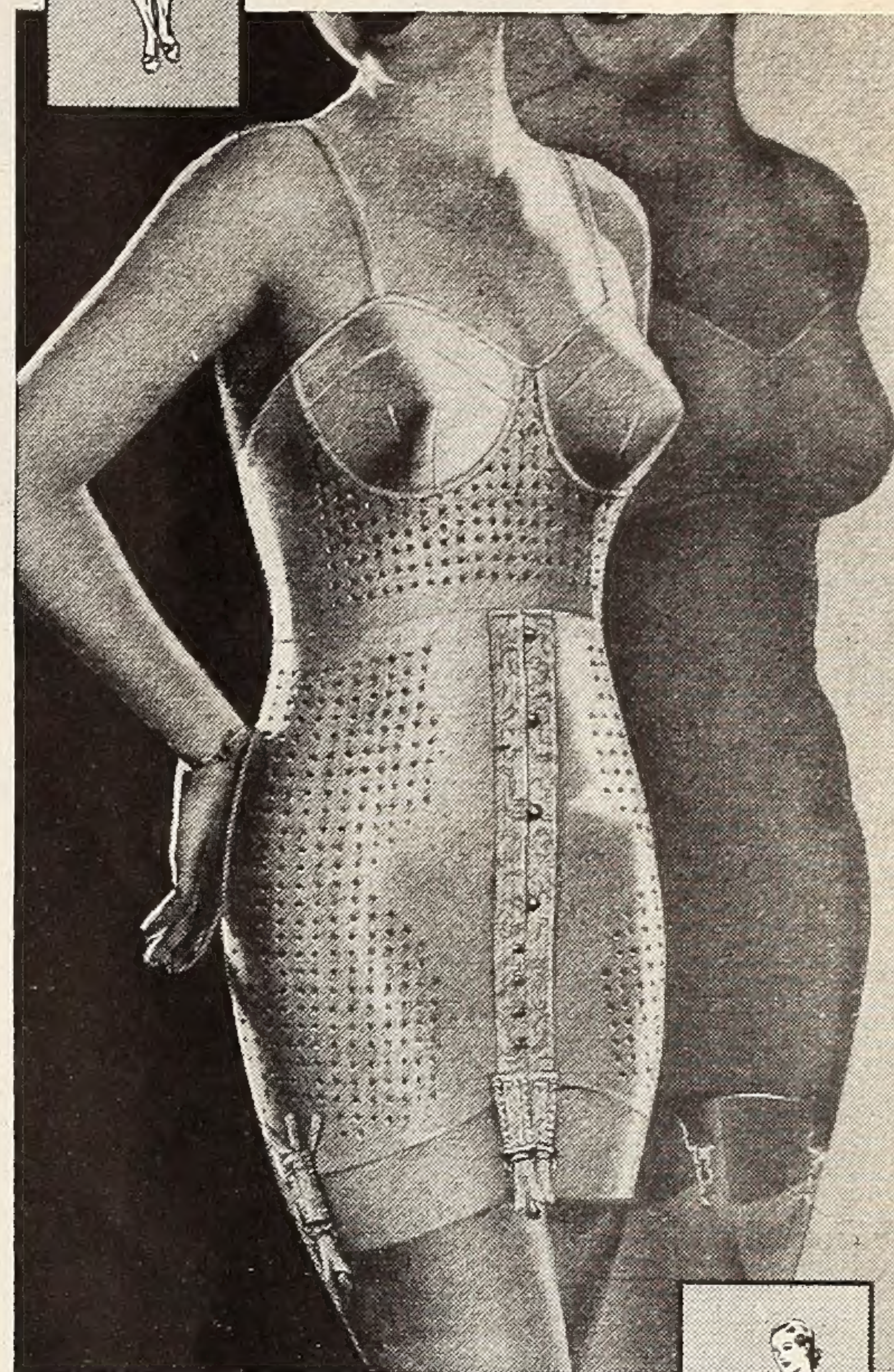
See September Issue of Silver Screen ~ On Sale August 7th

for AUGUST 1935



## “DOUBLE-QUICK” REDUCTION

During the  
**SUMMERTIME**



## REDUCE

**YOUR WAIST and HIPS  
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**  
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**  
...or it will cost you nothing!



“**I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,**” ...writes Miss Healy...“I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches”...writes Miss Brian...“Massages like magic”...writes Miss Carroll...“The fat seems to have melted away”... says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

**Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!**

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

**Don’t Wait Any Longer... Act Today!**

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at no cost!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

Dept. 448, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y. Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard





Photos by Phillips

The Countess Di Frasso, the most popular hostess in Hollywood, with some of her guests at her recent costume party. Jack Oakie, Tom Tyler and Richard Barthelmess are having a good time.



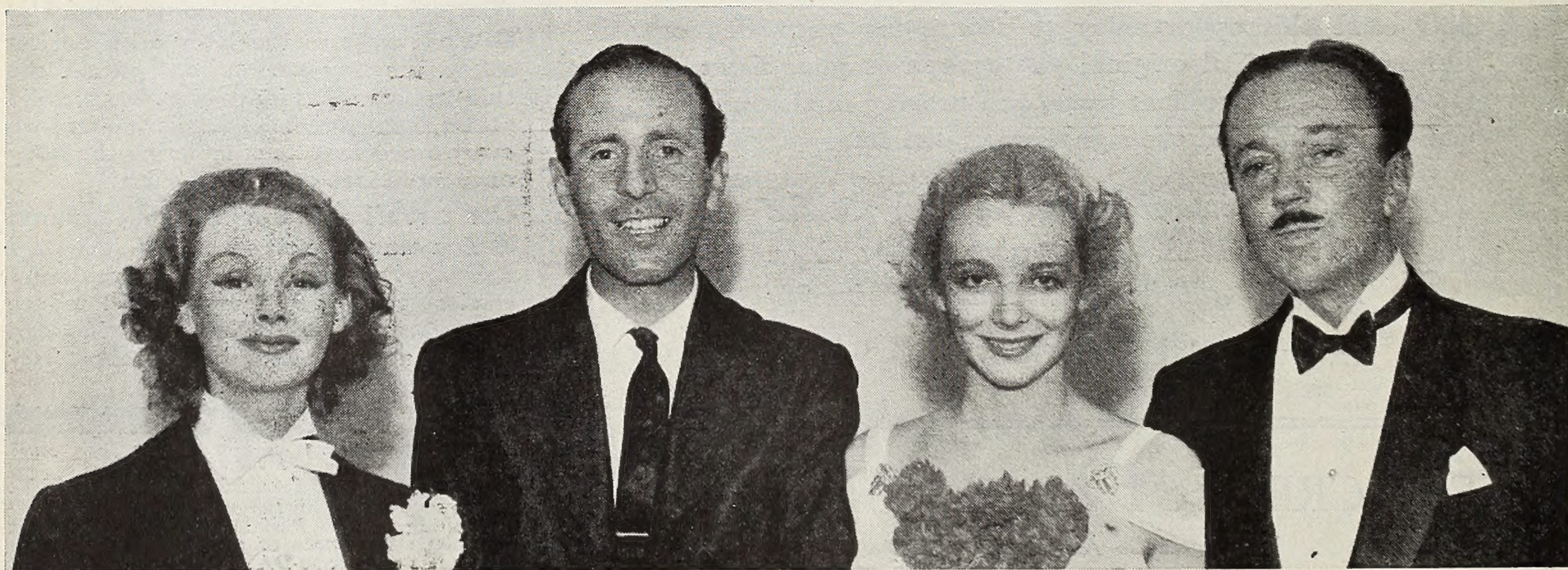
The Countess, who was dressed as Dietrich in "Blonde Venus," with Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels.



Charles Chaplin attended as a philosopher from the East, with Paulette Goddard not in costume.



Dolores Del Rio, Clive Brook and Fay Wray. Mexican influence, with a little touch of spinach.



## The COUNTESS GIVES A PARTY

Elizabeth Allan as another famous Dietrich character, with Count Alfredo di Carpegna, Virginia Bruce and William Rhineland Stewart.



# SILVER

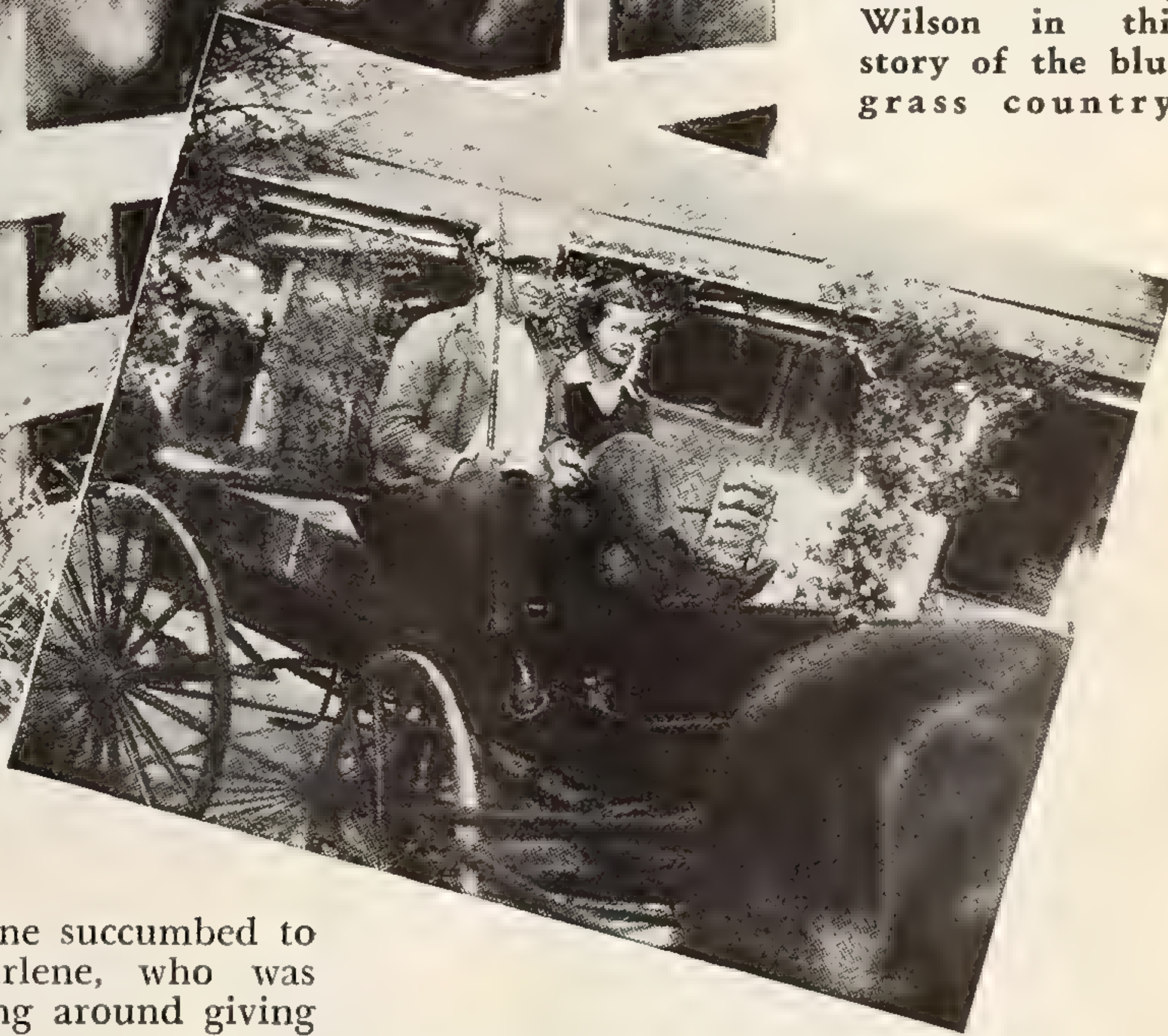
# Topics for Gossips

# SCREEN



Will Rogers and some of the other thoroughbreds making "In Old Kentucky."

Will and Dorothy Wilson in this story of the blue grass country.



**J**UST in case you were staying awake nights and worrying about it, Garbo has again re-signed with M-G-M. Of course she has spent the last few months telling the studio officials that she was through with pictures and going back to Sweden, (she has been pulling this same stunt for ten years alackaday), but when they waved a new fancy contract in her face Garbo signed it right away. By the way, maybe Garbo is going to change her "type." She has been on a shopping spree recently, and not at Watson's for new slacks and tailored suits, but at Hollywood's gayest shops for all kinds of feminine doo-dabs.

**A**ND another exotic lady is definitely changing her type. Marlene Dietrich, who has always been cold and blasé and nonchalant and too, too beautiful, has suddenly blossomed out into one of those gay creatures who inevitably becomes the "life of the party." Maybe it was the trip to New York, or maybe it was the breaking of the Von Sternberg alliance, or maybe it was something entirely different, but anyway Marlene, who used to sit at home of an evening, is now a regular social butterfly. Every day finds her lunching at the Vendome with the Countess di Frasso and a gay party, and every evening she's at the Trocadero with the Countess and a gay party.

**R**ECENTLY the Countess di Frasso gave a fishing party off the coast of Catalina with Marlene, the Clark Gables and the Dick Barthelmesses among her guests. It was one of those week-ends when the Pacific did not live up to its name, and the fishing boat pitched merrily from one crest to another, with intermissions of intensive

rolling. Practically everyone succumbed to *mal de mer* except Marlene, who was simply in her glory rushing around giving first aid.

And just as though being the only sturdy Viking of a fishing trip wasn't enough, Marlene spent the next week-end on a gay house-party at Santa Monica, and practically defeated every young man there on the tennis court. If you want to see something really beautiful you should see the vivacious Dietrich wielding a mean tennis racquet. And we always thought she was the passive type.

**T**HE rumor is, but you know how rumors are, that Dietrich and her blonde husband, Rudolph Seiber, who returned to Germany two months ago, will soon get a divorce.

**B**RIAN AHERNE, who is back in Hollywood again to play the male lead in Joan Crawford's next picture, is Marlene's most constant escort these days and nights. He even took her to the Friday night fights recently, and Marlene got so excited she almost did a Lupe Velez.

**F**ROM Nassau to Miami to Hollywood Sidney Smith, millionaire playboy, has trailed Lillian Bond. Lillian admits they are fond of each other, but she sighs and adds, "The trouble is I work, and like to; and Sidney doesn't work, and doesn't like to." So maybe there'll be wedding bells, and maybe there won't.

**N**OT long ago, a visitor at the Paul Kelly home was surprised when the actor came home and, looking around ques-

tioningly, inquired of his wife, "Where are the girls? Aren't they staying out late?" Paul's wife agreed, and hurried to the door and whistled, and in raced two small pooches. "The girls" are a white West Highland, "Hurry-Hurry," and a black Scotty, "Miss McNasty."

**A**ND still another gal who has started stepping out since her vacation in New York is Irene Dunne. In the old days of 1934 and 1933 Hollywood never saw the beautiful Irene except on the screen, and occasionally on the golf course, but lately she has been night-clubbing at the Trocadero quite often. Of course, after Irene returned from her New York vacation she had to spend a week at Yosemite recovering from it, as is the custom. But evidently that dash of New York night life got in her blood, for Irene has been more social in the last month than she has been since she arrived in Hollywood.

**U**NA MERKEL has one of the most beautiful rose gardens in Southern California. Whenever Una "comes to dinner" she always brings you a large bouquet of her roses.

**C**HARLES LAUGHTON refuses to play bridge, declaring he is "too restless" for parlor games.

**M**ARGARET SULLAVAN is trying to think up names for her two St. Bernard pups. So far the best names seem to

[Continued on page 52]



# GETTING "MOVIE

*Everyone Has Read The "Big Opportunity" Stories About The Movies. Here Are The Facts From A Man Who Knows.*

**T**HERE is a letter here on my desk at the paper. It is not an unusual letter but fairly typical of the thousand and one such letters that arrive on the desk of any Broadway columnist in the course of a year. Only the postmark varies on such letters. This one is from Richmond, Virginia.

"Dear Mr. Sullivan," it starts, "I am 17 years old and my friends tell me that I would make good in the movies if I had a chance. I am blonde, blue-eyed and while I do not want to appear conceited, I have a very cute figure. Please tell me how to go about getting a screen test."

Enclosed in the letter is a picture of a lovely looking young American girl and if she did not have a nice, eager look in her eyes, I'd be prompted to sit down at the typewriter and write her this kind of an answer:

"Dear Miss ———,

"I have received your letter and, in turn, I want to ask you a few very pointed questions. Why do you think you'd click in the movies if you got a chance? Have you had any professional stage experience, sufficient experience to equip you for competition against a Katharine Hepburn? Have you sufficient beauty to compete against a Nancy Carroll? Are your legs as shapely as those of Marlene Dietrich or Claudette Colbert? Are your eyes as expressive as those of Merle Oberon? Have you the sophistication of a Carole Lombard, or the poise and breeding of Kay Francis? Can you wear clothes like Joan Crawford? Will your voice fall as soothingly on the ear as that of Margaret Sullavan, who comes from your same state of Virginia?

"Do you realize, young lady, that most of those who are movie stars have trained laboriously for years to perfect themselves in the art of make-believe, and that each career represents years of monotonous and weary work, dreary one-night stands in small town theatres, weeks upon weeks of rehearsals in shows that were destined to flop soon after they opened? Do you realize, young lady, that even stage stars and featured players go to Hollywood and have their hearts broken—that some of them don't even get into a picture in the course of a six-months' contract because they have been overlooked in the rush?"

I say that I'd be prompted to write such a letter, if the young lady didn't have such an eager look in her face, but it would be like slapping a young puppy in the face with a folded newspaper. The youngster would never forgive me, because she is blinded by star-dust, dazzled by the klieg lights that illuminate the glamorous figures of a Connie Bennett or a Bergner or a Clark Gable.



However, someone must answer, for once and for all, all of these youngsters who pen such letters, for there are thousands of them, each filled with the same splendid dreams of a movie career and blinded to the cold realities of the problem involved in fulfilling those dreams. This article may pain all of you girls—blonde, brunette or red-headed—but a temporary pain is preferable to a protracted agony of hope. So listen carefully to what I have to say to you.

In the first place, getting a screen test is the least of your difficulties. If you believe, or your friends believe that you have sufficient beauty to warrant attention from the talent scouts of the major companies, write a letter to one of these three men: Oscar Serlin, Paramount Building, New York City; Al Altman,

Clark Gable is very popular now, but once he was only an extra and had to go back to the stage to get his opportunity.



Constance Bennett was famous before she made pictures.



# TESTED"

By Ed Sullivan

M-G-M executive office, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Joe Pincus, Fox executive office, 444 West 56th St., New York City. They are the eastern talent scout heads of their company. In your letter to them, give your name, your experience, your height, weight and coloring of eyes and hair. Enclose a picture of yourself, and if possible, send a closeup shot of your face and also a full-length shot.

Despite your natural fear that such a letter will be overlooked, I tell you in all sincerity that each of these men will read it very carefully and study your picture with equal deliberation. That is their business and they are forever on the search for new faces. If there is something in your photo that catches the attention of these experts, you are on your way to a screen test.

In the event that your picture registers, this is what will happen. You will receive a letter, say, from Serlin, at the New York Paramount offices, inviting you to make the trip to New York at his company's expense. If you pass his scrutiny, in person, you will be enrolled in the drama school that is conducted in the Paramount Building for a two week or three week course. Your screen test may not be an individual test. Perhaps you will appear in a minor part while Serlin is screen-testing a big star. You may be the maid or the butler or the telephone operator in a sketch. But the point is that you will have been screen-tested because each of the actors or actresses who appears in support of a big star is also being tested simultaneously.

I receive a lot of letters from parents, asking me if it is true that there are "movie schools," which for a fee will guarantee a screen test to a youngster. My answer is to forget all about such schools, regardless of the glowing promises contained in their advertisements.

Kay Francis is a very talented girl, and besides, she has youth, beauty and brains.



Margaret Sullivan, one of the few who, in one picture, established their star qualities.



They can't guarantee anything. The final decision is up to the talent scouts. Save yourself the money that would be invested in these fruitless courses. If you are intent on a movie career, send your letters and photos direct to the three men I have listed above. If you have something that distinguishes you in their eyes, they will contact you directly. If you haven't, it's a lot better to find it out quickly.

In your letters to Serlin, Altman and Pincus, tell them that you are following my advice in writing directly to them, because I've already talked to them, explained my plan and they have recommended it.

However, don't be too hopeful. It is 10,000 to 1 that you will receive a discouraging reply, and it is 10,000 to 1 that they will advise you to give up your idea of a



Marlene Dietrich made a name on the stage in Europe before she was brought here to become one of the most alluring of the screen beauties.

screen career. I don't like to throw cold water on your warm enthusiasm but these are the actual figures arrayed against you. And even if you do get a screen test, it is 1000 to 1 that, even then, nothing will come of it.

I was sitting in Serlin's office the other day, preparing the data for this article, when Vera Neva, a Broadway night club singer, was announced. Miss Neva had been screen-tested eight days previously.

I'll describe her to you to give you a better idea. She has one of the most stunning faces I've ever seen on Broadway, cloudy gray- [Continued on page 54]



# Hints On The Proper Behavior On The Occa- sion Of A Pro- posal By A Movie Star.

By  
Liza



Ginger Rogers in a pose implying rejection or refusal. This position will be made more emphatic and convincing if you can avoid looking so darn beautiful.

# "No, No, A

and wasn't he good in "The Gilded Lily?" A nice mess of prospects if I ever saw one, and every one of them eligible for Yuma.

Now, just suppose Bill Powell, old debonair Bill, as we call him out on the range, should go temporarily out of his mind and pop the question to me. Bill would be very casual about it, he would order six Scotches and soda, he would adjust the gardenia in his button-hole, call his tailor about the pleats in his new evening pants, and then remark rather casually, "By the way, it may not last a week, indeed it may be quite depressing, but let's get married. Do you mind? Desperately?"

Yes, I think that would be the Powell method, though mind you I have never mentioned it to Carole. Now how should I act? What should I say? I should remember Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man" and Ginger Rogers in "Star of Midnight" I suppose, and be very unconcerned and sophisticated about the entire thing. I'd probably order twelve Scotches and soda, yawn with the proper amount of blasé boredom, and say, "What are you doing the first Tuesday in September? Heavens no, that's the Lubitsch dinner. But I can make it the following Thursday. Shall we take Carole and Jean and make it a party?" Maybe I'd say that, and maybe I'd stop to think. Maybe Bill wouldn't be so hot as a husband after all. He has got a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, but all those darned buttons and disappearing beds would drive me insane. After all I am the simple type who likes a good reliable bed over in the far corner and I like to know it's always there when I want it and not tucked behind one of Billie Haines' nude Italian cornices.

And Bill worries a lot, why he's often said that his greatest pleasure comes from worrying about the future, and for a dame who never sees any further than the spots before her eyes I must say that in time this future would doubtless become a great

SO HELP ME, I've gone romantic! And it's all because of a seventeen pound fish, moonlight off the coast of Mexico, and a slight touch of seasickness. Perhaps a dash of the old *mal de mer* was mostly to blame for my romantic mood, which has me so excited that I have been in a dither for days. You see it was like this—I went on a deep sea fishing trip with Claudette Colbert and a lot of movie stars, who spent hours boasting about their prowess with rod and reel, and spent hours catching nothing but sunburn and a lot of old kelp.

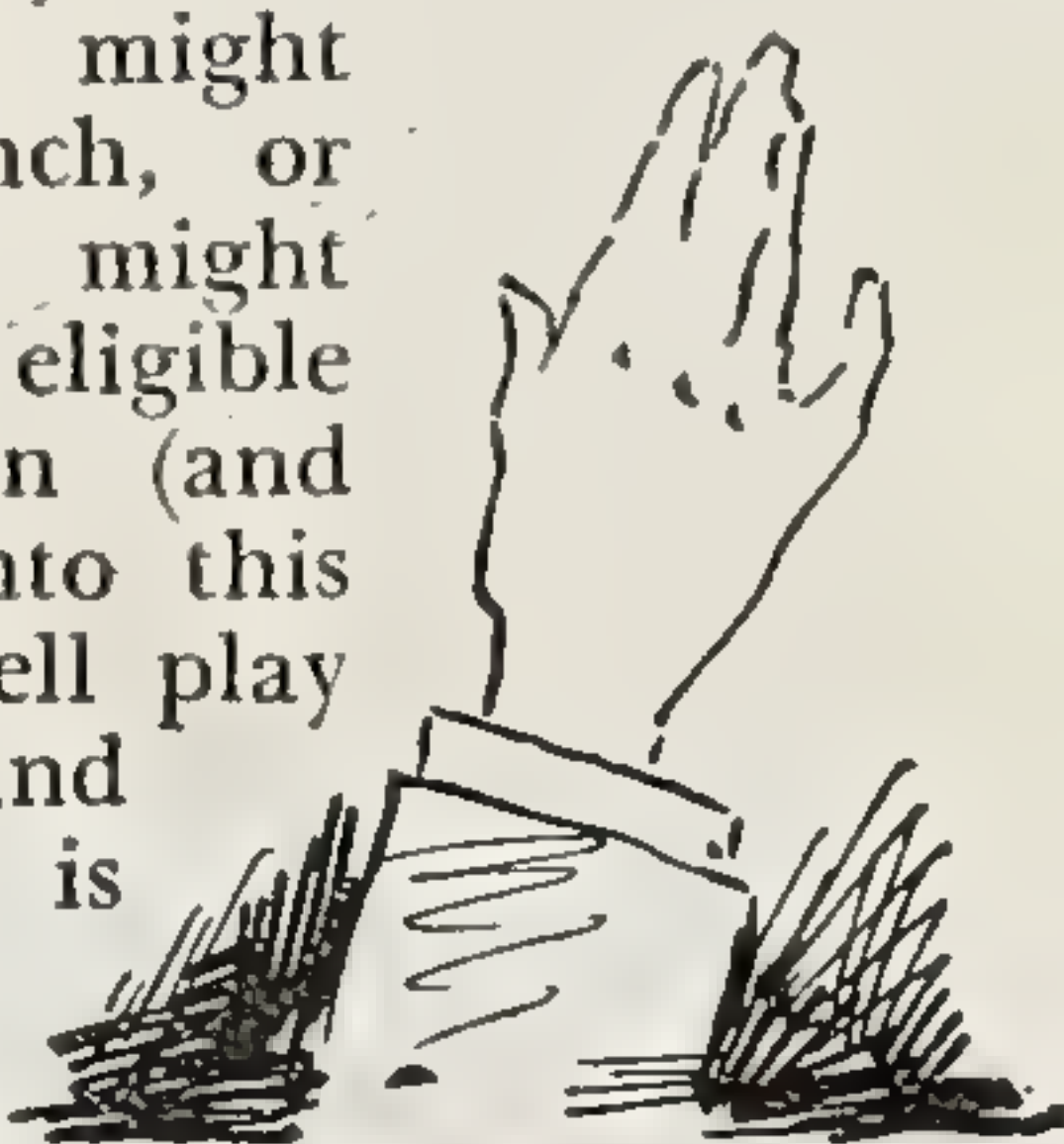
Well, about four in the afternoon one of your favorite movie stars decided to go below to fix himself a neat brandy with a little shasta on the side and asked me as a favor to hold his line for him until he got back, and I who don't even know the difference between trolling and live bait, held his line for him and, Mercy, if a seventeen pound yellow-tail didn't choose just that moment to swing on to the dummy fish at the end of the line, the big silly, and practically pulled me overboard.

When those movie stars, who had been boasting all day about their prowess, saw me land that seventeen pound yellow-tail they got so mad they made me feel quite superior—Hooray for Atlanta! So I let go, relaxed, enjoyed the scenery and got awfully soft about life and nature and things. And when I feel a mood coming on I make the most of it. And then the moon came up, oh such a moon, and other things, and the boat started rolling and pitching. So when everybody else retired to the lounge for a round of martinis and a rubber of bridge I decided that the place for me was the poop-deck. And you really can't lie on your back, hour after hour, on a poop-deck, gazing up at a fine old Mexican moon without getting gloriously romantic.

Well, it gave me to think. Just suppose

a movie star should propose to me sometime, what should I do? I might just as well be prepared, for anything can happen in Hollywood (and usually does), and in my beautiful new picture hat with the crushed rose on it, which I bought for Carole Lombard's last party, I am what Shakespeare might call a tasty wench, or would he? Who might propose among the eligible young leading men (and since I've gone into this I might just as well play the long shots) and who, to be sure, is eligible?

Oh, I figured it all out lying there on the poop-deck. There's William Powell, and of course there's Jean Harlow but something might be done about her, for instance, a bit of arsenic in a strawberry tart. And there's Ronnie Colman, and I could go for him. And there's George Brent, if Garbo doesn't mind, and I don't think she does. Not to mention Cary Grant and Randy Scott and Dick Powell and Jack Oakie and Franchot Tone and Nat Pendleton and Fred MacMurray,



Randy Scott.  
Would he escape?



Cary Grant.  
He is on the bounce just now.



Ronald Colman.  
What control



# THOUSAND TIMES No!"

bore. And then too, come to think of it, I like Jean Harlow. Why should I muscle in on her? So if Bill ever proposed to me I wouldn't say Yes and I wouldn't say No, I'd simply say Perhaps, and then run out and see if I couldn't do better.

Who knows but what Ronnie Colman, midsummer night's dream being what it is (and what is it Reinhardt, old boy?) and June fairly vibrating with wedding bells, hot dog, might forget his British reserve just once and break down and propose. Ronnie being the shy and sensitive type, and having the Old School for his Alma Mater, would probably sit down at his desk and write a formal little note with every preposition, and proposition, in its right place. Now it's common talk, every man in the street knows it, that I have been conducting an open rebellion against grammar for years, and one look at that formal proposal in elegant black and white would depress me no end. I always say there is nothing so cheery on a warm afternoon as a dangling participle, and I am quite sure that Ronnie, so suave, so charming, so utterly proper, never dangled one in his life.

Then, too, a girl must keep in mind that Ronnie has been exposed on the screen, and off, to the beauty of Loretta Young, time and time again, so he is used to the best in feminine pulchritude, and after the first romantic ecstasy wore off he would look at me with hurt eyes that said, "You're no Loretta Young." And I would have to go through life with the shadow of Loretta ever between us, which is too much to ask of any girl. Off-screen Ronnie is definitely the athletic type. He resents any chichi in his women, they must be intelligent as well as beautiful, and they must know how to play a darned good game of tennis. Ronnie belongs to the Tennis Set.

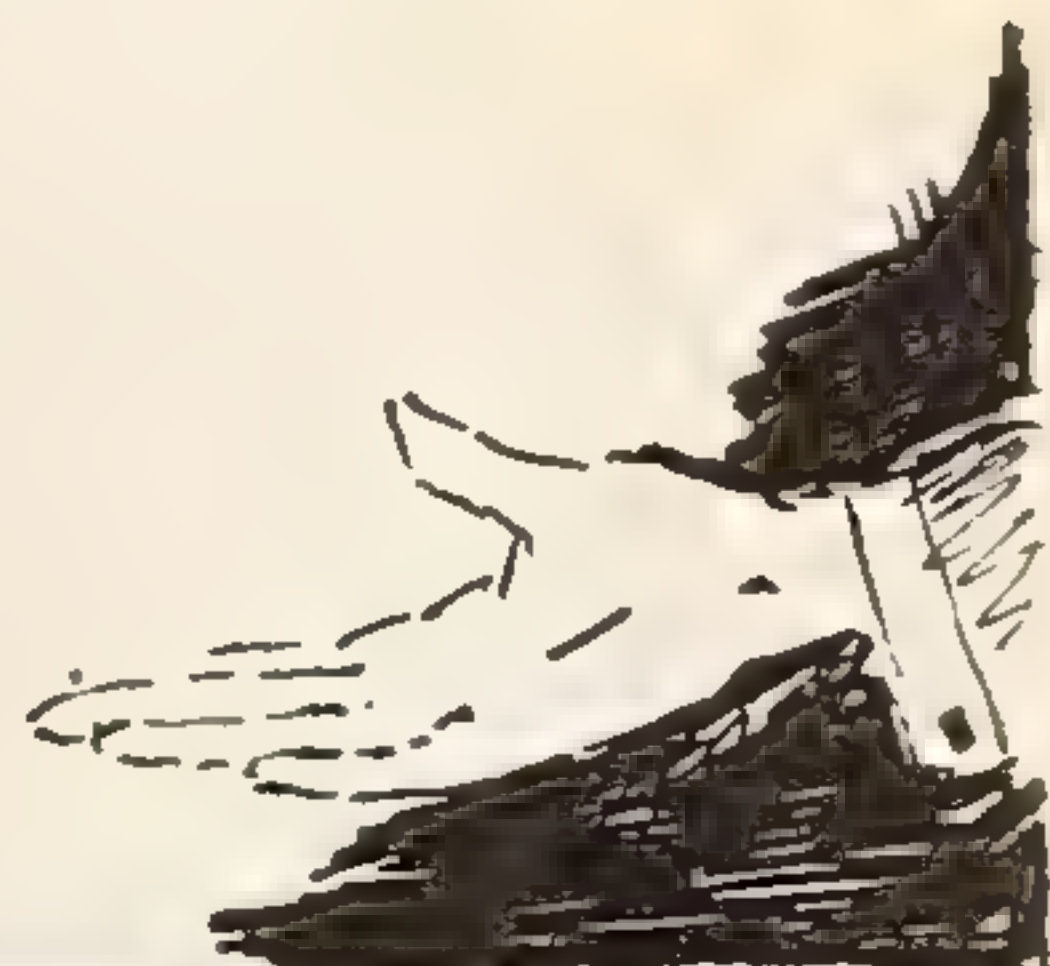
Now I like a bit of chichi now and then, and I won't

Brooks, and I think Georgian furniture is stuffy. Yes, now that I think it over, Ronnie Colman might have been my dream prince for years but when it comes down to an actual proposal of matrimony I wouldn't say Yes and I wouldn't say No, I'd say Perhaps and hope I could do better.

Take Randy Scott for instance, and wasn't he something in "Roberta"? A man with such a gift of duplicity, who can ride like mad through Dead Man's Gulch for Paramount, and then go sophisticated in tails and pumps for R-K-O would bear watching. As a husband he'd probably go galloping off to save some helpless female with golden hair just when I wanted him most. Of course Randy has always appealed to me because he is so big, and unaffected, and blonde, and southern, and once played football for Georgia Tech.

There was the party not so long ago to which he took Nancy Carroll and me, and after dinner the host announced that we would

to send, and he admires, and quite rightly too, a quiet and correct girl with none of that hey nonny nonny. He has always gone with quiet and correct girls in Hollywood, in fact most of his time and



**Bill Powell.**  
The lad whose future will make good reading.

attention is spent on Vivian Gaye, who is just about as subdued as Randy is himself. Randy would probably propose on his knees, with a courtly dash of old Virginia, and at the wedding you'd have to be done up in miles and miles of ancestral lace, and I just know there would be a Family Who Disapproved. I don't believe

I could face it. There's a lot of the hi de ho about me which Orange County, Virginia, would never understand, and I never know what dress I am going to wear until I actually have it on. I'm afraid, oh dreadfully afraid, that I only honestly like gentlemen in the abstract. So if Randy proposed to me, I wouldn't say Yes—oh, skip it.

Anything but quiet and correct is Randy's pal and running mate, the handsome Cary Grant. Cary is the impetuous type who wants to go places in an awful hurry and do things gayly, and he would definitely rush a poor girl off her feet. Dashing to Santa Barbara for a cocktail some evening at seventy miles an hour he might say, "Liz, my pet, let's get married," straight and simple, just like that, but before I could answer there'd be a traffic cop on our heels and when that ordeal was over Cary would have forgotten all about his proposal and we'd be dashing to the nearest florist to get the corsage that he had forgotten to pick up in Hollywood. Now I'm crazy about Cary, and have been for a long time, as he is one of the gayest, most generous and maddest people I know, but I think that deep down in his heart he is still in love with Virginia Cherrill who divorced him recently, and I just don't think I could be one of those understanding women who doesn't mind the "other woman." Besides, Cary, I know, will always insist upon driving

[Continued on page 59]



**Franchot Tone.**  
Suppose he proposed, could you be firm?



**Jack Oakie.**  
Perhaps he is cynical about love.

play roulette, and Nancy and I had both come with only a couple of bucks between us and were wondering if maybe the butler would cash a check for us, when Randy came loping over with his grand boyish grin and slipped a twenty dollar bill into both our mitts. "Now you girls go and enjoy yourself," said Randy genially, "and if you need some more just let me know." Well, I tell you I have batted around Hollywood for years and never before had I met a young man who was thoughtful enough to realize that a girl doesn't take a lot of money to a party, and when roulette is introduced doesn't like to sit on a chair in the corner and wonder for hours if the Countess di Frasso's emeralds are real. So help me, I was so pleased with Randy that I nearly married him that night, though to be sure he hadn't asked me.

Randy is the type who makes his dates weeks in advance, quite properly, and calls the day before to see what dress you are wearing so he will know what color orchids



**Fred MacMurray.**  
Why not?

give up that picture hat with the crushed rose I bought for Lombard's party for anyone, and, besides, I don't know a lob from a backhand and I only go to tennis matches because I think Frank Shields is too, too divine. And I don't like tea or Queen Victoria or the Clive



**George Brent.**  
If he proposed, would you worry about Greta?



# The IMAGINATION

*Fanciful Gifts That Tell Of Love Are More  
Welcome Than Costly Presents.*

By Muriel Babcock

**I**N PREHISTORIC days, if a handsome hunter brought home an unusually beautiful leopard skin, he stood a fine chance of capturing his sweetheart's affection. If the leopard skin didn't do the trick, his methods were simple and direct. He knocked his lady over the head with a club, dragged her off to his cave, and by this time she was right willing to say yes!

But methods of wooing change.

In Hollywood today, the problem is a great deal more complex. Hollywood is a town where love is the master emotion. As all stars lead emotional lives, love affairs become matters expressed with glamorous and imaginative touches.

It is also a town where luxurious presents count for little. Most stars have wealth of their own. They have silver fox furs, handsome automobiles, and beautiful jewelry. A bracelet or a car is just another present!

No, a Hollywood young man, to win and keep the love of his lady fair, has to express himself in an unusual way, in beautiful and imaginative gestures and presents. Hence, the stars' love affairs become idyllic things of romance and fascination far above the ordinary.

I think the story of how George Brent, the handsome Lothario of the air, captured the affections of the screen's most glamorous and exotic woman, Greta Garbo, is one of the most delightful love stories I know. It has never been told before to my knowledge, but Monsieur Brent, when he made up his mind he was falling in love with Garbo, (as have many men before him!) decided she was a woman for whom the simplest rather than the

most extravagant gesture would have the greatest charm.

Accordingly, on her birthday, he arrived on the set carrying an enormous birthday cake on which he himself had traced with tiny sticks of candy, "Happy Birthday." It was a lovely chocolate cake with white frosting, and he told Greta he had baked it himself. Now Mr. Brent CAN cook—he'd already established that fact in conversations—but whether he baked this particular cake himself or not, I wouldn't guarantee.

After the cutting of the cake, he asked Greta if she'd ever had her palm read. He told her that her hands

Franchot Tone has made Joan Crawford interested in him because of the charming fashion in which he has given her gifts of love.

Helen Hayes received from Charles MacArthur phonograph records which he had made to speak for him.



Carole Lombard has a bracelet to which Robert Riskin keeps adding love charms.





# OF HOLLYWOOD LOVERS

When George Barnes won Joan Blondell he used a most unusual method to captivate her interest.



Hal Mohr and Evelyn Venable, his wife, and the tree stump that figured in their romance.



William Powell and Jean Harlow are in love, and Bill's gifts are most unusual.

were extremely fascinating and that they held great interest to a palm-reader. Yes, he read her palm, and he predicted that a tall, dark young man was coming into her life!

This was an extraordinarily simple present and gesture, but it completely captivated the great Garbo whereas, I have an idea, a handsome present or a flowery speech would have gone unheeded.

Jean Harlow confided to a close friend, not long ago, that she had never been so much in love as she was with Bill Powell. "I never knew what love meant before," she said. "I'm almost afraid of it."

How did Bill, polished, suave gentleman of the world, intrigue the imagination of the lovely blonde Harlow whose sex appeal has caused many a gentleman to go into dithers?

I know one thing he did that pleased Jean more than anything else. One day there was a ring at her door, and there arrived two uniformed messenger boys carrying two huge and heavy packages. Jean opened them and found two enormous bales of writing paper, one of yellow foolscap, the other of white bond paper, with several boxes of clips, two erasers, and four dozen pencils. With

the paper was a note from Bill which said: "Just fill these all up with words."

Jean was then hard at work on the one job that she adores above everything else, the writing of her book. Being an important screen star means nothing to Jean compared to becoming an important authoress. Bill had heard her remark the evening before that she never seemed to have enough paper. And you know, if you write, that you never do!

She loved the thought behind this present. She loved Bill's appreciation of her innermost heart's desire—to be a writer. The present meant more to Jean than half a dozen bracelets because it showed her that Bill really thought about Jean, the person!

Around Carole Lombard's wrist these days there dangles a beautiful gold link bracelet. Robert Riskin gave it to Carole the week after he had his first date with her. When she opened the box and took out the bracelet, there was attached only one tiny charm—a miniature gold telephone.

The charm, Bob explained to laughing Carole, was symbolic of the good luck he had in getting a date over the telephone when he first called up. A few days later, there arrived another tiny box with a second charm in the form of a beautiful lily. This, Bob said, was to celebrate his discovery of her favorite flower—the white lily. Silly idea? Yes, but flattering. The next charm to be added to the bracelet was a tiny tennis racket, symbolizing Carole's progress in her tennis lessons from Bob. And the fourth—a question mark! Evidently, for

Carole never would explain its meaning even to her close friends—this had something to do with Bob's doubt as to the progress he was making in his romance. But true love must have won, for now there's a ring charm.

I am wondering, and I suppose you are by this time, when tiny prayer book and house charms will add themselves to the bracelet. Truly, this is a romance bracelet. Carole loves it more than any of the other more lavish presents with which Bob has showered her. I don't wonder, for it shows thought, interest, and delightful imagination.

Packed away in an old worn black Morocco leather case are Helen Hayes' dearest love treasures—a dozen phonograph records, presents from black-haired, rollicking Charlie MacArthur. No, they do not carry tunes of Bing Crosby's crooning! This is their story:

One dark day in Hollywood when Helen hadn't heard from Charlie in three whole weeks, the first record arrived. Annoyed



beyond words, because she had so hoped for a letter, Helen was almost exasperated enough to smash the record into bits. But—she didn't. Curiosity impelled her to put it on the Victrola, and lo, there was Charlie talking to her. From the record came his voice saying all the tender nothings that he would write in a letter. She played the record over and over again as she listened to Charlie telling how much he loved her.

Charlie's nonchalant explanation was that he was far too lazy to write, and the records offered a simple way to tell a beloved wife how much he loved her. But Helen knew differently. Records took far more work—they were an imaginative product of his love, and she adored them.

Another famous screen writer won a beautiful star wife by exercising his imagination, although in a more practical way. However, the results achieved were decidedly romantic. John Monk Saunders and Fay Wray were on location in Maryland, John was the director, Fay the leading lady of the picture. John was enamoured with young Miss Wray, but she, being quite young and proper, was a little frightened at the idea of stepping out with her boss, particularly when so far away from home. She repelled all his advances!

All of this tickled John immensely and intrigued his imagination but didn't do anything toward furthering their acquaintance. So one day he sneaked around and drained all the gasoline out of Fay's car. Then he kept her late, and when her car wouldn't start, he was the only one with whom she could possibly ride home. He took her the longest way around which led by a little country church half hidden in vines and honeysuckle. It was in this church they were wed three weeks later!

Now an old tree stump would seem to be a pretty unimaginative present to give a bride, but that is exactly what Hal Mohr gave Evelyn Venable the other day, and was she delighted! Hal, photographing "Midsummer Night's Dream," found his attention wandering to this gnarled old tree stump which lent atmosphere to a forest setting. Finally, his curiosity got the best of him, and he asked the property department from whence it had come. The stump, the records showed, was from a piece of orchard land, not far from the studio and just off Ventura Boulevard. And then Hal knew why it intrigued him!

By this old stump, he and Evelyn had kept many a secret tryst during the early days of their romance when they wished no one in Hollywood to know of their love. Here they met and here they left notes for one another when the meeting was too

hazardous.

Mr. Mohr purchased that stump from Warners immediately the picture was finished and it now stands in the center of the Mohr-Venable back yard. Evelyn has lovingly worked to train vines and plants about it, but still curious visitors inquire, "What do you want that old tree stump around for?" Hal and Evelyn seldom bother to explain.

When Richard Dix first asked his present wife, Virginia, for a luncheon date, she replied sedately, "No, thank you. I never mix pleasure with business." You remember, of course, that Virginia was Richard's secretary. This invitation took place about two weeks after he had employed her. Dix asked her again and again, her refusal piquing his interest, but she never would go to lunch with her movie star employer. One day she came back just at twelve, from an errand he had sent her to do on the set, to find a beautiful luncheon spread out in the office. "This is business," hastily explained Dix. "Bring your notebook. I always can dictate better when I eat." That first luncheon must have been a very funny one, as between mouthfuls of cocktail and salad Dix would try to formulate a sensible letter. His ruse worked so well that he repeated it several times, and on the fifth luncheon, Virginia found herself writing in her notebook these dictated words. "Dear Virginia, I love you. Will you marry me..."

Well, you know the end of the story. She's now Mrs. Richard Dix and the mother of twins and a very, very happy wife. She told Richard later that, while she liked him at the very first, she had been warned against movie stars, and she was determined not to let herself fall in love with him. No amount of flattery or number of presents would have stirred her from this conviction. It took the Dix imagination, mixing pleasure and business, which won her.

I always thought one of the outstanding examples of showmanship in courtship was that shown by Flo Ziegfeld when he was wooing Billie Burke. When Flo first met the beautiful Billie, she would have none of him. Presents, flowers, meant nothing to her. One day she saw that there had been installed in her bedroom a beautiful little telephone. This telephone, by special arrangement with the phone company, did not go through central but went directly to Mr. Ziegfeld's private office on Forty-second Street. A note attached to it explained that she might want to call him up, and it was important for him to have this call. So he had this special phone in

his office waiting for Billie to realize that she was loved. And so Billie married Flo.

Franchot Tone is so in love with Joan Crawford that he thinks of little else. He has given her many a beautiful present, but the one, she told me, that touched her the most, was his present of her singing lessons. For a long time, she has been ambitious to know how to sing correctly, for Joan loves music. It is the very breath and fire of her soul. Always when she is working she has a phonograph on her set. She finds inspiration in it. But she has been self-conscious about her own voice and sure that never could she, Joan Crawford, sing.

One day Joan answered the telephone to hear a voice say: "I am Senor Otto Morendo. I am your new singing teacher. When shall we begin?" Joan was flabbergasted, stammered and stuttered, "What is this all about?" Senor Morendo, laughing, for he was in on the surprise, said, "Yes, I am real. I am your teacher, and I hear you have a good voice, but you are bashful. Mr. Tone has employed me, and I want to begin right away. I know because you are such a marvelous actress, you must be able to express yourself with your voice."

And so today Joan is having more pleasure and more happiness out of her music than ever before simply because Franchot thought up this beautiful way of expressing his love for her.

Of course, not all lovers would have the luck with the imaginative gesture that George Barnes once made to Joan Blondell when courting her. George found a particularly sarcastic review in the morning paper, clipped it out, and mounted it on beautiful red paper. At the top, he drew some hearts and cupids, making his work of art look something like a valentine. At the bottom of the card, just below the sarcastic criticism, he wrote: "But somebody loves you, and his name is George."

If Joan hadn't had a great sense of humor, I doubt if she would have taken this calmly, but she did, for she knew that George honestly loved her and believed in her work. And she appreciated the fact that his interest went so far as to follow her reviews.

And so you can see that no Hollywood love affair follows a dull course. The stars, when they fall in love, enjoy romances far above the ordinary in glamour and imagination. They put their all into their affairs of the heart and because they are so steeped in emotion, because emotion is the very life blood of Hollywood, theirs are super-romances, with all the idyllic touches that ordinary mortals miss.



Acme

## PAT O'BRIEN'S

The stars turn out (there is Irene Dunne on the right) for Pat O'Brien's garden party and barbecue. (Above) Leo Carillo at the barbecue pit.

## BARBECUE



They Get The  
Lights Right, The  
Camera Right, And  
Then They Get  
S. R. Mook And  
Shoot The Scene.



"Anything you want, dear?" asks W. C. Fields of Kathleen Howard in "Everything Happens at Once."

#### On the Fox Lot

**A**FTER being in the doldrums for several months, Fox has a number of pictures shooting this time.

First, there's the much talked of "Farmer Takes a Wife" starring Janet Gaynor. It's all about a young spitfire who works as cook on an Erie Canal barge owned by Charles Bickford. She has her eye on a young chap who works on another barge but who yearns to be a farmer.

Bickford, in the part which caused Spencer Tracy to ask for his release from his Fox contract, is nothing but an old sot. He reels into the galley one fine morning after a night out.



Janet Gaynor never looked as pretty as she does in "The Farmer Takes A Wife."

"Want my breakfast," he announces drunkenly.

"You'll git your breakfast," Janet retorts, setting about preparing it.

"I want eggs," Charlie goes on in a tone that implies someone had told him he couldn't have them.

"You'll git eggs," Janet agrees.

"I want eggs but I want 'em different," Bickford continues argumentatively. "I'm sick of your eggs. Boiled and fried eggs," he yells sarcastically, and then suddenly, "I want some fried boiled eggs. That's what I want."

"Go to your cabin and git some sleep. You'll feel better after," Janet advises conciliatingly.

"You tellin' me what to do?" he demands menacingly. "I got a mind to give you a lacin'."

"You ain't goin' to give me no lacin'," Janet shrieks, her temper flaring.

"You gimme my eggs," Bickford reiterates obstinately.

"All right," Janet screams, losing control of her temper. "I'll give you your eggs. And I'll give 'em to you *different*. There!" picking up an egg and letting him have it full in the face. "And there!" picking up another and repeating the process. "Is that different enough?"

With that, she stalks angrily from the cabin, leaving the drunkenly astonished Bickford gazing stupidly after her. At the steps she turns and wrathfully shouts back: "That's all the breakfast you'll git from me!"

This ought to be a wow of a picture for Janet. I've never seen her look as pretty as she does in the gingham and plaids she wears in this one. And, as the spitfire, her part has more life to it than she is usually permitted to display.

Henry Fonda, as the would-be farmer, was brought out from New York to repeat the part he created in the stage play of the same name.

Next, we have The Homespun Philosopher, Mr. Will Rogers, in a re-make of "In Old Kentucky." This has been done two or three times before, the last time with Marion Nixon and James Murray. I don't recall the plot, but there is a horse race in it. Naturally Mr. Rogers is concerned in it and just before the race he gets thrown into jail . . . for obstructing justice and hiding old man Martingale—whatever he may be. Suddenly we hear the sound of a key being turned in the lock and *Wash* (Bill Robinson) is shown in.



Bill Robinson and Will Rogers, rival tap dancers in "In Old Kentucky."

"Get the horse there all right?" Rogers asks anxiously.

"Yes, sir," says Robinson, who has evidently been running because he is mopping his forehead. "If that horse runs as fast as I been running," he goes on, "nobody going to catch him. What you going to do, Mistah Tapley?" he asks with a change of tone.

"Dunno," Rogers answers. "Got any ideas?"

"I ain't got none now, but I sometimes  
[Continued on page 66]



# "ACCENT ON YOUTH"

*This Charming Play From Broadway Is Now Presented On The Screen*

By Julia Gwin

**U**NLESS you have already learned by experience or guessed why youth mates with age, "Accent on Youth" solves the problem for you once and for all. It is a sparkling comedy with numerous unsuspected dramatic depths. It is superbly cast, admirably acted, and is directed by Wesley Ruggles, who has given us some of the outstanding hits of the screen, including that classic of all times, "Cimmaron." Particularly adapted to handling modern problems which involve the emotions of the very young, his "Accent on Youth," from the Broadway play of that name, promises to be one of the bright spots in the current season's attractions.

It is the story of two men and a woman but it brings a new twist to the eternal triangle. In this picture, so gallant, so gay, so full of youthful yearning and mature consideration, Herbert Marshall as Steven

Gaye, forty-eight, gives us a vivid and interesting portrait of a successful playwright man about town catapulted into a situation rivaling one in a play he has just written and which he is about to produce. Sylvia Sidney is Linda Brown, the playwright's secretary, who finds herself trapped by her joint love for Steven and for the impetuous youth of Dickie Reynolds as portrayed by Philip Reed.

Sylvia Sidney as Linda, the girl who makes love to her boss.



All is explained. Happiness ahead?

The middle-aged writer finds the youth asleep in Linda's apartment.



## Accent on Romance

As the story opens we find the prospective cast for Steven's play gathered in his library for a first reading. From her place behind her typewriter, Linda speaks ardently to the dissatisfied trio around her, concerning the merits of Steven's play, "Old Love," until they catch fire, too, and when Steven enters a moment later greet him

with an unexpected enthusiasm.

After they leave, Steven and Linda discuss the play over tea. They are interrupted by Genevieve Lang (the beautiful Astrid Allwyn) whom Steven wants for his feminine lead. Genevieve is about Linda's age, attractive, smartly sophisticated, with a poise lacking in the secretary. The two women eye each other coldly as Linda passes from the room leaving the two together.

Genevieve hasn't seen Steven for four years. She pushes him gently back in his chair as he rises, and stands looking at him



Herbert Marshall, as the playwright, discusses his play, his love and an ocean voyage with Astrid Allwyn.



smilingly, and at the room which so admirably suits him with its book-lined walls, deep chairs, and scores of autographed pictures. A few minutes later, in the terraced garden of the penthouse apartment, Genevieve refuses the leading part in "Old Love." Leaning against the roof wall, the blue sky and the towers of Manhattan fram-

honor I didn't mean that.

"As a playwright?"

"No . . . as a gentleman."

So Genevieve departed and Steven returned to the library where he gave Flogdell, his butler, packing instructions and told Linda, who was sitting stiffly and unnaturally at her desk trying to work and forget the scene she had just witnessed, that



The playwright tells Linda that love places an accent on youth.

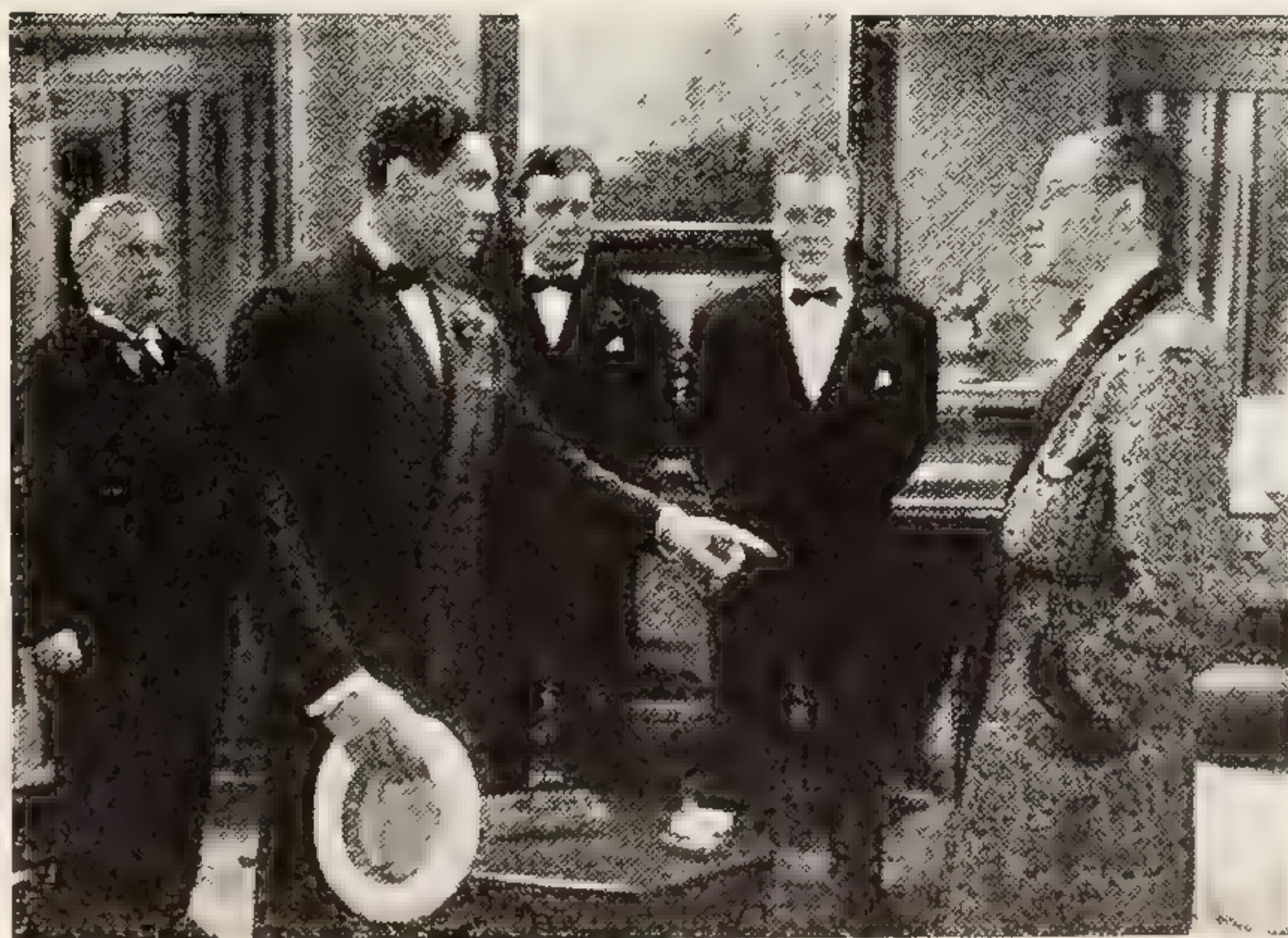
he was retiring and she was fired. In high glee he dashed restlessly about the room as he talked—running his fingers through his thinning hair, starting to dictate a letter which he cancelled with a wave of his hand.

#### Linda Discharged

Pausing beside Linda's desk, too excited to notice her pallor and the hurt in her eyes, he offered to make her a present—a trip to Europe, a trousseau, or better still, a check for six months' salary. Linda pushed his check book, in which she had been writing as he talked, toward him and he noticed the amount was for four days' salary.

"You're angry," Steven looked up quickly, pen poised in mid-air.

"No. . . . I'm accurate. You've discharged me, haven't you? Now—we're



The husband and his witnesses insist on searching the apartment.

through, aren't we?"

"Why—it looks that way."

"You're no longer my employer and I'm no longer your secretary? We're two human beings together."

"Yes, Linda."

"A man and a woman."

"A man and a woman." Steven smiled as he might to a child and Linda flushed angrily. She had been straightening the desk, covering the typewriter, and had not looked at Steven until this moment. She picked up her gloves and her hat



The young lovers start on their honeymoon.

and faced him. A moment she looked at him and then her eyes dropped to her hat, while her nervous fingers fumbled with the brim.

#### Linda Declares Her Love

"Well—before I say goodbye, I want you to know that I love you. I want you to know that the three years and two months I've spent with you have been the most wonderful, painful, happiest years I've ever had or hoped to have. You hardly knew I was on earth—but you've given me more than you could have given a wife, or any other woman, or your friends, or your audiences. I had you when you were alone. You've spoiled every other man for me. You did that in the first month. You've done a terrible thing, you opened my eyes, my heart, my brain—and you never touched me. But if you think I can walk out of this house quietly—if you think you can smile me away with money and a few dresses—if you think I can walk out of this house without wanting to kill you, without wanting to cut my initials into every day you're going to live, you're crazy! Good-bye—and try to forget me!"

Steven listened in amusement at first—an amusement which changed to amazement. This was something he hadn't counted on and with which he didn't know how to cope. Linda turned and started out of the room. Steven rushed over and caught her by the arm. He led her back to the sofa and sat down beside her, holding her hand the while.

"Funny," he mused. "When you get right down to it, I can't think off-hand of a man who *could* make you forget me. I'm beginning to see what a spot you're in! I *am* a unique combination!"

"You're wonderful!" There was adoration even in her voice and a sudden unleashed passion which had built itself up into something very dangerous in her three years of silent, close [Continued on page 60]



Linda takes matters in her own hands to win the man she loves.

Herbert Marshall, who plays the fascinating part of the wicked and witty playwright.

ing her pale loveliness as she looks down at the streets, she tells him that the man in his play could never make a young girl's heart go pitty-pat because he is too old.

Somehow, through the intimacies of past memories momentarily revived by the exchange of an embrace, a kiss, a sigh or two, and the tantalizing lure of Genevieve's warm body, of her eyes lifted to Steven's and then lowered until the lashes lay in fan-like repose on the peach glow of her cheeks, these two find themselves planning a trip to Finland together and to forget all about the play which has suddenly become a headache to Steven.

"You're lovely." Steven spoke with feeling as he took Genevieve in his arms and kissed her. And Genevieve was agitated, a thing she had just declared could not happen between a man of his age and a girl of hers. Steven smiled.

"Heart go pitty-pat. Pit and then pat?"

"You fiend!" She pushed him from her. "You had *me* fooled. Believe it or not, I was ready to go to Finland with you."

"Genevieve," quickly correcting his mistake. "I'm dying to go to Finland with you. I didn't mean that . . . on my word of



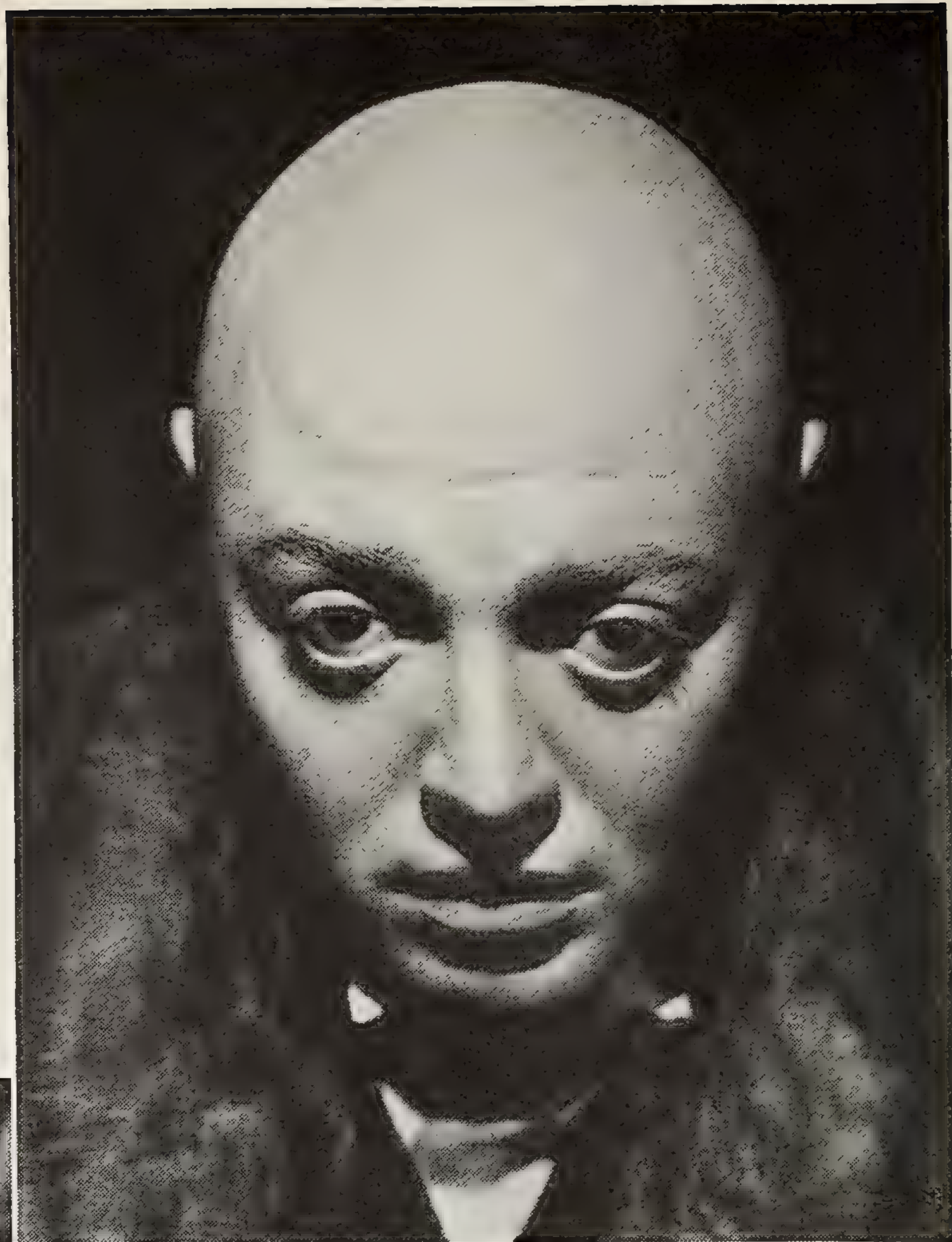
# PETER LORRE

Acclaimed the

## WORLD'S GREATEST ACTOR

*The Star Of "M" And "The Man Who Knew Too Much" Is Making A Picture That Will Give You The Horrors.*

By Whitney Williams



**O**UT on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, Culver City's pride and joy and as merry a studio as you may find in the whole Hollywood colony . . . they are making a horror picture which doubtless will end all horror films.

In itself, this is not so important a circumstance. From the time of Chaney down through Karloff, productions of this type have been promised . . . and the following month saw even a more uncanny screen play released. That was before an inoffensive-appearing Hungarian actor by the name of Peter Lorre arrived on the scene.

The name of this artist may be unfamiliar to you. But those who witnessed the German-made production of "M" some years ago will recall him with a shock . . . for Peter Lorre is the man who portrayed the pathological child-murderer in this thriller of thrillers.

In Europe his name is as well-known as Clark Gable's or George Arliss' in this country. Of him, Charles Chaplin, master pantomimist, remarks . . . "He is the greatest living actor." And Chaplin has never been known to open his mouth in praise of an actor or actress before.

No personality of stage or screen ever received so strange a reception from the public as Lorre, after the release of his initial film, "M." He became the most hated man in Europe!

As though he actually were the Dusseldorf murderer in person, people shunned him like the plague. He could not appear in public without causing every woman to grab her offspring and dash pell-mell for safety, or shriek in terror at his innocent approach. His conciliatory smile was taken



They are all talking about Peter Lorre's wonderful acting in the new picture, "Mad Love."

Robert Young and Peter Lorre off-stage, before Peter shaved his head for his screen character.

star in the Metro picture, adapted from Jacques Renard's great story. It relates as eerie a tale as ever was told about a madman, a maniac with the soul of a ghou and the mind of a genius.

Do you wonder that I predict this offering of terror will climax all horror films?

In many years of interviewing celebrities of the stage and the screen, I have met scores of personalities who impressed me with their ability, their intellect, their grasp of fundamentals. Never, however, until I conversed with Peter Lorre, and came to know him after several meetings, have I encountered an actor so gifted and so immersed in an art in which, at thirty-one, he stands the greatest living actor.

Very simply, he will tell you . . . "I am an actor, not because audiences need me, but because I personally feel the need of it." The very humility of such a remark. These few words reveal the character of the man more clearly and more poignantly

[Continued on page 58]

to mean he was working himself into the mood for another homicide.

Courageous men moved aside, and intimate friends deserted him without so much as an excuse. Should he call on old acquaintances, he was met with bated breaths. As for the children in the streets . . . they ran screaming to their homes, as though the Evil One himself pursued them. Even his wife looked upon him askance, through different eyes, as though she, too, were terrified by his presence. Overnight, he turned into an arch-fiend . . . in the minds of a mature populace who, since the age of understanding, had reveled in and been accustomed to heavy, dripping drama.

This is the man, then, who has come to



Charles Boyer  
Has Made Only  
A Few Pictures,  
But They Have  
Made Him A  
Million Friends  
—He's A Living  
Chain Letter.

By  
Lenore  
Samuels

# The BOYER CHARM



NEXT to her famous historical characters, her literateurs, and her goodwill ship (I am referring, of course, to the mammoth Normandie) France's most efficient propagandists have been her actors. Bernhardt, during her many coast to coast tours, inspired in us a tremendous regard for the French race. Then came Chevalier, that provocative comedian, who put an entirely new and decidedly captivating interpretation upon that intangible quality which Hollywood calls sex appeal. But, one day, Dame Rumor whispered catily about town that Chevalier's charm was like a lamp in the dark which could—and was—switched off at will, and suddenly Chevalier's courtiers drooped sadly away and sought a new king before whom they could bend the knee.

This brings us to Monsieur Charles Boyer (pronounced Bwa-yay), a dramatic actor

who occupies the same high standing on the Parisian stage that the Barrymores once enjoyed on the American stage. Before coming to Hollywood several years ago to do French versions of screen plays for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Boyer distinguished himself in many fine, dramatic French films, one of them being the very popular "Liliom." He also did a film for Ufa in Germany. And in London he is almost as popular on the stage as he is in his beloved Paris.

When he first came to Hollywood he knew barely a word of the English language. But after two visits he had so mastered our tongue that Fox executives, who were impressed by his magnificent technique in a film called "The Battle," which they had viewed while in France, signed him to a long term contract. "Caravan," in which he was called upon to play a sen-

timental gypsy who fiddled his way into the heroine's heart, so depressed him that in spite of what we call French conservatism, he bought up the remainder of his contract and went back to France to do some real acting once more.

But his stay on the Fox lot brought results in another way. For it was there that he met the charming blonde English actress, Pat Patterson, whom he married in Yuma after a whirlwind courtship. Poor Pat had to remain behind in Hollywood (for she was tied up with a Fox contract and her career in pictures is really important to her) while her husband went back to his native land. With her in Hollywood, however, it was no surprise to find Monsieur Boyer rushing back to America after a few months, this time with a contract signed and sealed by that excellent producer, Walter Wanger.

I missed seeing M. Boyer on his way out to Hollywood last December, so it was with great pleasure that I accepted his cordial invitation to visit him in his suite at the Ritz just before he sailed home again on the Normandie. When I arrived, a small group was gathered in a cozy circle around him. M. Boyer graciously beckoned me to a place beside him on a divan, and the general conversation continued just where it had left off before my arrival. M. Boyer, you see, has the gift of putting people at their ease immediately. One does not fling questions at him and get stilted, opinionated or wary answers back. Rather, it is like meeting up with an old friend at a familiar and favored rendezvous and exchanging ideas, many ideas, and, although the discussion gets highly animated at times it never gets caught up in an unfriendly trap. M. Boyer is too much interested in people, in events, in life itself to be dogmatic on any one subject.

As for the Boyer charm, it is not a flame that can be extinguished at will. It comes from within and, whether in serious or jesting mood, its power is so intense, so stimulating that you find yourself listening to him, spellbound.

It is only with a considerable jerk that you tear yourself out of your dream and concentrate on M. Boyer's impressions of the film colony. "I like Hollywood," he admits, with that boyish smile of his that makes him look so much younger than he appears in his films. "But I could not remain there throughout the year. I must get away for at least six months. You see, out there, it is like working twenty-four hours a day at the studio, for everywhere you go you talk pictures, pictures, pictures. And that is not good for an actor. He needs outside stimulation in order to refresh his emotions. Otherwise he goes stale, he deteriorates. I have seen it happen out there too often.

"Now, in Paris, I work at the studio all day but at night I can forget the films if I wish. My friends there are in many professions—some of them are actors, to be sure—but I like to converse with men who have outside interests . . . writers, artists, business men of all types. They force me to think along different lines. It has a broadening effect on my work, you know. An actor cannot narrow himself down into

[Continued on page 73]





At left. Joan Bennett, her little daughter, Diana Bennett Markey, and her husband, Gene Markey, in the whirl of "Resting" and seeing the games at the Riviera Country Club.

Irene Dunne visits New York to recuperate, but the Illustrators Club induces her to pose. Howard Chandler Christy, second from left.



Wide World

## The "RESTING" OF THE Hollywood Stars

*While They Are At Work They Keep Careful Hours And Blossoming Health—It Shows.*

By Elizabeth Wilson

WELL, now that midsummer's madness is upon us I suppose droves of you folks are vacation-bound, and don't care a whit if I have to sit here at my desk all summer and swelter. (Comes the Revolution and I shall turn in my desk for a Rolls.) But ah, I shall have my laugh a month from now when all of you come staggering back, itching and biting, and worn to an old frazzle dazzle, while I shall be as chipper as a nesting meadow lark tweet tweet.

And right now I'm telling you, if you are half as crazy on your vacation as a movie star is, then I never want to meet you, even if you have a million dollars and giving ways. These movie stars get me down. They don't make sense. For months, maybe years, they'll crab about all the work they have to do at the studio, and they'll grouch to anybody who'll listen, "Gee, I must have a vacation. Five pictures straight. I'll go nuts if I don't get some rest soon." And finally they get a vacation, six weeks with nothing to do but rest, and what do they do? They go nuts all right, nutty as a New Orleans praline.

My, my, the things that are done in the name of resting. Practically everything, except a good night's sleep. As you know, when a star is making a picture she keeps very regular hours, she must be at the

studio made-up and ready for the first shot by eight, and she usually doesn't get away until after she has seen the day's "rushes," which makes dinner about eight, and then she is too tired for anything but bed. With this factory routine you can be darned sure, Ella, that milady keeps out of all mischief and doesn't have a chance to exude any of that well known Glamour. But when she starts on a "rest" you can be certain there will be new clothes, new homes, new fads, new cars, and new husbands. Yeah, anything can happen when a movie star rests.

But, honestly, they really believe, quite sincerely, that they are going to get a rest when they go away on a vacation. With the naivete of a Shirley Temple they'll tell you of the heavenly peace and quiet and

sleep they expect to revel in as they step on the plane, train or gas looking like good respectable citizens, but ah me, you should see them when they return. What with circles and jitters and things they look like something that no discerning cat would ever bring in. The studio takes one peep, swoons, and postpones their next picture for another month.

Only a few weeks ago I saw Claudette Colbert on the very day that she returned from her first vacation in two years. "And they call it rest," said Claudette slumping into the nearest chair and slipping her feet out of her shoes, "I call it rest in pieces. I'm completely shattered."

Claudette has worked awfully hard the last two years, turning out one success after another, but at least she kept her





Although Janet Gaynor has a real camp in Wisconsin, the lure of New York draws her between pictures.

health, her weight and her cheerful disposition, so it was with a sinking heart that I heard her say, "Thank heavens, I'm going to have a chance to rest at last. I'm off for a month in New York, and I'll be a new person when I return." Well, she practically was. She lost ten pounds, which may sound rather pleasant if you are anything like me, but to Claudette it's a tragedy. Her disposition was frayed around the edges, with absolutely no vestiges of a sense of humor, and she was all set for a magnificent break-down, with hysterics on the side. Upon investigation I discovered that Claudette had spent most of one week rehearsing for a radio broadcast, two weeks were spent in doing all the things she didn't want to do, and seeing all the people she didn't want to see, simply because she was a movie star, and then there was another week wherein she bought dozens of hats that didn't match anything in her wardrobe, and met the Press. She had fourteen interviews in one day. In Hollywood she would complain if she had to have more than two a week. Fortunately, Claudette had to start another picture, or resting would have put her in her grave in no time.

Joan Bennett told me last week of a crazy vacation she had in San Francisco. Ever since "Little Women" Joan has been in great demand and has been in one picture after another. But recently she found herself with a week-end on her hands, and when Bill Thomas, Paramount publicity man, asked her to make a personal appearance, all expenses paid, in San Francisco in conjunction with "Private Worlds" Joan thought it might be fun. The "appearance" wouldn't take but a few minutes and she could have a nice exhilarating week-end before starting the next picture.

She made reservations on the Lark, but

missed the train. She went to the wrong airport so missed the morning plane, and finally arrived breathlessly just in time to make the 12:50 performance, without even powdering her face. That over, she collapsed and demanded that Bill take her to lunch as quickly as possible as she hadn't had a bite to eat all day. She wanted gobs and gobs of food.

But the door burst in just then and the Press of San Francisco, accompanied by photographers, surrounded her, and Joan couldn't be rude to them, so she had to sit there and give dozens of interviews and pictures while her poor stomach growled and finally caved in. "Now," said Joan as the last reporter left, "we eat. I want a nice big juicy steak." "But you really can't leave now," said Bill blandly, "you have to make another appearance in five minutes." "Another appearance?" shrieked Joan, "why you soandso, you told me if I came to San Francisco I'd only have to make *one* appearance." "Now, Joanie," said Bill, giving her the personality, "don't be a Connie. Can I help it if the management advertises that you will make *four* appearances? And you know you can't walk out on your fans, can you, sweet?"

Well, to make a long story longer it was nine o'clock that night before Joan had a chance to order a great big juicy steak at the hotel. And hardly had it been set before her than the urbane Mr. Thomas arrived with the orchestra leader, who just insisted that Miss Bennett say hello to the



The finest riding horses are forgotten when Janet is caught in the delirium of "Resting."

Dick Barthelmess is more sane than most stars, but days of "Rest" drive him to extremes.



merry couples who were dancing there that night. "All right," said Joan with a pathetic look at the steak, "I'll say hello, but don't let the waiter take anything." And then Bill, played the meanest trick that a press agent can play on a star, he pushed Joan right up on the dais, and before she

[Continued on page 62]



# ALL THE ROMANTIC

*The Heart Affairs  
Of The Younger Fry  
Of Hollywood Pre-  
pare Them For Their  
Emotional Rôles Of  
The Future.*

Then Mary Brian, whose engagement to Rudy Vallee had been rumored from New York, popped into town on a plane and immediately went to dinner at the Derby with Dick Powell who has been carrying a torch ever since she went away.

We thought we had Rouben Mamoulian and Gertrude Michael all nicely settled until we glimpsed him lunching with Mona Maris, and we became all confused again about the entire matter.

We had been entirely easy in our minds about the course of true love for Jack La Rue and Connie Simpson . . . . until the dog sauntered into the restaurant with Ida Lupino on his arm. And the next day Ida was there with Howard Hughes! Oh, dear! They do get about so!

That Merle Oberon is the most popular belle



*International*

The familiar Trocadero background, and Merle Oberon with the new United Artists feature player, David Niven.

**W**HAT with the warm breezes and the roses a-bloom and mocking birds twittering all night and Hollywood simply sticky with young love and budding romances, a girl can't keep her mind on her work! I've never seen so many tender goings-on among the younger set as there are this season.

Production at the studios is slow just now and they all have time to go capering and making eyes and sighing and wearing those goopling expressions, which look so silly to everyone except the gooplers. The Boulevards swarm with bright, open roadsters, filled with young things in gay clothes and you have to reserve tennis courts at the clubs days in advance, and I had my breath entirely squashed out of me when I tried to get into my favorite night club to play the slot machines. Why, I inquired, ir-

ritably, can't you all go and hold hands in the nice moonlight instead of getting in the way of sensible people who want to squander quarters?

And the chits change their minds so frequently and so suddenly, you can't possibly keep track of them, and it's all too exhausting trying to keep these young pairs sorted out so that one can gossip about them with any accuracy at all!

Take last week at the Brown Derby! David Niven, who has been rumored to be engaged to Merle Oberon, turned up at lunch escorting Elizabeth Allan and looking very pleased about it, too. But a day or so later he was there with Merle? Just a lover's tiff? Or was he punishing Merle for going out with Eddie Lowe?



When Dick Powell left for Annapolis for his new picture, Mary Brian, his perennial sweetheart, kissed him goodbye at the station. It must be love.

Hollywood has seen in a long, long time . . . . .

with Ida Lupino a close runner-up. All the boys have given Merle a terrific rush and she is submerged in invitations and gardenias. As this is written, David Niven seems to be the favored gentleman but maybe it's just the Spring and the circumstance of



# YOUNG THINGS

By Helen  
Louise  
Walker

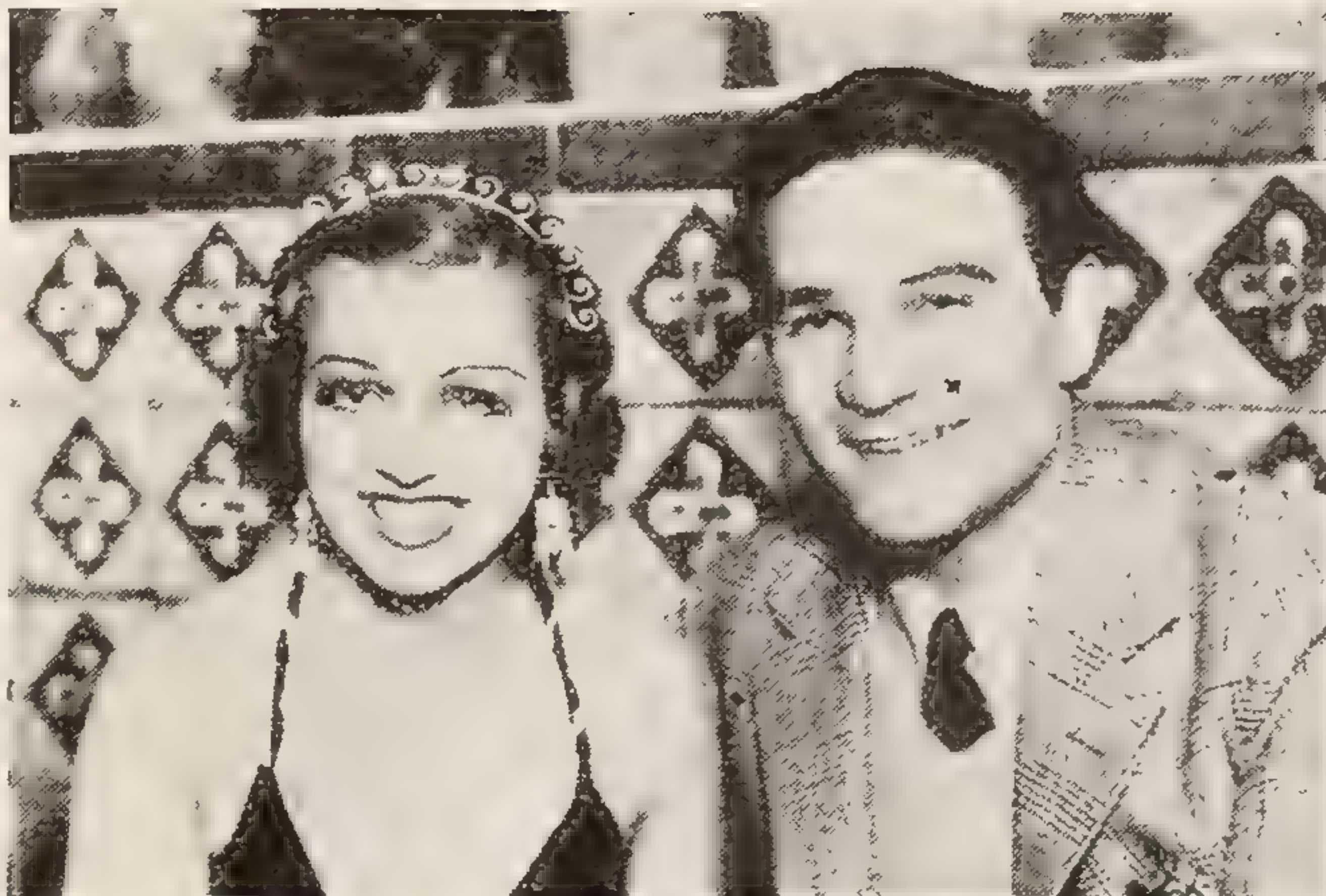
working with him in a picture. As Louisa M. Alcott frequently remarked, propinquity, my dear, works wonders!

As for Mary Brian, I long ago gave up trying to keep track of her and her beaux. Mary has been so spectacularly popular for so long . . . . .

She told me one time, rather wistfully, "You see, people think of me as a sort of play-girl. No one believes that I could be really serious about marriage. But I am. I want to marry and settle and retire from pictures. I never felt that way until I saw how idyllically happy June Collyer and Stuart Erwin are. June wouldn't give up what she has and return to pictures for anything.

"I want some of the real things in life.

But the boys who take me around want a succession of parties and restaurants and theaters and night clubs. Even the ones who talk of marriage see our lives together a succession of those things. No one believes that I have a serious side and that underneath I am really quite a domestic soul, that I want security and solidity



Frances Drake and Henry Wilcoxon recuperate from the activities of the Paramount lot at a Hollywood night spot.



The bright prospects which the future holds for them does not rob Robert Taylor and Jean Parker of the thrills of today.



Tom Brown and Anita Louise in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel, surrounded by their friends. Patricia Ellis in the foreground.

Wide World

and privacy. No one believes that I could be satisfied without glitter and excitement.

"Well, I could. And I am not going to marry until I see some assurance of the simple sort of existence which I really want."

Well . . . . . Dick Powell has that new house in the country, nicely suited, one would think, to quiet domesticity. It is close to the homes of the Bing Crosbys and the Richard Arlens—as settled and domestic young married people as one could wish to meet. It isn't far from Mary's own house, as a matter of fact. And what with the Spring and

Jack La Rue and Ida Lupino, distinct personalities in the night life of Hollywood.

Mary's having left Rudy presumably disconsolate on the Atlantic Coast and everything . . . . . who can tell?

But it isn't well to try to interfere in these matters, as the powers at Metro-Goldwyn-May-

er learned recently. Jean Parker and Robert Taylor, both promising young players, are under contract to that company and the studio is busily grooming both of them for stardom. Since they are playing together in a picture and since they are romantic types, somebody or other thought that it would be interesting if they were seen going about together.

So they were sent to the Cocoanut Grove and assiduous photographers appeared, quite by chance, of course, to photograph them dancing together and smiling sweetly at one another. The hitch came when Jack Barnes, the young San Diego newspaperman who has engaged Jean's attention, turned up with Irene Hervey. The couples immediately switched partners and went on to other places where they could hold hands with no snooping photographers about to bother them.

Even studio edicts cannot make love bloom where it has no intention of blooming! Anita Louise has been giving us some difficulty, too. When we first interviewed her, two or three years ago, we saw her as an extremely serious and ambitious young person, beautiful but rather cold, absorbed in her career and no goal at all for a young man's romantic affections. As has often happened, we were wrong. Anita has gone [Continued on page 64]



# GAMES

By  
Jerry  
Asher

The Amusing  
And Entertaining  
"Games" They Play  
In Hollywood.



"In the Manner of the Word" is a favorite guessing game at Joan Crawford's.

**H**OLLYWOOD is having *such* fun these nights. And it's all so innocent, scandal mongers have disgustedly gone back to minding their own business. Heavily-curtained windows can only mean that Wallie Beery is giving a spin-the-platter party. Those hilarious shrieks filling the silent night? Probably Garbo and a few of her intimates playing a game of drop the hanky.

Since Hollywood has become so game con-

scious, they've given the night life back to the Gods. Popular late spots are so deserted the waiters are dancing with themselves. You couldn't find a movie star running around loose after nightfall, if you baited them with a seven year contract. They rush home to play games, with greasepaint still damp behind their ears. They stuff the phone bells and tell the butler to take his old mother to the fights.

Joan Crawford's birthday served as an appropriate time to introduce the fascinating game called, "In The Manner Of The Word." First there was a wonderful dinner and seated around the table were such good Crawford friends as Franchot Tone, Jean Dixon, Lynn Riggs and Mr. and Mrs. John Beal. Just before the end of the meal came a surprise from Franchot Tone. Lights were turned off and in walked the butler with a candle-covered cake. Around the base were snow white candy gardenias. Written on the cake in letters made of candy forget-me-nots were the words, "Happy Birthday Joan."

Presents were opened and the guests repaired to Joan's attractive knotty pine bar. There the mysteries of "In The Manner Of The Word" were explained and here is the way it was played.



Franchot Tone went out of the room. The others concentrated on a single word that must be an adverb. Such ones as, naturally, casually, hopefully, stupidly, vulgarly, etc., were suggested. Finally everyone agreed on the adverb "childishly." Franchot Tone was called back in the

room. Going up to Joan he selected her as his first victim.

"Joan, will you speak a piece, in the manner of the word," was his request. Which meant that Joan must speak a piece childishly and from her words and actions, Franchot must guess what adverb she has in mind.

Now if you can, imagine the glamorous Joan Crawford, who secretly loathes baby talk or affectation of any kind, playing a game like this. But Joan proved herself to be a good sport. Standing in the middle of the room, her toes turned in and twisting her handkerchief like an infant, Joan recited:

"Woses are wed,  
Vi-ets are boo,  
Suggy is tweet  
An' so are Ooo."

Everyone burst out laughing. Because she is a good actress, Joan gave the adverb away the first time. Franchot, who had three guesses, hit on it immediately by saying, "The word is childishly." Then it was Joan's turn to go out of the room. While she was out, the others selected a new adverb. This time it was "happily." Joan was called back.

Going up to John Beal, Joan requested:

"John, go over to Jean Dixon and kiss her hand in the manner of the word." Which meant of course, that John must go over to Jean (who played opposite Joan in "Sadie McKee") and kiss her hand *happily*.



Jean Muir, her scottie and her very attractive home. Here Jean gave a "Cobweb" party which proved to be very novel and fascinating.



John, taking an actor's advantage of the situation, walked over to Jean, took her hand in his and, as he kissed it, looked up into her eyes with all the ardor of a young lover. Then he stopped, turned away and clasped his hands dramatically, then once more returned to his task with renewed vigor.

By the look on his face, Joan had a pretty good idea what the adverb was. But being a young lady who is always sure of every move she makes, she was taking no chances. Turning to Franchot, she said:

"Franchot, take that tray of sandwiches and balance it on your head in the manner of the word." This meant that he must balance the tray—happily.

"Well, I always wanted to be an acrobat, so here goes," grinned Franchot.

With that he picked up the tray and set it on his head. The tray swayed dangerously in mid-air. Franchot, with arms stretched out like a tight-rope walker, didn't have to go out of his way to register the adverb. If ever there was a picture of happiness, he was it. Joan guessed the word immediately and in the manner of the word, "gratefully," everyone told Joan what a grand time they had and said goodnight.

Jean Muir's "Cobweb" party sent her guests spinning around with excitement. To her home in Beverly Hills, Jean invited Richard Cromwell, Julie Haydon, Francis Lederer with Mary Loos, Russell Hardie, George Wolcott, Karen Morley and her director husband, Charles Vidor, Cesar Romera (the new Dietrich-leading-man

guests found a present at the end of their string. For the ladies there were gardenia corsages. For the men, a carton of cigarettes. Then the food arrived and never was there a hungrier crowd.

Una Merkel's buffet supper, given in her outdoor bar, was a party that Hollywood will long remember. An invitation to Una's house means an evening of completely being yourself. Everyone takes off his coat, lets down his hair and has a good time, because Una is just that kind of hostess. And her Outpost Estates home, snuggling at the bottom of a high hill, is an ideal spot for all the celebration.

After a barbecued meal, at which Una officiated, wearing a chef's hat, someone suggested the



The game of "Murder" is a thriller that appeals to Madge Evans. Have you ever played it?



When Una Merkle wants to wake her parties up she starts a game.



wouldn't make me Mae West, would it?" A few more times around and Una guessed who she was. Had she failed after her third guess, the rules of the game say that she must be told.

Next ZaSu Pitts went out and everyone decided that she would be "Eve."

"O-oh dear," wailed ZaSu, imitating her screen self, "Can anyone possibly tell me who-o- I am?"

"You played a skin

game," said Robert Young.

"Someone tried to red-apple you," was Gail Patrick's remark.

"You're the original nudist," giggled Mary Carlisle. Then ZaSu guessed who she was and gratefully sat down, while Mary had to go out.

Another game which the younger actors of Hollywood frequently play has the chilling title of "Murder." It is guaranteed to break up any congealed gathering.

Each player draws a card; the one who gets the Jack of Spades is the murderer, and the one with the Ace of Diamonds, the District Attorney. The District Attorney goes out, preferably upstairs, as the whole first floor is used in the game. All the lights are turned out so that the house is in total darkness. Everybody wanders around trying to escape the unknown murderer who, when he finds someone in the dark, gently (?) chokes him until he yells, "Murder." Then he tries to get to another part of the house before someone turns on the lights, which should be shortly after the murder. The District Attorney returns and questions and cross-examines each suspect, all of whom must tell the truth, with the exception of the murderer, who may lie all he wishes. Of course, the corpse says nothing.

In the questioning, the District Attorney may ask if a suspect saw anyone near him, but he must not name a definite person, as "Was it Una?" Neither can he say, "Did you commit the [Continued on page 73]



Wheeler and Woolsey have a game of their own invention which they find is always enjoyed by their guests.



game of "Who Am I?" Immediately a circle was made up of Madge Evans, Henry Wadsworth, Andy Devine, Robert Young, Gail Patrick, John Arledge, Nydia Westman, Kent Taylor, ZaSu Pitts, Mae Clarke, Raymond Milland and Mary Carlisle. This is the way they played the game.

Una decided to be "It." While she went out of hearing distance, her guests decided what famous character in history they would make her. They decided on "Joan of Arc." Una was called back and stopped in front of Henry Wadsworth, who was first in the circle.

"Who am I, Henry?" said Una.

"You were the hottest gal in town," cracked Henry.

"Who am I, Madge?" said Una, next turning to Madge Evans.

"People have been known to burn you up," answered Madge wisely.

"Who am I?" persisted Una, turning to Kent Taylor.

"You lost everything at one stake," said Kent.

"I'm the hottest gal in town and lost everything at one stake," said Una, thinking out loud. "That by any chance,

rave, who played opposite Jean in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight") Jean Parker and Josephine Hutchinson, with her new husband, Jimmy Townsend.

As the hostess greeted each person, she handed them a string. (There's always a string attached to things in Hollywood.) These strings ran everywhere and made the place look like a huge web of entanglement. At the given signal of go, the game started. Each person started winding, at the same time following the direction of his particular string.

As a reward for their hard work, the



# WANTED!

Gene Raymond Is Not A Fugitive  
From The Police, He Is Only Wanted  
By Every Girl In The World.

By Helen Harrison

WHEN Santa Claus climbs out of his Sikorsky and delivers the goods—as I certainly hope he'll get around to doing before Inflation sets in—all I want is a silver fox, a bottle of Napoleon brandy (to celebrate) and Gene Raymond. I might even be satisfied to make my dyed-weasel do and one can grow mellow on synthetic gin if the occasion demands. . . . But Gene Raymond, once you've seen him materialized, is something you just can't get along without!

To prove it I give you several thousand roistering females whom Gene found right up his alley, literally, when he played Cleveland (and Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, etc.), shattering long-standing house records with gay abandon and producing a new all-time low for high school attendance! Indeed, right up the alley, *en masse*, they came, even crowding the fire escapes, and chanting the litany of a true fan, "We want Raymond!" "We want Raymond!!!" "WE WANT RAYMOND!!!" It got so bad they had to call out the police, the reserves and then, believe it or take the consequences, the fire department! Why the fire department? Ask me not. Except the astute bobbies realized that where thousands of feminine hearts blaze there's apt to be a fire! So they called the hook and ladder!

But to get back to Gene and the afternoon of "The Night of June Third," as the ballad has it.

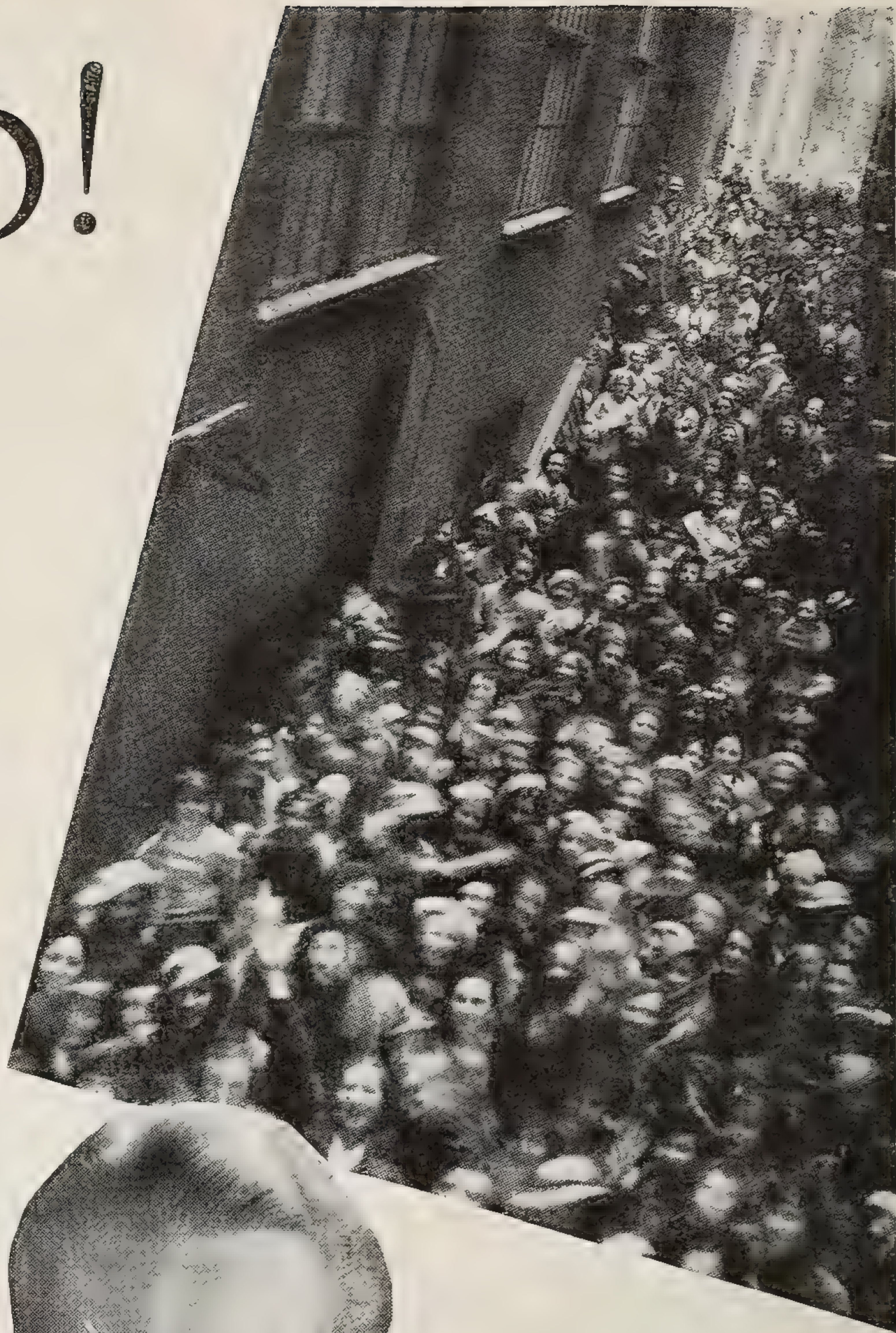
Just before returning to Hollywood and another R-K-O picture, Gene told me some interesting details of that personal appearance tour which was interrupted only long enough for him to slip back to the studio to make "Hooray for Love," with Ann Southern opposite.

It's a musical and Gene has high hopes for it. It was, he assured me, great fun in the making.

Gene, who can toss off a song, *au naturel*, to the entire delight of his large following, has taken "just enough lessons to learn breath control." And who do you think warned him against studying voice? None other than Nelson (Naughty Marietta) Eddy! Um, hum. They're friends, have been for years, and when Gene sought his advice, some time ago, Eddy told him that he already had what singers were always striving to get! According to Maestro Eddy, via the Raymond scenic route, it seems when you play, well let's say a love scene, will that do? (will it!) you say "Darling, I love you" in one voice, and then you go into "Sweet Mystery of Life," (nothing personal I assure you) by stepping up or down into your singing voice and this, as you can see, hasn't the desired effect. On the other hand, when Gene plays in a scene and then starts his number there isn't that break, because his

singing voice isn't so different from his speaking voice, which sustains the mood—and if you're about to swoon there's really nothing to prevent you. And that seems to be the whole idea!

By this you have gathered, and rightly, that Mr. Raymond has his serious side, and what with being tall, blond and handsome, that is something of a surprise. A pleasant one. I mean of course, in the sense of taking his work seriously and planning his career intelligently. For instance, you wouldn't have



Right up Gene's alley. On his recent personal appearance tour the girls turned out enthusiastically.



In "Hooray for Love," Gene Raymond sings again, as he did in "Sadie McKee."



expected Gene to make a trip to Yurup to study types because he "played a lot of foreign characters." Nor would you think, once over there, he would be fed up with the smart set at St. Moritz

because "they seemed so bored with everything!" These are interesting things to discover about a chap born Raymond Guion in New York.

And then I remembered Gene was one of the first players who was offered a nice, safe contract, but who dared to say "No," clearly and firmly, and start out as a free-lance. He's never been sorry.

"Under the present system," he explained, "there isn't much chance, even as a free lance, to appear in pictures that you are *completely* sold on as you could a stage play, because you can't wait until they're found; but you *do*, at least, have an opportunity to turn down pictures in which you have no faith, or to portray characters which seem entirely false."

He has a lot of [Continued on page 56]





### MARION DAVIES

"PAGE MISS GLORY" is Marion's first picture since she moved to the Warner lot. Below, the studio is shown, with Mervyn Leroy directing her in a scene. Blonde, dimpled Marion has nothing to fear—whether she plays slavey parts or colored girls, her beauty does not have to be favored.



Scene during the making of "Page Miss Glory."





Gertrude Michael's swim suit sets the fashion. Everything in pictures is done by an expert.

They have to study their lines. Michael Curtiz, director, Roscoe Karns, George Brent and Bette Davis learning their pieces. Director Frank MacDonald, at right, supervises the dialogue.



# BETTER AND BETTER

*It's A Poor Season When  
The Movies Do Not Make  
A New High.*

IN THE days of old, a clever director would have created a complete plot for a silent picture out of this scene of Maureen O'Sullivan and the sheep, making it up as he went along. Nowadays, there is often more time and talent put on a picture *before* shooting than afterward. Scripts are written and re-written, dialogue

specialists think up what the characters should say and every sound is planned for.

Cultured gentlemen play parts today. Foreign actresses come to Hollywood. Great comedians join up and fashions are studied as if they were the objects of their projections.

Imagine Maureen O'Sullivan's surprise when she discovered the hills around her house covered with nibbling sheep. It seems they are brought from Utah to eat the grass and so remove the hazard of fire.

Sir Guy Standing trying fisherman's luck on Toluca Lake, where Bing Crosby and others have their houses. Sir Guy is a compatriot of Sir Cedric Hardwicke—which shows the standing of the picture players today.

Once was the time when custard pie was the laugh getter and slapstick humor was rife. Now Jack Benny, the famous wit whose delightful subtlety has won him millions of radio friends, is making "Broadway Melody of 1935."

There isn't a beautiful girl on earth who does not stand a chance of being invited to Hollywood. Recently Margot Grahame, English actress, came to lend her beauty to pictures.



# The SUPER Pictures



Gustav Von Seyffertitz resents the way Randolph Scott has won the love of "She" (Helen Gahagan).



At left. Randolph Scott and Helen Gahagan, the beautiful ruler of the "Kingdom of Kor."



At right. The expedition makes its way to strange, unknown and frozen lands in search of the Flame that triumphs over Death.

A new world is open before them. Nigel Bruce, Helen Mack and Randolph Scott.



The strange ceremony of human sacrifice threatens the life of Helen Mack.



# Are COMING

*The Screen Can Make The Wildest Dreams Seem Real, And Because Such Pictures Are Successful, We Are In For A Number Of Them.*

Helen Mack in "She" finds glorious opportunity for her great dramatic talent.



AMONG the great pictures that are on the fire at this time, none is more weird and enthralling than the famous H. Rider Haggard story of "She." But many other super pictures are in the making—"The Crusades," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Ivanhoe," "The Last Days of Pompeii" (which is being made on four stages at once), and "The Three

Musketeers." The scenes here are from "She" and they tell the adventures of Randolph Scott and Helen Mack as they penetrate a strange continent to reach the city of "Kor." Imagination is the greatest force in the world. Cultivate your own by seeing the fascinating picture, "She." Do not, however, let the title confuse your thoughts.





# The MOVIE STARS

## Their PERSONALITIES

AS A FISHERMAN

CHANGES HIS BAIT



The Victor McLaglen of "What Price Glory?" was a doughboy quite brutal and convincing.



The Informer counts the blood money received for his treachery. A marvelous performance.

Merle Oberon is really a cute kid. She is making "The Dark Angel" with Fredric March and Herbert Marshall.

IT IS the test of an actor. If he can seem to you morose and serious in one picture and serenely gay and quite sincere in another, you wonder what is his real personality. The first problem for the actor is to be able to go through the emotions and make them seem to be real to you. The second demand of greatness is to be able to show emotional capacity, but in a different character. Some players reach fame by portraying one type of character remarkably well, and then, one day, they surprise us with a convincing character study that is utterly strange to us. In "The Informer," Victor McLaglen proves himself a real artist.

And how an actor does love it! His belief that he can be many perfect and complete personalities is the basis for many a play—"The Guardsman," with Lunt and Fontanne, for example.

In real life we find ourselves adapting mannerisms that are not our own, but geniuses, we are told, never depart from their type.

Must be rather dull being a genius.





# Change



The fascination of surf fishing draws Merle from her charming beach cottage at Santa Monica.

John Beal of "The Little Minister" fame—and the remarkable characterization which he gives in "Break of Hearts."



No player can appear more exotic than Merle Oberon when she lets her eyelids droop and leaves her inviting mouth unguarded.





# HARD TO GET

*They Give Them  
The Air With The  
Greatest of Ease.*

THE Bachelors of Hollywood should be examined for eye trouble. How do they do it? Beauty moves before them, lithe and tempting. Exquisite little jewels of womanhood which do honor to the word *perfection*. And just to make it harder, the heroes find the picture plots demand that avowals of affection be whispered into dainty ears, while, within their arms, they hold morsels of maidenhood that would convert the staidest bachelor into a commuter.

Long ones, short ones, blondes and provocative brunettes, every style—and no sale! Gee it's tough.

However, the new swim suits show the girls have the right idea and a lot of other correct qualities. Perhaps the magic of a summer beach will cast its spell over all these men and maidens, so that the splash and rattle of the tireless surf will work its own hypnotic power, ere the loving moon checks the vital statistics. Who knows? Perhaps.

"If lips know what the soul would tell  
Then hush my love let kisses speak."

This is a symbolic picture. Ruth Peterson, Blanca Vischer, June Lang and Rosine Lawrence yearn with outstretched arms for love, for the completion of their destinies—life itself, while their eager hearts stand on tip-toe and nature, kindly Goddess, touches them in this pose with the mysterious woman-glamor.

Edward Everett Horton, a bachelor who continued to maintain his solitude even after he built a home.





Any Bachelor Star Is Fair Game. But The Women Stars Rarely Go In For Pauper's Emotions.

The high flying gentlemen are Cary Grant, Henry Wadsworth, Randolph Scott, George Raft, Edmund Lowe, Robert Donat, Robert Taylor and Tom Brown.



Jeanette MacDonald isn't trying. Since "Naughty Marietta" she has found love around every corner and waiting enraptured in every town.



Betty Grable never was one to beg, and, being a dancer, she believes in action, so she runs away—the instinct of the cave woman—knowing well she will soon hear the thrilling steps of the pursuer.





# The SCREEN'S SEVEN

DAME CINEMA skimmed the cream of the universe for these perfect women. Perhaps they are not the greatest actresses; hardly one has trod the boards of the legitimate theatre. Not one of them will ever fill the Metropolitan Opera House with glorious sound, nor will libraries ever offer books that they have authored—in fact they are in a separate division from other mortals. They are the Most Gorgeous Women in the World.

They have perfection in weight, form, color and beauty. The allure of their figures was envisioned by Michael Angelo. The flash of their eyes, the fascination of their lips have haunted poets since words have sung and men have dreamed.

Joy be with them, for it is a fairer world for all of us because of the gift of their gorgeous beauty.



Robert Montgomery, most fortunate of men, and Joan Crawford. They are making "No More Ladies." Her dress establishes accordion pleats again and luscious Joan sets up an all time definition for the word "allure."



The English woman, Madeleine Carroll will be in "Thirty Nine Steps," which we hope will give this graceful lady better chance than she has had so far.

Ginger Rogers, rushed as she has been—from "Roberta" to "Star of Midnight" to "Top Hat"—may, in the hurry, have forgotten that she has beauty and the priceless gifts of contour and form.



# GORGEOUS WOMEN

*They Are Masterpieces  
In The Gallery Of Life.*

When Jean Harlow posed for this picture, there were imps dancing in her heart. It caught the rollicking joy-girl that she is and the special blessing of her personailty hair.



Slim and smart, Carole Lombard's charm is in her defiant worldliness and the fascinating directness and honesty of her manner.

The gorgeous thing about Myrna Loy is the independent heart that illumines her like a lantern. Whoever is loved by Myrna will stay loved, forever and ever, world without end.

None of us, it seems, knows Ann Harding. Her glowing, marvelous personality is not for us, but there is enough that she does give to list her among the gorgeous.





# INTERESTING STUDIO

THE theatre patrons are supposed to be broke and depressed, yet one of the recent successes was a tragedy—"The Informer." A gay musical with dancing, such as "Roberta," is enthusiastically received, and the Shirley Temple craze continues. Pondering these facts the producers have planned a variety of pictures, not forgetting the recent success of Western stories. "Hoss Operas" are now being made by Warner Baxter, Richard Dix, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and George O'Brien. Only three famous novels are being screened, although "David Copperfield" swept the country.

"Canning" a Broadway hit seems a surefire method of making a picture, but none of the great successes, "David Copperfield," "The Thin Man," "It Happened One Night," came from the theatre.



It's "The Arizonian," and Richard Dix fearlessly watches the eyes of Joe Saunders. One false move and it will be the last!!



"Accent on Youth," one of the cleverest Broadway plays, is being screened with Sylvia Sydney and Herbert Marshall. This off-stage shot shows the brilliant stars learning their lines.

"Redheads on Parade" will have John Boles and Dixie Lee in the snuggling parts. It takes more imagination than music to make a modern musical.

Jackie Searl and Jane Withers are the stars of "Ginger," and it is believed that this novelty will make a great hit.





# ACTIVITIES

The Official Moving Picture Year  
(Season 1935-36) Begins Soon  
And Special Effort Always Marks  
The First Pictures Shown.



Dance ensembles nowadays have reached a new degree of perfection. The girls are the prettiest and cleverest and the settings have to be startlingly novel, as they are in "Red-heads on Parade."

Lily Pons is going to make an opera for the screen. It is now called "Love Song" and is one of the first of the new highbrow musical pictures.





# OSCULATION



## THE CLINCH

JACK OAKIE and Lyda Roberti pressed lip to lip while their pulses race, hearts pound and the camera takes. Jack and Lyda are in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

This will bring to you many of the famous ones of the air, including Burns and Allen and Bing Crosby, and our favorite of the musical stage, Ethel Merman.

But irrespective of the medium which has given them fame—whether radio, stage, vaudeville or pictures—they all find themselves in a "kiss close-up" with a camera watching their every blush.



In this corner, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. He plays on a gondolier in his next picture, yep "Broadway Gondolier." It's like a sax, only the sound is colored.



Little Jean Parker had such a wonderful experience in "Sequoia" with a puma, that Frank Shields, who once played tennis, hardly frightens her at all.



Fred MacMurray within the hallowed circle of Madge Evans' arms in "Men Without Names," a story of the Federal Agents.



# DIP IN STYLE

Summer Swim  
Suits That  
Will Pack  
The Beaches.

Suits designed by  
Jantzen



Anne in the Neck-Lace suit. The lacing passes around to tie in the back, otherwise, we understand, it will come off.



Anne in the 1935 Skipper swimming suit. This has adjustable halter neck and the belt lacing keeps it all snug and ship shape.

## ANNE DARLING

IT'S her real name. Anne is one of the reasons why Universal faces the future with a smile of confidence. She has consented to model a few of the niftier swimming suits, and so now we are prepared to go on record. We have seen many darlings, but not one better proportioned. Slim, but not too slim, pretty and graceful, Anne Darling is an honor to the name.

(At left) Known as the 1935 Bra Mio, this suit combines the one piece halter neck with the kerchief effect. The back is low cut, giving maximum exposure to the sun.

(At right) Anne Darling is a descendent of Gov. William Bradford, Massachusetts, but this suit really was never thought of by the governor.





# GARBO SMILES



**T**HE manly little Freddie Bartholomew, unaware of her reputation, treated Garbo just as he treats everyone and the great actress warmly responded to his friendliness.



## By Eleanor Packer

**H**OLLYWOOD has known many miracles, the amazing, over-night rise to fame of unknowns, heartbreaking plunges from the heights into obscurity, unexpected reconciliations which seemed impossible, last minute rescues from the brink of public and private disaster. But no miracle, large or small, has been so astounding as the recent transformation of Greta Garbo.

With one flick of her slim fingers, Garbo has turned back the calendar to the warm, human days of eight years ago, the happy days of John Gilbert and his love, the shyly laughing days before she retired behind her armor plate shield of silence and secrecy.

The studio, which has known her since her timid, frightened arrival from Sweden, which has watched her change from that awkward, uncertain girl into a glowing, loved and loving woman and then into a hermit, unknown and unknowing, is rubbing its eyes in wondering amazement. Outside the high walls of the studio Garbo retains her sphynx-like mystery. She drives from the gates to her Brentwood home, there to live her own life in her own way. But inside the studio, the younger Garbo of other years has come back, talking, laughing, intensely interested in the making of her picture.

The change in Garbo began with the first rehearsals of "Anna Karenina." The picture, itself, is one of the two miracle-workers which have brought back to life the warmer, happier Garbo. The other is a small, dark haired boy, Freddie Bartholomew, the screen's David Copperfield, who is playing Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina." Freddie is a new-comer to this country. He knew nothing of the barricade of averted silence which has surrounded the blonde star with the deep, throaty voice. He treated her as he treated all the other women players, with a quaint, boyish, old-world courtesy. And Garbo, like all the others, fell under the spell of his shy, sweet charm. She never seems to tire of talking and laughing and playing games with the boy, of listening to his excited chatter in his crisp English voice.

A police officer stands guard at the door of the Garbo stage, turing away all curious visitors. But studio veterans, who remember, say that behind that closed door is the cheerful, serene friendliness of the days before talking pictures. Even Clarence Brown is there, as he was when he directed

"Flesh and the Devil" and the other never-forgotten Garbo-Gilbert masterpieces. John Gilbert, alone, is absent.

The presence of Brown is another part of the miracle. For five years he and Garbo have not seen each other. Their last picture together was "Romance," filmed in 1930 under strained, unhappy conditions. Rumors of discord drifted from the stage. Brown refused to talk and Garbo, of course, said nothing. But there were no more Garbo-Brown pictures until "Anna Karenina."

The two met for the first time after their long separation in the office of one of the studio's executives. The woman looked at the man who had directed her biggest successes, who had helped her to climb to the top rung of the Hollywood ladder, and held out her hand.

"Well, Clarence," she smiled, "it looks as if we're becoming a team."

Thus the unexplained, five-year-long si-

child of its writer and director, Edmund Goulding. When talking pictures arrived, Garbo confided to her friends her desire to play the real Anna in a true picturization of the famous Tolstoy novel, a human, ardent, bewildered Anna, who wrecked her life because of her love, not a Hollywood version of a daring, woman-of-the-world Anna.

Now her wish has been gratified. The script of the picture faithfully follows the footsteps of Tolstoy's gaily sombre and wretchedly happy heroine. So interested and absorbed in the story has Garbo become that several times she has forgotten to stop work at five o'clock, thus breaking her famous and iron-clad rule. No wonder the studio is amazed. The Garbo, who always walked off the set at the exact stroke of five, now doesn't even look at the clock.

Just as unswerving as her five o'clock law was the path which she followed in the studio, the direct path from the stage to her dressing room, with no stops along the way. Now she has deviated from that course, too. Twice she has visited the stage where the chorus was rehearsing the mazurka for the picture. Smiling, friendly, quiet, she stood with the other spectators, watching the hundred and fifty dancers with keen interest. For the first time in the studio's memory, Garbo has entered a stage other than her own.

No longer does she shun people, waiting until the studio streets are deserted to walk rapidly, head bent, to her dressing room. One noon she stepped from the stage into a swirling crowd of extras, luncheon-bound from a masquerade party scene for another picture. They carried Garbo along with them. With her flowing, last-century gown and her quaintly curled hairdress, she passed for one of the masquerade costumed extras. She smiled and accepted a cigarette from the girl who was walking beside her. When she reached the street which led to her dressing room, she quietly slipped away and no one noticed her departure.

She astonished the entire Front Office of the studio, as well as Clarence Brown, when she insisted upon dancing the mazurka in the picture. That marked another "first time" for the changed Garbo. June Knight doubled for her in the idol-dancing scenes in "Mata Hari." Frances Braggiotti was engaged to substitute for her in the [Continued on page 61]



During the making of "Anna Karenina," Clarence Brown, director, instructing Garbo and Fredric March.

lence was ended in as simple a way as that.

When Garbo laughingly challenged Clarence to a game of medicine ball between scenes, the studio knew that the miracle was complete. The dignified, aloof Garbo ran and shouted, like any healthy, normal young woman, jumping over boxes and cables in pursuit of the bouncing medicine ball. She was as calmly oblivious of the surprised faces and eyes as she has always been of all glances and whispers.

Garbo is more interested in "Anna Karenina" than she has been in any other talking picture. In 1927 she made a silent film, called "Love," which was purported to be an adaptation of the story of "Anna Karenina," but which was really the brain



# REVIEWS

## OF PICTURES SEEN AT THE HOLLYWOOD PREVIEWS



Fay Wray and Claude Rains in "The Clairvoyant,"  
an intriguing mystery story from England.

### BREAK OF HEARTS—R-K-O

Rating: 89°

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S latest is a very enjoyable picture. We caught it at the Radio City Music Hall. All about us people expressed their approval and the picture was applauded at its close. Charles Boyer, who burst on us with Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds," is a very important figure in the Hepburn story. In fact he is more than half. It is delightful to see someone new who is expert and colorful, and the whole picture gains because of the fact that we do not know every angle and expression of his face.

Miss Hepburn again conquers us by her charm and we still believe her to be one of our greatest actresses. This particular story does not give her the spiritual motif which is her best mood. It is, however, emotional and has to do with love that conquers all. Lovers of music will particularly enjoy it. We have had musical pictures that were light and gay, but here is one with tremendous orchestral renditions and all a part of the plot. It is a fine sound picture.

In this quite ordinary story the lovers quarrel, part, and one goes to pieces. Then the other forgives and forgets and hearts are made whole. It is a picture far beneath Hepburn's capabilities but for all that it affords a delightful evening.

### THE CLAIRVOYANT

Rating: 70°—THE INVISIBLE MAN SEES THE INVISIBLE FUTURE—Gaumont British

FAY WRAY went to England to make this picture and is very charming in a

part quite lacking in opportunity. Claude Rains plays the title role and is an actor of indisputable personality.

We are entirely in sympathy with this picture. We enjoyed seeing it and wish to applaud the effort. Here is a theme which is new. It touches on the fascinating thought that certain people can look into the future and read its secrets. Among the events which Rains foresees are disasters and horse races, and we are sure that if we could scan the pages of the future we would foretell events which would bring a greater appeal. A commendable development in the plot centers around the idea that only because of the love of a girl can the clairvoyant enjoy the power of a prophet. A delightful angle which adds considerably to the picture.

### NO MORE LADIES

Rating: 85°—JOAN CRAWFORD'S LATEST—M-G-M

HERE'S a brilliant, sophisticated comedy-drama as modern as tomorrow. Those smart young people, Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery, once more in the best drawing room manner come face to face with life as it is lived on Park Avenue. It's all very gay and ultra-smart, with some of the wittiest lines you've heard in a long time.

Bob plays a charming and debonair young philanderer, one of the Southampton crowd, who dashes gayly from one female to another and slays them all by his irresistible charm. He has no intention of marrying anyone until one night he suddenly finds himself in love with Joan, but realizing all the time that he probably can't be true to

her. And sure enough, hardly is the honeymoon over, before Bob picks up a girl in a speakeasy and phones Joan that he is "staying in town with a sick friend" (sophisticated but not original).

Joan is terribly hurt at first, but she remembers that she's quite modern and all that, and plans a sweet revenge. She gives a week-end houseparty and invites the girl from the speakeasy, a husband who once threatened to shoot Bob, the wife who left her husband for him but later married a British peer, and the farce begins.

Poor Bob suffers for all his sins that night. The cast is simply swell. Gail Patrick, a new Gail Patrick you've never seen before, plays the speakeasy lure. Franchot Tone is the husband who once bought a gun to shoot Bob, but who has decided that a better revenge is to run away with Joan. Vivienne Osborne, also a new Vivienne Osborne you've never seen before (such surprises as are in this picture) plays the indiscreet wife, who landed a British title who happens to be Arthur Treacher, and is simply priceless. But, best of all, there are Edna May Oliver and Charlie Ruggles, those grand comedians, drinking their way through every reel. It's a "natural" for the Crawford fans.

### OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA

Rating: 82°—MUCH ADO ABOUT THE COMPANY—Warners

HERE'S the screen's version of Alice Tisdale Hobart's famous novel by the same title. It is splendidly acted by Josephine Hutchinson, Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir and John Eldredge and makes a sincere, dramatic picture, but somehow the character of the young oil engineer, played by Pat O'Brien, who sacrifices his baby, his wife, his best friend, and even his life for a Company who gyps him at the first opportunity seems sort of exaggerated to me.

I exercised great restraint to keep from jumping up there on the screen and giving Pat a big shake and shouting "Fool." But I suppose there are young men in this world who have ideals and illusions about the Company, but they won't have any after they see this picture, which goes in for a little brutal exposé.

Pat, as the young man with ideals, gives the usual perfect O'Brien performance, natural and easy and convincing. When his fiancée fails to join him in China he marries Josephine Hutchinson, an American girl stranded there by the death of her father, to "save his face" and takes her to the miserable oil fields of China. Miss Hutchinson, late of Eva LeGallienne's repertory company, gives a most magnificent performance and this picture should place her right on top.

Jean Muir and John Eldredge are another young oil couple in China, but without Pat's ideals, and, though John becomes his best friend, for the sake of a few thousand gallons of oil for the Company Pat betrays him. In minor parts, and excellent, are Arthur Byron, Lyle Talbot and little Ronnie Cosby. This picture will start the old thinking apparatus working.





"Oil For The Lamps of China," the popular novel by Alice Tisdale Hobart, makes an excellent picture featuring Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson.

### THE GLASS KEY

Rating: 80°—DASHIELL HAMMETT AGAIN—  
Paramount

EVER since Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man" clicked so beautifully over at Metro, Paramount has been promising to make a picture of his "The Glass Key," and at last, thank heavens, got around to doing it. And what "The Thin Man" did for Powell and Loy is nothing compared to what "The Glass Key" will do for George Raft.

Georgie, as you know, has been slipping something awful lately with one weak picture after another, but old Dashiell Hammett brings 'em back alive, and Georgie ups and gives the best performance of his career and is tops all over again. The plot's quite exciting, all about the exposé of underworld politics, and although it's most complicated it all weaves together logically and dramatically.

That grand actor, Edward Arnold, gives a delightful performance as a genial and charitable political boss who is suspected of the murder of a senator's son. Things look black for him until his loyal follower, Georgie, takes charge and goes through plenty before he tracks down the real murderer. It's an ideal rôle for Georgie and he gives it everything, but even then he has to share honors with Edward Arnold, who

is an asset to any picture in which he plays.

Also in the picture, and also excellent in small parts, are Guinn Williams, Claire Dodd, Rosalind Keith (her first picture, by the way), Charles Richman, Emma Dunn and Ray Milland. Because of the political background, men will probably be much crazier about this picture than women, but I haven't seen a woman yet who wasn't crazy about Edward Arnold. And I just know you won't guess who the murderer is until Georgie delivers him to the district attorney.

### HOORAY FOR LOVE

Rating: 78°—BILL ROBINSON TAPS, HOT  
DAWG—Radio

IT'S ANOTHER backstage story, but don't let that depress you because it's simply full of good, brisk comedy and tuneful song numbers that will make you leave the theatre completely happy.

Gene Raymond, young college graduate, mortgages the old family home up in Connecticut so he can "angel" a show for Ann Southern, whom he has gone goofy over. Of course the show is held up at the last minute because the producers, who took our hero's money, turned out to be a couple of crooks and vamoosed, and then it's held up again by Ann's father who failed to marry the rich widow, so she stopped payment on the check.

But the show finally goes on, and very happy you are about it too, for it presents three of the best colored entertainers you can find East of Suez, none other than the inimitable Bill Robinson doing his famous taps, Jeni LeGon who dances and sings *and how*, and "Fats" Waller who plays the piano with personality. Then, too, there is Maria Gambarelli doing a ballet number that brought tremendous applause from the preview audience, and of course Gene and Ann sing several very touching love songs.

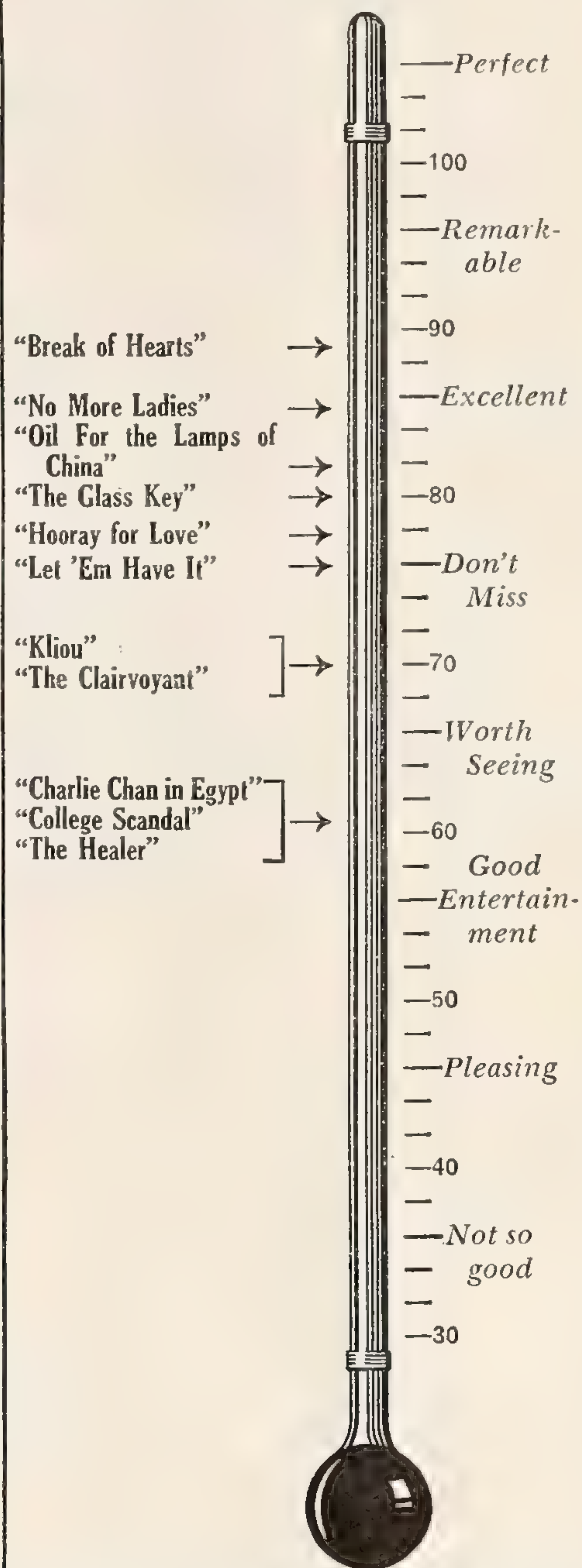
This picture also serves to introduce a new character actor, Lionel Stander, who, is the Russian stage director, out-Ratoffs Ratoff and leaves you weak with laughter. All in all it's swell entertainment, directed by Walter Lang for laughs, and laughs there are in abundance.



George Raft, Edward Arnold and Rosalind Cullis in "The Glass Key," a murder picture.

## PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



### LET 'EM HAVE IT

Rating: 76°—THE G-MEN HAVE IT—  
Reliance-United Artists

ANOTHER contribution to the G-Men cycle of pictures which is sweeping the country right now, and by far one of the best. It isn't so noisy and bloody as its predecessors, but much more convincing, and much, much easier on the nerves.

Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens and Gordon Jones all join the Department of Justice at the same time and strike up a friendship that results in their becoming partners in their first case, which concerns the attempted kidnaping of the beautiful Virginia Bruce, wealthy and haughty society girl.

The girl's chauffeur, Bruce Cabot, is implicated and sent to prison, but Virginia refuses to believe him guilty and in her high-handed manner has him paroled. Bruce becomes the leader of a band of public enemies who start terrorizing the country. Dick and his two buddies swing into action, and it's plenty exciting up until the time the gangster is finally captured through the jealousy of his sweet-heart.

Richard Arlen gives a perfect performance as the leader of the G-men, and  
[Continued on page 66]

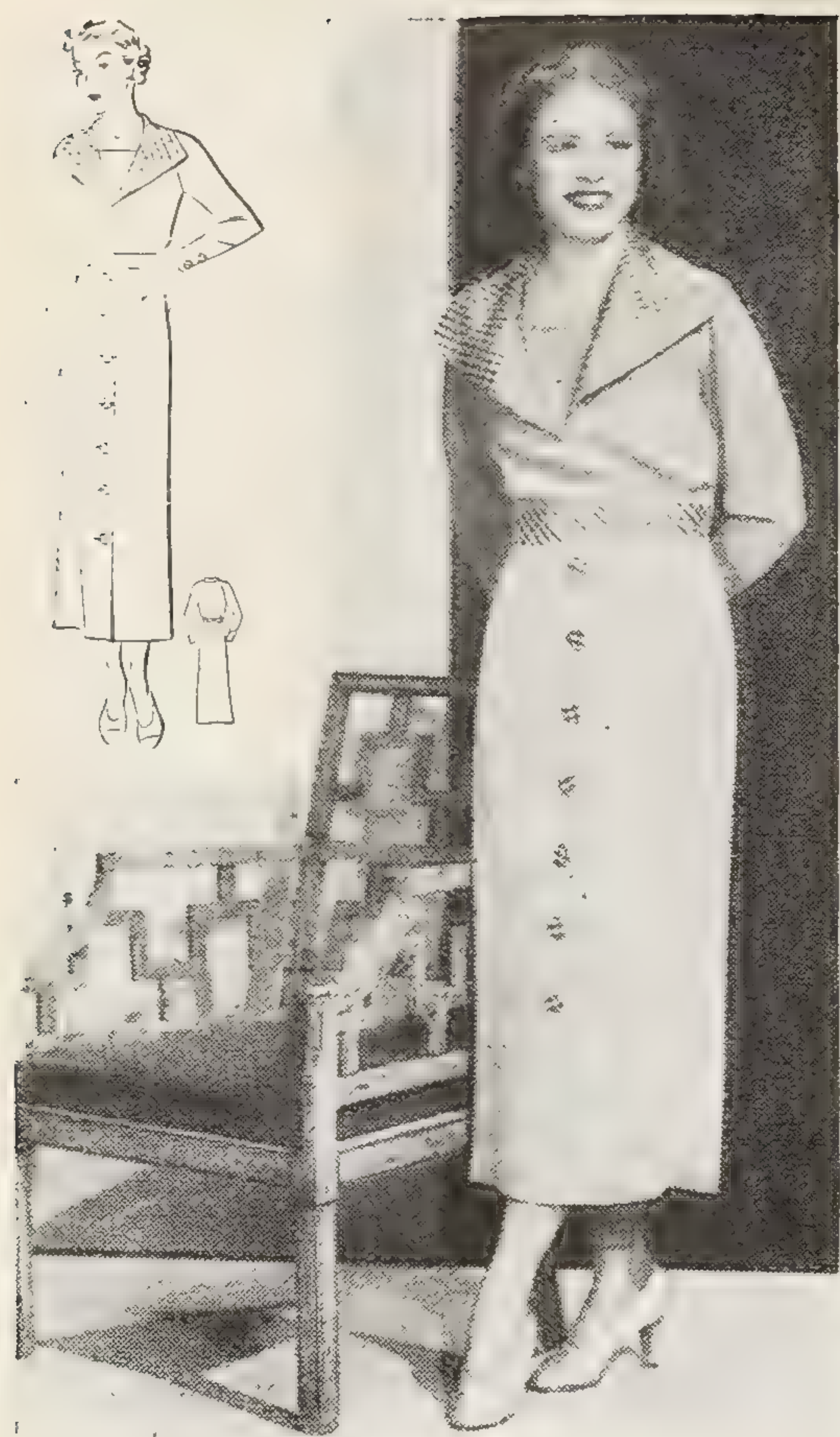


# The Culinary Arts of Mrs.

## WARREN WILLIAM

*A Wife In Love  
Is A Wife In  
The Kitchen.*

By Ruth Corbin



HOW WOULD YOU LOOK  
IN

Josephine Hutchinson's  
FIRST FALL

# DRESS?

CRISP blue and white checked taffeta lends an animated note to this powder blue pebbly crepe dress worn by Miss Hutchinson. The bias cut of the belt and the taffeta covered buttons on sleeve and skirt add no difficulty to the making, but a lot of variety to the final result. Notice, too, that the sleeves are long with a smart cuff effect—just what you'll need in an early Fall dress.

Pattern SS129 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39 inch contrasting.

Price of Pattern, 15c. Price of Catalog, 15c. Pattern and Catalog together, 25c.

Silver Screen Pattern Dept.,  
45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed.....send to

(Name)

(Address)

(City and State)

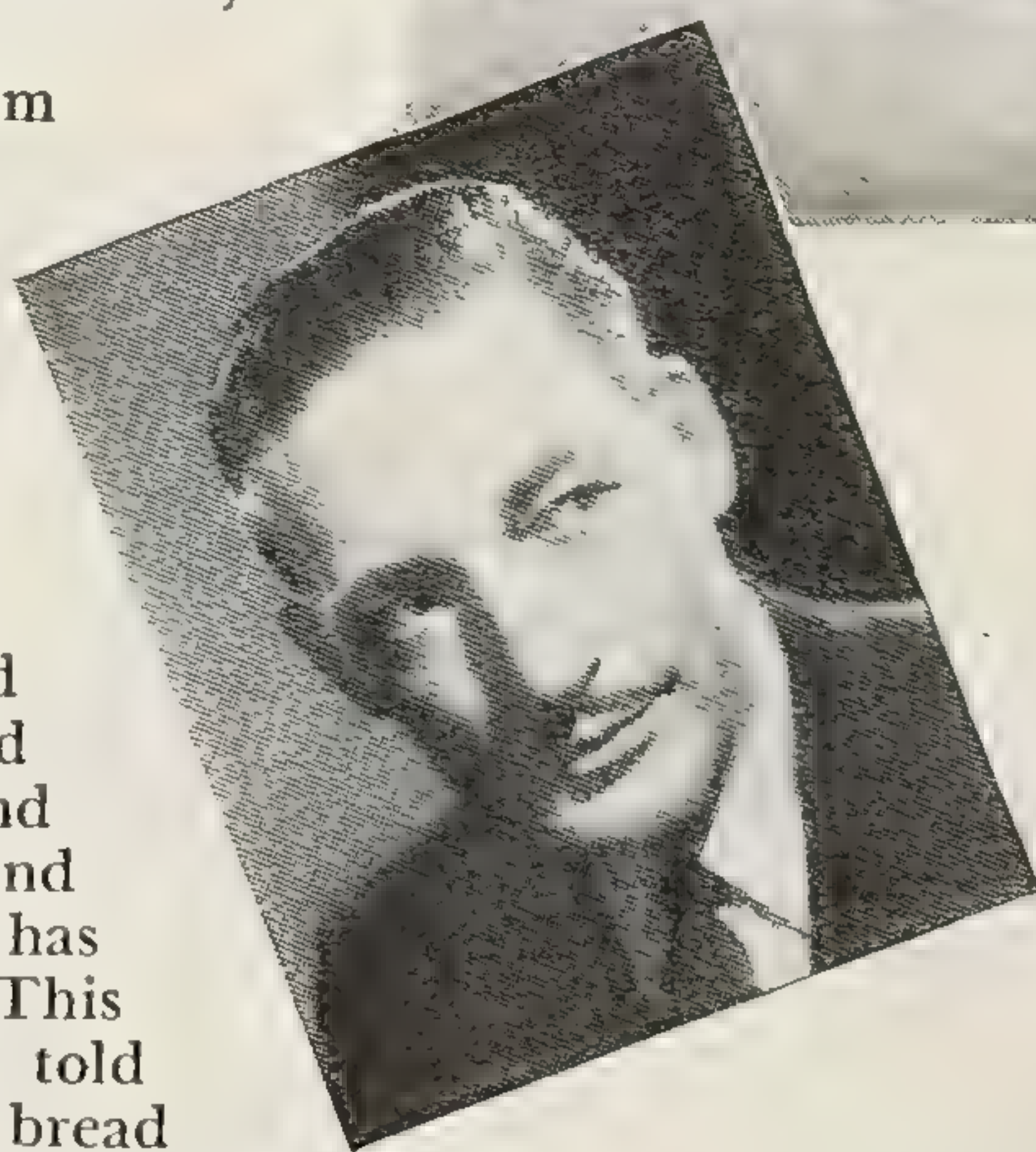
Pattern of Josephine Hutchinson's Dress

No. SS129) Size .....

Fashion Book? Yes or No.....



Helen William preparing a salad for her actor husband—just as she has been doing since the day he came home from the war, bringing with him the French secret of mashed potatoes. That may not be a bonus, but it's something.



EVERYBODY knows that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, but I have just learned something even more important. A carrot a day keeps the dentist away. And with most everyone a dentist is far more dreaded than the doctor. After all, what is a pill more or less between friends. But cavities, or electric grinders? Oh my, I would rather eat a carrot any day.

Mrs. Warren William told me about the carrot business. Warren has eaten a carrot or two every day for years now, because a dentist friend told him once that if he would do this regularly he would keep his molars and bicuspid intact. And Warren has done so. And they are all intact. He has a perfect set of teeth. This same dentist friend told Warren to beware of bread as it is the commonest source and reason for tooth decay. So Warren beware of bread. He never eats more than three slices of it in one day.

I spent the afternoon, recently, at the William's manse out in Encino, about fifteen miles beyond the First National Studios, where Warren draws his weekly stipend. Mrs. William was alone and it was a rainy afternoon, so we sat in the long, beam-raftered living-room and talked about food and romance and divers things. She told me how she fell in love with Warren.

The strangest thing about their story is that they were born and reared in the same vicinity in Minnesota, within thirty miles of each other. Yet they never met until they went to New York. Helen says she is almost a fatalist when she thinks of it.

Her parents both died when she was young and she went to New York to live. In the back of her mind was a thought of the stage, but the fact that she didn't need

to support herself by work kept her from seriously trying for a career. She met Pauline William, Warren's sister, soon after she arrived, and they were so congenial that they took an apartment together.

The war was on and Warren was in service. Helen could not fail to notice how handsome he looked in uniform, for his sister had photographs of him all over the place. Helen confessed that she had a small crush on him before she met him because she had to listen to his sister singing his praises, morning, noon and night. So, finally, Pauline invited her to go with her to visit Warren at camp. They went, but Warren was in a silent mood and didn't say a half dozen words to either of them. Helen must have made a very good impression on him however, for the next day she received a nice special delivery letter from him. Then he was ordered to the front and he stole

[Continued on page 52]



# RED HAIR

## FOR BEAUTY!

*Platinum Blondes Are  
Out Of Date. Now The  
Redheads Are Flaming.*

By  
Mary Lee



Janet Gaynor's own glorious, dark, coppery red hair is particularly modish.

**H**IGHLIGHTED among Hollywood red-heads is lovely Janet Gaynor with her natural coppery red hair, the shade most of us know as "auburn." Janet lives up to the tradition of red-headed temper in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and throws things most wholeheartedly. And does this give cause for laughter to her screen friends! Janet, the lovely lady in real life who is adored for her sunny disposition, makes a most convincing display of flaming temperament.

We suspect, but can't swear, as to how much Janet Gaynor and the other famous Hollywood red-heads have to do with *this*: but it's an honest-to-goodness fact that where hair is concerned, we're going red in quite a grand and glorious way. So our word of warning to bachelor gentlemen is—beware! Red-heads have a reputation for doing amazing things to the best barricaded hearts.

You natural red-heads, far too few, can preen your glowing locks with pride. You're the top this Season, and we miss our guess if your date books aren't full to overflowing.

Everybody's talking about you and we hope you'll make the most of the limelight that's rapidly becoming yours. Stylists have fabricated glorious new colors to set off the beauty of your radiant hair. Beauty specialists, too, are ready with make-up shades to bring out your most vivacious charm. Confidentially, they admit they are making luscious red-heads out of many former blondes and bringing out the reddish lights in hair that used to be ordinary brown.

If you want to turn your hair toward reddish tones, without benefit of beauty shop, you can do it with vinegar rinses. A half cup of vinegar to a pint of water is the proper proportion, and it takes several before you'll see very definite results. Vinegar, like lemon, is popular as an after-shampoo rinse because it cuts the soap. However, you should know that the action of vinegar in a strong enough solution to give your hair reddish tints, is acid. It has a tendency to toughen the hair and to take the wave out of permanents. As a matter of fact, vinegar is often used for just that purpose, to tone down a permanent wave

that turned out too kinky.

Actually, the color rinses you can have at a beauty shop, or buy there for home use, are better for your hair than the constant use of vinegar. If you apply such a rinse yourself, you should pour it on your hair slowly, allowing it to get to the roots first. If you pour it too quickly, it will go to the ends and the hair near the roots won't get the full effect. (This goes for any rinse you use at home to change the shade of your hair.) If you are a brunette, don't hope for too much from reddish rinses unless you have your hair bleached first. You are likely to be disappointed.

Egyptian henna applications are much the preferred method for brunettes who go red-headed in the temporary shampoo-to-shampoo manner. And there's no doubt plenty of brunettes are doing it!

One of the most intriguing shades of red is the reddish blonde. Unless you have snow white or very blonde hair to begin with, your hair must be bleached before it will take this shade to your credit. It is a delicate, almost pinkish shade of red—and utterly devastating!

Incidentally, the red hair vogue is good news to those of us who are going gray and want to do something about it. Henna covers up gray hair effectively. And the more intricate reddish tints disguise gray hair at the same time they give the desired color to the rest of your crowning glory.

Of course, the surest way to go red-headed in the most becoming manner is to have the job done at a beauty shop by an operator in whom you have confidence.

In selecting make-up to go with red hair achieved by art, one should give much thought to the skin tones of the natural red-head. Natural auburn hair, the coppery shade, is closely related to jet black hair and usually runs in the same family. The skin tones are similar to those of a brunette. They call for rich, warm shades

of rouge and lipstick, the darker shades of powder, and usually black or brown eye make-up.

Titians, who are most like the reddish blondes, usually have fair skin (inclined to freckle or flush) and blue or gray eyes. Their make-up for daytime must be much more delicate than the brunette or extreme blonde, or even the auburn red-head. The shades of rouge and lipstick with yellow in them and the lighter powders with no pinkish tones are best.

Red-heads, whether they are of the auburn or titian type, should always use a foundation, we are told by Helena Rubinstein, who is seldom if ever wrong when it comes to advice on make-up for individual types.

She points out that red hair accentuates the texture of the skin so much that every woman who has it naturally or by preference should make sure her skin has a smooth, velvety look. She advises a natural looking make-up for daytime. A deep mauresque shade of powder will tone down freckles if one is cursed with them. Green or mauve powder underneath one's regular powder will vastly improve the looks of the skin that is inclined to flush.

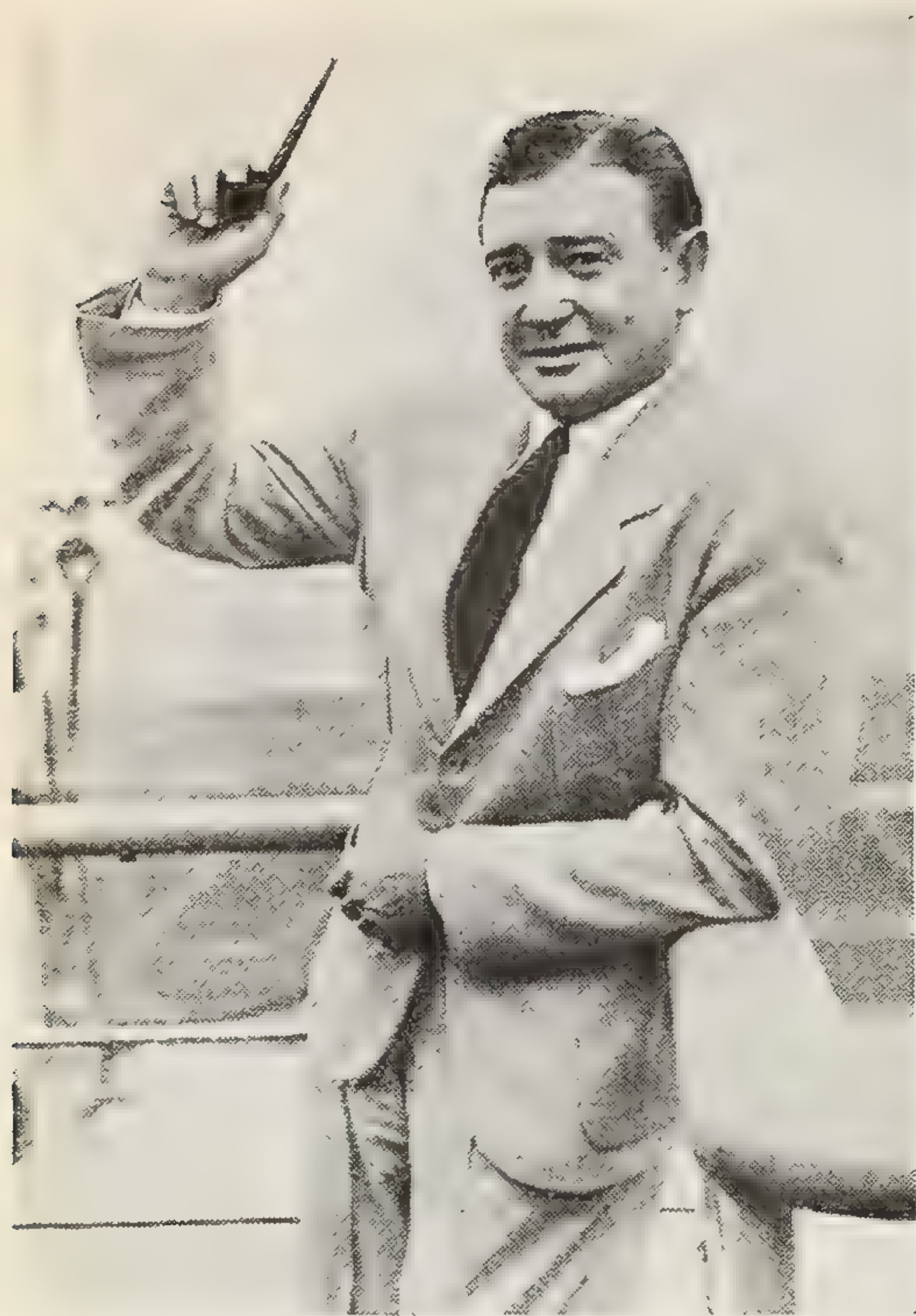
As to evening make-up for red-heads; Madame Rubinstein says every single one of them can go in for exotic effects—green iridescent eye shadow, blue green mascara. Terra Cotta shades of make-up, although designed primarily for sun-tanned skins, can be used by the exotic red-headed woman to the utter confusion of supposedly impregnable bachelors!

Marie Earle has done a real favor to red-heads by bringing out her new Capucine make-up. There's a lipstick in clear yellow-red, the color of nasturtiums; a vibrant cheek rouge that seems to become a part of the skin rather than a layer of color on top of it; Soleil face powder; gray eye shadow and Chataine mascara.



## TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

[Continued from page 11]



Richard Dix on the deck of the Normandie, en route to the Gaumont-British Studios in England.

Acme

be "Go Away" and "Sit Down," suggested by Preston Sturges, who authored "The Good Fairy" script.

**WALTER HUSTON** has joined the trek to the Gaumont-British English studios, where he will make a picture based on the life of Cecil Rhodes. Compliments to G. B.—they have selected the best man in the world for the part.

**THOSE** Dix twins are so much alike that even their own mother can't tell them apart. But, fortunately, one of them has a birthmark on his leg so they can't get too hopelessly confused. An extra baby makes a lot of difference in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Dix, for Richard had to sail for England recently to make a picture there and Mrs. Dix and the baby were planning to go along. But now that there are twins, Mrs. Dix and both babies stayed home.

**DOLORES DEL RIO** and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper have become the best of friends, and make a foursome at all of Hollywood's social affairs.

**TWICE** in a lifetime, at the most, you'll hear of a story like this. Pat O'Brien received a check for fifty-six dollars last month from "the guy to whom you loaned it when I needed it," the note read. "The guy" happens to be the author of one of the year's most successful comedy sensations, and the six dollars was "for interest," he said, adding "and I wish you'd buy a couple of seats to my play." Needless to say, opening night found Pat in the front row applauding the efforts of a "right guy."

**GEORGE BREAKSTON** has discovered a way to keep track of his two desert tortoises. He has painted their addresses on their backs in case they stray away, and now he is looking for a couple of red

prisms for "tail lights" to prevent calamity in the dark.

**ANN SOTHERN** has come upon an excellent diversion for those special flying-through-the-wind-dust-cloud trips that the New York bound movie people have encountered in the past two months. Ann knits. She finds by closing her eyes, placing cotton in each ear and concentrating firmly on the business at hand of "knit one, purl two" it is sometimes possible to forget the plane is trying to stand on both ends at once. Of course, she still has to acquire a certain technique, for what she began as a cute little yachting cap turned out to be a rather unusual scarf.

**CLARK GABLE** still has the "lucky penny" he flipped to decide between stage stardom and a career in motion pictures.

**BEFORE** Bob Montgomery and his wife left on Bob's first three months' vacation in many a year, Jimmy Cagney and Chester Morris threw him a stag party that was an event. And, of course, when he went to get on the Chief at Pasadena they had a fake wire delivered to him ordering him to return to the studio at once for "retakes." And poor Bob fell for the gag and nearly tore up the train before Jimmy and Chester could shout "April Fool." Bob and Betty will spend a month on their farm in New York State, and then will buy a small car and tour Europe in it.

## The Culinary Arts of Mrs. Warren Williams

[Continued from page 50]

away, without leave, on a motorcycle one night, and told her goodbye.

No definite promises were given between them, for, after all, this was war. He was looking at death, and knew it. But they promised to write often. And, if and when he returned, he promised he would come straight to her. Their promises were kept. Letters flew thick and fast between them. Warren was in service nine months before peace was declared. Then he spent four months in a Y.M.C.A. camp as an actor. Returning to New York, he went straight to Helen. There was never anyone else for either of them after that.

Helen says that the war changed lots of people's lives for them, and it did Warren's, because it made an actor of him and, in France, he learned how to make the grandest mashed potatoes. When he was overseas, he used to get French bread and eat it with potatoes. The native Frenchmen used to trade their bread for potatoes. They showed Warren how to mash them properly. They would boil, drain, mash well, then put in salt and pepper, a generous lot of butter and milk and beat until fluffy. Warren became a past master of the art. He is very fond of mashed potatoes and strawberry shortcake. When he came back to New York, Helen made shortcake frequently and Warren mashed the potatoes.

When they first started housekeeping, they lived in an apartment on 44th St., in New York, within walking distance of the small theatre where Warren was appearing

as leading man. Warren has always preferred walking to other forms of exercise. Helen looked after their apartment and cooked. They frequently dined out, after the show, at a little restaurant they had favored during their courtship. They took an apartment in Hollywood when Warren came to pictures, but last spring they decided to secure a permanent home.

Warren has definite likes and dislikes where food is concerned. He will not eat tomato sauce in anything, or stewed tomatoes, and all sauces that have pickle in them. Unlike most film actors, who stick to simple breakfasts, Warren likes a real meal when he gets out of bed. After his morning shower, he has a glass of orange or grape-fruit juice. Then, for breakfast, he has broiled veal kidneys, or scrambled eggs with little pig sausage and one slice of toast, since he allows himself only one slice of bread to each meal.

Luncheon is usually a combination or green salad with French dressing. And tea. Both Helen and Warren like tea. Warren drinks it, just as most people drink coffee. He finds a certain mental stimulation in tea, whereas coffee drugs and deadens his sensibilities. He always drank tea before going on the stage and now he drinks it for luncheon or in the afternoon if he feels the need of a slight stimulant. He takes it strong and without cream or lemon.

His favorite dessert is apple pie with New York state cheese, which is a trifle stronger than the tillamook variety sold in Holly-

wood. He also favors lemon meringue pie. With plenty of meringue. Helen is an expert when it comes to making pastries. Her pies and cakes are something to write home about. She gave me her favorite recipes for fish loaf. In summer, she uses sword fish but any heavy white fish meat can be substituted in place of it. Bass is especially good.

## SWORD FISH LOAF

2 pounds sword fish  
1 onion  
1 cup milk  
1 cup stock  
chopped parsley  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
4 tablespoonfuls oil  
6 tablespoons sifted flour  
1 pimento  
pepper and salt

Take two pounds of sword fish. Place in saucepan and cover with cold water. Add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, season with salt and cook until tender. Place in saucepan 4 tablespoons of oil, 1 finely chopped onion, 6 tablespoons of sifted flour; stir until smooth, add 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of strained stock that fish was cooked in. Cook smooth and add 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley, a chopped pimento, pepper and salt to taste. Add cooked swordfish, put all into a buttered casserole. Cover with plain mashed potatoes, dot top with butter, and cook quickly. This serves six.



*That wonderful day on the river*



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again —  
save it with snapshots**



## Getting "Movie Tested" [Continued from page 13]

blue eyes of extraordinary attraction, and her face has a tremendous amount of animation. Her screen-test had registered her attraction forcibly.

"How did I make-out?" she asked Serlin, eagerly, her speech touched with the inflection of her native Ukraina. I watched her face as she asked the question. Her eyes fairly glowed with expectation. But the glow disappeared as he handed her the memo from the Coast: "Congratulate you on quality of the Vera Neva test. Regret there is no place for her in Paramount stock company at present time."

Here was a talented youngster who sings nightly at a famous Broadway night club, unusually attractive, whose screen test had excited raves all along the street. Yet, despite all of this, despite her beauty and talent, despite a fine celluloid impression, she had been turned down cold. So the screen test is only part of the journey to Hollywood, and the odds are 1,000 to 1 against. Do you think that you would fare better than young Vera Neva? I hardly think so.

The development of the pictures has increased the difficulty confronting each one of you who wants to get into the movies. As Jimmy Starr pointed out in his column from the Coast recently, the demand now is for faces that reflect "an inner glow." No longer is sheer beauty the password to the studio lots of Hollywood. You must have animation, an intelligent, sensitive animation. In addition, you must have faultless diction, and you must be able to read lines with enough intuition to know what the line is supposed to convey. Anna Sten is a case in point. She had a tawny, peasant beauty. She was trained to read lines. She was exploited in every newspaper in the country. Yet Sam Goldwyn eventually had to cancel her contract, one of the costliest contracts ever entered into. Miss Sten, despite every advantage of photography and exploitation, simply didn't have what it takes. The competition was too severe. In "The Wedding Night," she played opposite the clever Gary Cooper, and the contrast was so disadvantageous to her that it ended her career under the Goldwyn banner. Do you think that you would fare better than Miss Sten? I don't think so, because she got a break that comes to one player in a lifetime. Yet with everything in her favor, she couldn't measure up.

Take the case of Fred Stone, because that is fairly typical of the discouraging things that can and do happen daily in Hollywood. Stone is one of the great veterans of the musical stage. He has been a star

for twenty years, accomplished in all the tricks of the profession. Not many months back, he made his debut on Broadway in a straight legitimate show, and he was swell. So the movie scouts signed him to a contract and sent him west to appear in "So Red the Rose." He waited around for weeks while the script for the picture was being readied. They finally submitted the completed script to him for his approval and he okayed it. Then, one of the officials decided he didn't like the script as prepared. It was rewritten a different way, a new treatment, and in the rewriting, Fred Stone's part was completely removed. So he will not appear in the picture for which he was rushed to the Coast. What makes you think that you'd fare better than Fred Stone, an acknowledged star with a following of tens of thousands of Fred Stone fans?

Consider Block and Sully, nationally known radio favorites. They were brought west to play the supporting comedy roles in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions." In vaudeville, they command \$2500-a-week, so they must be great performers. However the director of the Cantor picture didn't even know them. Had it not been for Cantor's insistence, they would have been cut right out of the picture. As it was, their best material was sliced to the bone when the picture reached the cutting room, and Jesse Block, throughout the flicker, appeared in a heavy beard that concealed his features. They were heartsick, Block and Sully, over what happened to them and their splendid dreams. What makes you think that you, an unknown, would fare better than this team which rates \$2500-a-week in vaudeville houses all over the country, a team that has made millions of radio fans chuckle in sheer delight?

True enough, Joan Crawford, who was Lucille Le Soeur, a Broadway chorine, vaulted from the front row of a Shubert musical comedy to international fame. But, although I've often cited her case myself, it is well to remember that she got her break in an earlier and easier epoch of Hollywood. She got her break and became established in the "silent" days of the flickers. The chorine of today, equally as gorgeous as Joan Crawford, must also pass a test for diction, which Miss Crawford didn't have to pass. The chorine of today must compete against the stars of the legitimate stage who have been called in since the movies were wired for sound. Start Joan Crawford off from scratch now on Broadway, as a chorus girl, and while there is no doubt in my mind that she'd get a

screen test, the odds would be 1,000 to 1 that she'd progress beyond that. I've seen too many fine actresses rejected by the Coast to have any other belief. And the things I've seen refuse to let me believe that all of you hopeful unknowns, scattered all over the country, would be successful, where acknowledged stars have fallen down.

I have seen hundreds of accomplished professionals leave Broadway on the road to Hollywood, and each one of them went out with a contract in his or her pocket. I have seen the most beautiful of the Earl Carroll girls, the comeliest of the George White girls, the cream of the Broadway night club charmers—each one of these had beauty and youth and sex appeal galore. I've seen them return to Broadway, puzzled and discouraged at their failure to even make a ripple in the Hollywood pond. I've seen great comedians go out from Broadway and I've met them on their return. They appeared in one picture and that washed them up. I've seen as great a star as George M. Cohan go to Hollywood and return after one unsuccessful venture. I've seen Walter Huston released by the movies because he wasn't "box-office."

So when you youngsters write and ask me how to get into the movies, I think of all the discouragements that have been visited upon these stars and I marvel to myself at your audacity. Lacking in experience, lacking in everything but courage, you calmly propose to throw yourself into competition with the greatest stars of Broadway stages, stars of the radio and stars of European stages. You seek an opportunity to pit your beauty against the beauty of the most famous professional models in the world, the most celebrated showgirls and chorines of Broadway—and I can only say that I admire your fortitude. While I do not agree with your optimism, I have supplied here the names of three men who will give you an expert appraisal of yourself, the three men who may give you a screen test, the first step in the long and rough road to the Coast.

I have other letters here on my desk, letters from mothers who believe their babies can out-Shirley Shirley Temple. The same advice is given to them. Send the pictures of the youngsters to Oscar Serlin, Al Serlin and Joe Pincus at the addresses I have listed above. Pincus will be most interested, in all probability, because Fox has had great success with juvenile stars.

Once I persuaded Winnie Sheehan, Fox prexy, to sign up two great kid stars, the children of Lita Gray Chaplin. I sold him on the idea that the Chaplin name would be box-office dynamite and he agreed with me. In fact, when he returned to the Coast, he was so touched by the opportunity I'd placed in his way that he sent me a check for \$1500, over my protests. Everything was fine and dandy until Charlie Chaplin sought and won a permanent injunction against the employment of these minors in Hollywood. The experience was so discouraging that I've never recommended a kid star since, because anything can and does happen in Hollywood.

If this article is discouraging, I have made it so purposely to save you the heartaches that accompany failure. But among the thousands who read this, there will be one or two who will weigh what I have said and determine, regardless, that someday, somehow, they'll make good in the movies. They will not be dissuaded by anything that I have written. To this stalwart few, I say "good luck and God-speed," for if they have that amount of courage, they have a good chance to win out, even though the odds are 10,000 to 1 against 'em. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady and faint heart never won a movie contract.



Len Weissman, A.S.C.

At the fights in Hollywood. Maxie Rosenbloom, Clara Bow and her husband, Rex Bell. And make no mistake, Clara knows something about fighting.



# Five... "Going on Two"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely past that perilous first year



All photographs copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.



(Below) "Lysol" keeps the babies' belongings clean.



(Above) The Dafoe Hospital for Dionne quintuplets. "Lysol" is the only disinfectant used to keep it clean.

(At Right) The simple birth-place near Callander, Ont., where the babies lived, kept hospital-clean with "Lysol", while Dafoe Hospital was being built.



Since the day of their birth, "LYSOL" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the constant dangers of infection

THE very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May, 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit, and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in many thousands of childbirth operations all over the world. For the danger of infection is high in childbirth, and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect mother and child from infection.

Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world, "Lysol" has had—and still has—a most vital part.

Since the day the quintuplets were born, "Lysol" has helped to guard them from infection. Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, and the interior of the snug, little Dafoe Hospital, have been kept clean with this effective, economical germicide.

Are YOU giving YOUR baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen where food is prepared...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.?

The scientific care given the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Directions for all the correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

**NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap** for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol". Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

## GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-28  
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Please send me the "Lysol" Library, consisting of: "Keeping a Healthy Home", "Preparation for Motherhood" and "Marriage Hygiene".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1935, Lehn & Fink, Inc.



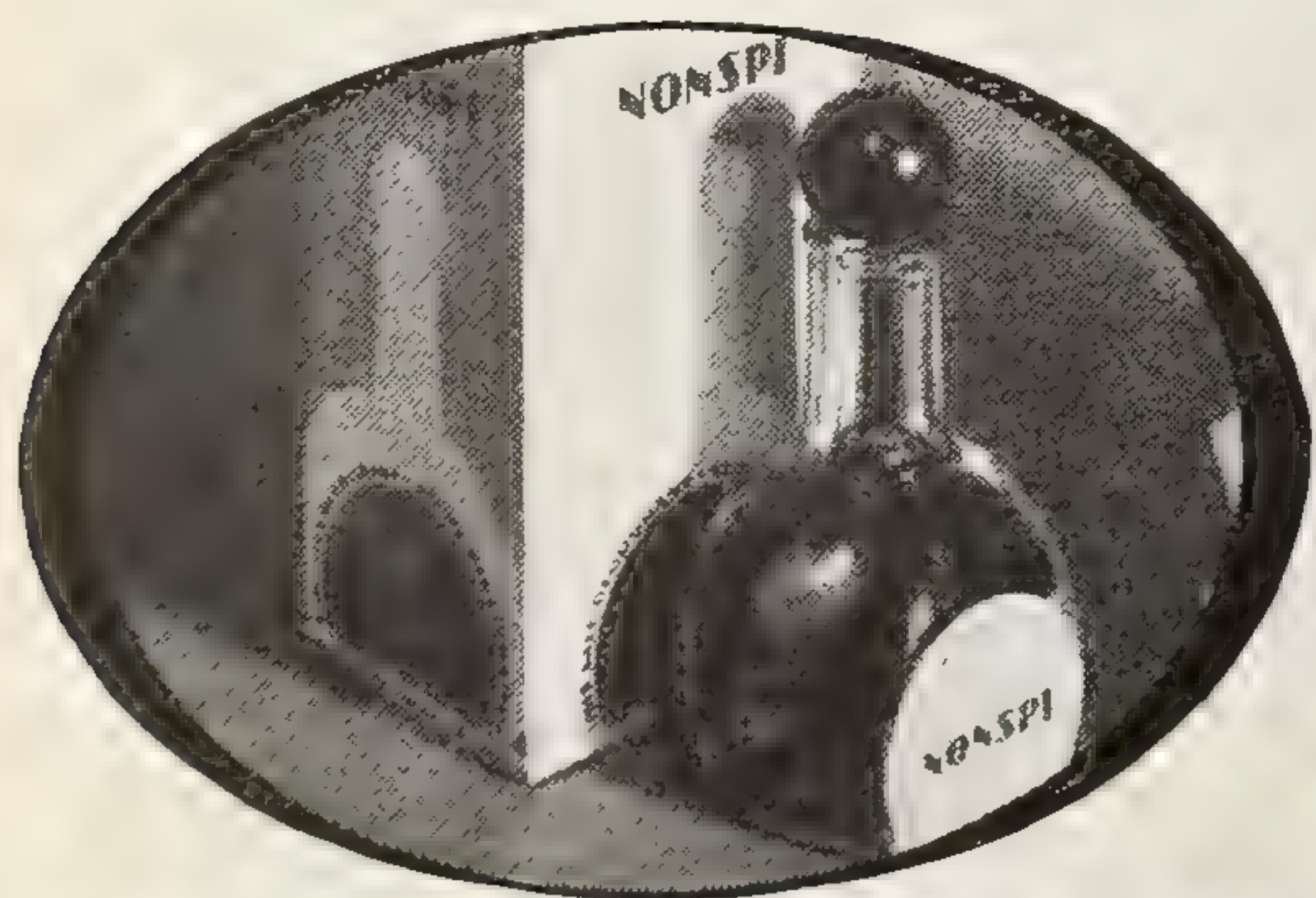
## Wanted!

[Continued from page 30]



## Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

● Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores.



# NONSPI

THE SAFE ANTI-PERSPIRANT FOR FASTIDIOUS WOMEN  
THE NONSPI COMPANY—NEW YORK

ambition, too—and a design for “loafing.”

“I’ve had loads of experience on the New York stage,” he admitted, “and I must say I like the work—but pictures offer a great deal too. For one thing they keep you on your toes, always trying to better your past performances. Yet,” he confessed, “I believe there is always a pinnacle—one rôle which, no matter how many others you may play or how well, will always remain your ‘best’—and when that point is reached it’s time to quit. What’s good enough for the Tunneys is good enough for the Raymonds!”

When that time comes Gene intends to settle down some place in the South, probably in Virginny or Kentucky, where he can grow a nice platinum blond goatee and become Cunel Raymond, suh, the despair of the Southern belles and the pappy of the Hollywood mint julep! He’ll want to own his own stables, keep dogs and embark on country life in seven Virginia reels. He’ll breed racers and enter blue-bloods in the horse shows and . . . I don’t believe a word of it! I suspect Gentleman Gene will keep right on slaying us gals in Super-Colossal Productions and that Kentucky will simply have to worry along with Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey!

“Gene,” I said, just like his Aunt Agatha, “what is this I read in a duly authenticated Raymond biography about your being a ‘confirmed’ bachelor? When Mr. Wagnalls last confided to me his definition of the word ‘confirmed’ it went something like this: ‘To assure by added proof; corroborate; verify; make certain.’ What I want to know is, did you say *positively*?”

A nice deep masculine laugh smoothed my goose pimples.

“That’s ridiculous,” he said, “where did they get that stuff ‘confirmed’? Of course not! I’m no woman-hater. Someday I’m going to marry but right now I’m just working hard and having a good time.” So, there you see another rumor go abaft and SILVER SCREEN brings hope to a nation—at least on the distaff side!

He’s very regular. Remember he said that making “Hooray for Love” was “a lot of fun?” Well this’ll show you.

They were taking a scene on the R-K-O ranch, out beyond Van Nuys where they have permanent sets of the streets of Paris, London and such. Well this one was supposed to be New York. In Indian summer. Of course no one was permitted to wear a coat. But out there in the valley—it was four o’clock in the morning and they’d been working all day and far into the week—it was bitter cold. All hands were shivering, to say nothing of knees, and the mirky stillness was broken only by the merry sound of chattering teeth.

Well everyone was bravely managing to keep awake, to remember their lines and prevent the scene from looking like a Wrigley ad when someone shouted “Cut!”

You can imagine the director, Walter Lang, was more confused than a Congressman until the cameraman explained that each time Gene talked his breath registered on the film and instead of the scene looking like Indiana summer it gave an accurate imitation of an Esquimo winter!

Then all the amateur scientists started thinking up things. And it was getting later and later and colder and colder. One bright lad offered the practical suggestion that Gene drink a tall glass of ice water so that his breath would, at least temporarily, be as cold as the air!

How would you like to drink ice water (undiluted) along towards five o’clock with the temperature down about there? But Gene said it sounded reasonable, so he

drank the water and the scene was successfully filmed!

Gene’s favorite way of spending his spare time? On a horse with a mallet in his hand. But he doesn’t do much of that, except between pictures. He had his experience.

One day a while ago, when he was playing with Will Rogers and Will, Jr., and a lot of the polo crowd, he won a nasty cut on the mouth that called for fancy needlework under his upper lip—and kept Gene out of a picture for five days—as well as holding up production for that length of time. Since then he does his horse-croquet in his own spare time.

On tour he was all but hermetically sealed. When he wasn’t on the stage he was in his dressing room where he had his meals sent in and then, with the aid of a corp of ushers, property men and operators, made his way from stage doors to taxis to hotels. There were all sorts of incidents and more than one near-riot. As many as four doors in one theatre, which were ruined by over-enthusiastic mobs, had to be rebuilt. After Gene, the deluge!

One morning he got up rather late and his secretary (male) called for “room service.” Breakfast was ordered. Gene was travelling incognito and he felt pretty happy about not having to spend all his time away from the theatre evading autograph-seekers and souvenir-hunters.

There was a knock on the door. His breakfast had arrived. The secretary opened the door and the waiter entered carrying the table and the food—and behind came the heater borne by a quintuplet of charming girls (albums in pockets), and, as you may surmise, his stay thereafter remained a secret shared only with Detroit’s 1,568,662 inhabitants! Now Gene’s back at R-K-O doing another picture, which will only make matters worse, and his next personal appearance tour will become but one more argument for greater national defense.

What with daylight saving and time off for good behavior there are only about two hundred days left to Christmas. And, if Santa’s really the guy I think he is, that oughta give him time to do his stuff. As George Givot says, “I like *that!*”



International  
Ricardo Cortez gave a party. Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Ric surround the fascinating Carole Lombard.



# Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's Beauty Secret

*Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead!...  
here is a new make-up to emphasize the  
individual color attraction of your type.*

**W**HAT a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be... each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

## *Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up*

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

## *Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally*

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin-texture.

## *Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts*

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

**N**OW the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices...Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar... featured by all leading stores.



**MARIAN MARSH**  
In  
Columbia's  
"THE  
BLACK ROOM  
MYSTERY"  
using  
Max Factor's  
Face Powder



**FLORENCE RICE**  
in Columbia's  
"AWAKENING OF  
JIM BURKE"  
using  
Max Factor's Rouge



**TALA BIRELL**  
in Columbia's  
"AIR HAWKS"  
using  
Max Factor's Lipstick

## GENIUS CANNOT BE IMITATED...

And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember... that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.

# Max Factor ★ Hollywood

**FOR** personal make-up advice  
...and to test your own color  
harmony shades in powder and  
lipstick, mail this coupon.

**SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony**



## Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;  
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage  
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page  
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ 17-8-04

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

| COMPLEXIONS                                                   | EYES                                                         | HAIR                                                                   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>                           | Blue <input type="checkbox"/>                                | BLONDE                                                                 |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/>                                 | Gray <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>           |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Green <input type="checkbox"/>                               | BROWNETTE                                                              |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>           |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Brown <input type="checkbox"/>                               | BRUNETTE                                                               |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Black <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>           |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>                             | LASHES (Color)                                               | REDHEAD                                                                |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>           |
| SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>                             | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>                                | If Hair is Gray, check<br>type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE                                                          |                                                                        |



## B R I G H T

## EYE IDEAS

by  
Jane  
Heath

## SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinted up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only \$1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHALETTE (\$1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASH TINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. D-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

## Peter Lorre [Continued from page 22]

than any great writer could set down on paper. They express his state of mind, his philosophy, his feeling . . . and feeling, to Lorre, means Life.

To glance at this young Hungarian, you would never suspect his record. Jovial to meet, rosy-cheeked as a school boy and chubby both in face and body, an infectious, yet shy, smile lighting up sparkling and bulbous brown eyes, he is the very soul of geniality. You might imagine him a GERMAN comedian, perhaps, but never, NEVER a comical star of the most brilliant illumination.

Gay one moment, serious the next, you realize before long that you are in the presence of an extraordinary personality. Even then, you cannot fathom how so youthful a man could have rendered so dynamic a performance in "M," that in Europe he is more like a hunted criminal than an actor of rare attainments. It does not seem possible that the Continent could have been terrified at very sight of him. Yet facts do not lie.

Lorre was an established name in the European theatre when Fritz Lang, the noted German director, summoned him for the leading rôle in "M," based upon a series of unholy child murders in Düsseldorf. In Lorre, the famous director saw the one actor in Europe who could portray the part satisfactorily and give it the proper shading of understanding and comprehension.

Lorre studied the character, came to realize the reason for the crimes and the working of the criminal's mind . . . then gave his own interpretation of the murderer. That power of understanding is the keynote of his success as an actor. More than any other artist I know, he throws himself heart and soul into whatever characterization he is attempting.

That his work was appreciated may be seen in the fact that nearly every motion picture producer in the world—in America, England, India, throughout Europe—offered him a handsome contract, which would have netted him a fortune. But Lorre is canny as well as artistic.

"I knew that they would want me to make another, or possibly a series of horror pictures if I accepted," he explains, in his very precise English. "This I did not wish to do, for then I would become typed . . . and for an actor to be typed is to lose his power of characterization. He is then but another player.

Thus, Peter Lorre turned down what would have amounted to several fortunes. He wanted to go to Hollywood . . . it would have fulfilled his dearest ambition . . . but he was wise enough to know that he would immediately be cast in a blood-curdling thriller, which, though it undoubtedly would enhance his prestige for a time, would eventually result in the termination of his screen career long before he was ready to retire.

"I need acting as some other men need drugs and stimulants," he says. "It is my life and I would lose all interest in existence if I could not devote my entire time to it."

Strangely enough, Lorre, when he decided to turn actor, had never even so much as been inside a theatre or seen a play. But the urge for expression coursed through his veins with the speed of a raging torrent. With other ambitious young men, he improvised a theatre of his own.

The group had no repertoire of plays, but even that did not matter. Peter, as the director and the leading player, would evolve a situation, describe the characters to the amateur actors and then permit them to "ad-lib" both the action and the lines.

All of this happened in Vienna, when Peter had reached the ripe old age of

seventeen years. Born in the Hungarian village of Rosenberg, high up in the Carpathians, he had moved to the Austrian capital with his family at the age of six.

There he obtained his elementary and secondary education. But the day after graduation he ran away from home and shortly afterwards organized the small theatrical group.

In the theatre he found his forte, his life, although at first he wasn't quite sure what goal he sought!

So that he might eat regularly, a year later he secured a job as a bank clerk, at the same time working with his actor-friends every night until four o'clock in the morning. The management of the banking institution finally learned of this and persuaded him that they could struggle along without his services.

Through the offices of a friend, he received a contract to do bits with a theatrical company in Breslau. Evidently Peter improved, for a year later the company's leading man went to Zurich and took him along. Upon this actor's recommendation he found an important rôle in John Galsworthy's "Society" and immediately registered as an attraction.

Back in Vienna once more, he remained for two years, playing a wide variety of rôles and making the name of Lorre significant in the annals of the theatre. Going to Berlin, he arrived with exactly forty marks in his pocket.

But his reputation had preceded him. He was given the leading rôle in "Pioniere in Inoplstadt." So striking a success was his appearance in this play that he skyrocketed to instant stardom. A star at twenty-four!

While rehearsing for another production, Fritz Lang became so impressed by his talents that he asked him to hold himself in readiness for a starring rôle in a screen play, as yet unchosen, which he planned to make sometime in the future. Looking forward to this good fortune, Peter promised. A year later, Lang found his story. The picture was "M!"

In the Spring of 1934, Lorre went to England to portray a leading rôle in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Although he knew very little English when the call reached him, several weeks later he had mastered enough of the language to be able



Wide World

Beginning young. Freddie Bartholomew escorts Cora Sue Collins to a benefit performance in Hollywood.



to step before the camera, and before the picture had ended he could speak the tongue almost as well as a native. Upon the completion of the Gaumont-British feature, which exhibitors on the Isle selected as the best picture of the year, he sailed for the United States, signed to a Columbia contract.

With his wife, Cecilie Lvovsky, the European actress, he lives quietly in a bungalow beside the sea, and spends most of his time reading, writing and swimming. He is an ardent wrestling fan and never misses a Wednesday night bout.

You have a treat in store, in the American screen appearance of Peter Lorre. Regardless of the outcome of his new picture, he doubtless will be the sensation of the season. His interpretation of the insane surgeon with a mania for grafting human hands will be a portrait never to be forgotten.

## "No, No, A Thousand Times No!"

[Continued from page 15]

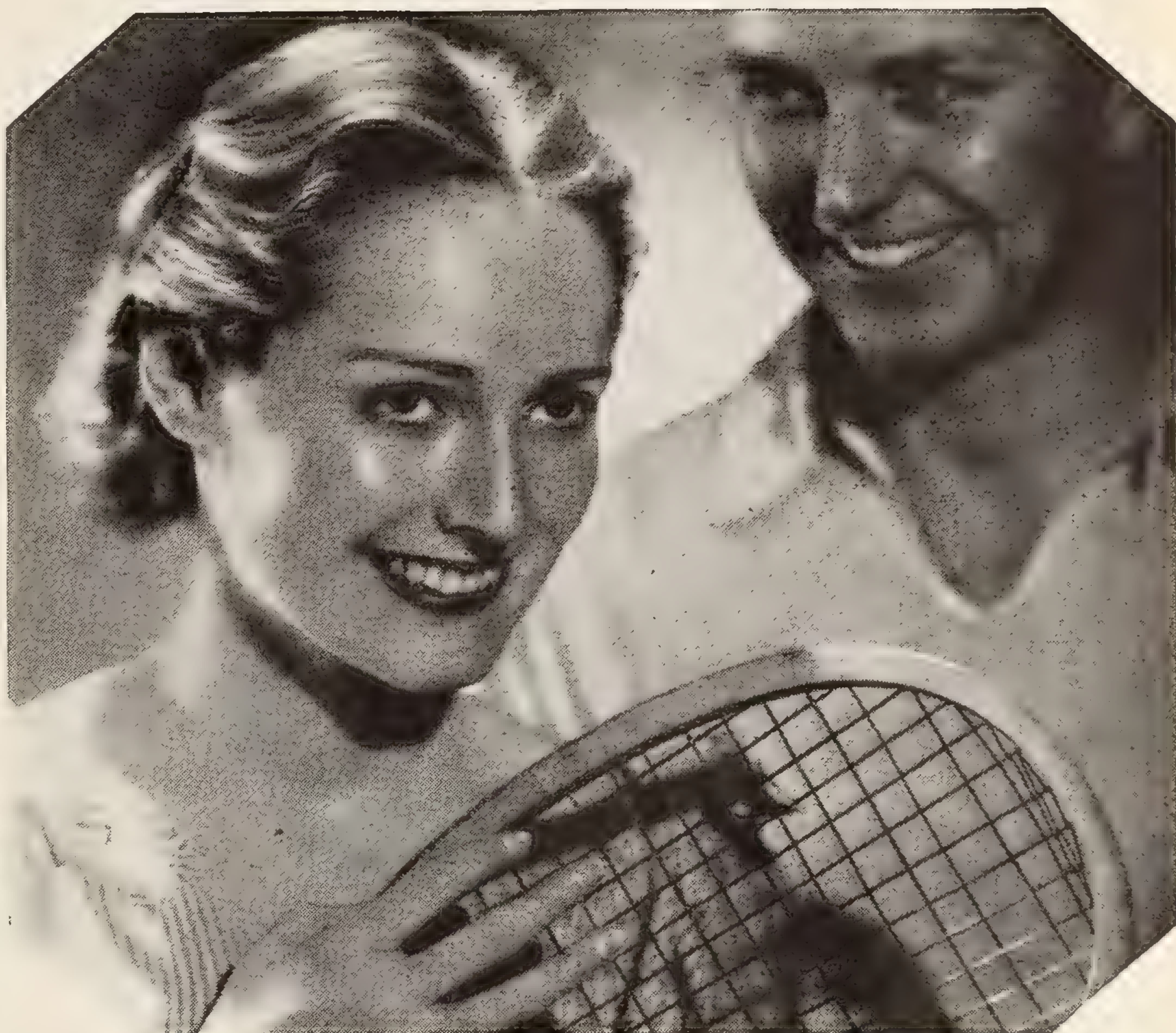
around in an enormous high-powered car with the top down, and if you think I'm going to get a new finger wave every day for any man you've got another think coming to you. I might overlook Virginia Cherrill, but hell, I won't overlook stringy locks.

For awhile I played with the idea of marrying George Brent. George is another one of those men who'd be quite correct and formal with his old proposal, I imagine, and I might accept him temporarily because of the Irish in him. But, after all, George was married to Ruth Chatterton quite some time, and one never fully recovers from the Chatterton influence, and just imagine being married to the Chatterton influence. I really couldn't face it. A little art and culture goes a long way with me and I'm quite sure I wouldn't want James Joyce and Pierre Louys spouted at me when I want simple things about a moon and June. Then, too, there's the Garbo influence. (Oh, Mr. Brent is just a man of influences it seems.) Everytime I felt sort of coy and sentimental and wanted to be the "only woman" I just know George would clear his throat and say, "When Garbo and I week-ended at Palm Springs . . ." or "When Garbo dropped in to prepare dinner for me at Toluca Lake" . . . or "When Garbo used to make *apfel kuchen* for me . . ." and, dear friends, right then and there I would enter into the spirit of things and growl, "I tank I go home to mudder."

If Jack Oakie ever grabbed me around the waist in a merry whirl and shouted, "Toots, let's get hitched" I'd be all for it, that is for the nonce. But I bruise easily, and Jack is a rough boy. Besides, no one has ever been able to get a sweat shirt off of Jack Oakie but Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Peggy and I have nothing in common but a love for orchids. And Jack would be the breezy sort of husband who told the same joke over and over again, and the third time I hear a joke I always pick up the nearest dish.

Fred MacMurray is a nice old-fashioned boy who likes to sit home of an evening in comfortable bedroom slippers and listen to the radio. He's very much in real life like he was in "The Gilded Lily" and he'll make some girl a swell husband, but he's not for the likes of me. And Franchot Tone—one week of Franchot and I'd probably dynamite the entire little theatre movement. Yes, the more I think of it, the more I believe that girls shouldn't be too rash about accepting proposals. She didn't say Yes and she didn't say No, she just said, "Aw, nuts."

## Does he ADMIRE YOUR HAIR in a "CLOSE-UP"?



*Don't let OILINESS, or wispy DRYNESS cool his ardor. Cultivate the beauty of your hair with the correct shampoo for its special type*

**OILY HAIR wants**

**this shampoo**

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is made especially for oily hair. It is gently astringent . . . tends to tighten up flabby oil glands and regulate the flow of oil to your hair.

Such a nice, quick shampoo, too! Such snowy lather . . . so gentle . . . so easy to rinse! It is very simple to wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo often enough to keep it shining, soft and fluffy.

**DRY HAIR**

**should have this**

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is a corrective beauty treatment for dry hair. It is made especially for this purpose. In addition to olive oil, it contains soothing, softening glycerine. Dry, flyaway hair responds gratefully . . . gains gloss and silkiness.

Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap—specialists in hair care for over 60 years.





## Accent on Youth [Continued from page 21]

association with Steven. Her eyes never left his face; she was hanging on every word he said.

### "Old Love" Takes on New Life

"Doggone it—I know I am!" Linda loved even his ego. "But, Linda, my sweet, I don't love you or anybody, and if I loved you it would be worse. Why it's like the situation in my play 'Old Love.' Linda!" He sprang to his feet excitedly and Linda stared at him in confusion. "Get your notebook! Angel, you've saved my play! Why didn't I think of it before. How beautifully simple! You detest a middle-aged man making love to a young girl—but you can't blame him if the girl makes love to him. Bless you, Linda! I said get your notebook!"

Linda hadn't moved. She got slowly to her feet, crushing her hat against her, tears filling her eyes, tragic unbelief in their depths.

"Don't—you're not going to make me write what I said to you?"

"Get your notebook! Quick!" Linda moved to the desk as in a trance and laid her hat and gloves down as she reached for a notebook. Steven rushed to the door.

"Flogdell! Stop packing! I'm not going to Finland. And if Miss Genevieve calls I've been run over by a truck but the truck is doing nicely." Then back to Linda at the desk. "Linda, it's marvelous! If we can only find the right actress—of course—you said it and you can play it!"

"No! No!" wailed Linda. "I can't act!"

"You don't have to act! This is you!"

Linda looked about her frantically as though to escape.

"I quit! Again!"

But Linda didn't quit. She went into the part which was to have been Genevieve's and became an overnight sensation. And Steven, in the months that followed, fell hopelessly in love with her, as did also her young leading man, Dickie Reynolds.

When the play closed Steven prepared to show Linda the town. One evening while she was dressing for an appointment with him, Dickie, very drunk, came to her apartment. Linda was taking a shower and the noise of the water prevented her hearing him enter. In almost a stupor he fell on her bed. This was the picture which met Steven's eyes a few minutes later when he arrived.

### Jealousy and Misunderstanding

As he stood looking at Dickie, disgust and unbelief on his face, he heard Linda in the shower, singing happily. This was too much. One hasty glance he cast in that direction; then, taking his notebook from his pocket, he scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper—"Linda, I was early. Sorry."



Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor bring an atmosphere of romance to the Trocadero.

Steven." He pinned this to Dickie's shirt, looked at him bitterly, then with a short, harsh laugh left the apartment. Linda was as surprised as Steven when she came into her bedroom after her shower, and hurt that Steven had not remained to help her find out how Dickie had gotten there and what to do with him.

The next day, more angry than hurt, unable to get in touch with Steven and later refusing to answer his calls, she went to his apartment. Steven came in from a walk to find the bewildered Flogdell following her around protesting as she gathered up her photographs and a lampshade she had made for Steven. They faced each other in a bitter argument. Steven asked why she was angry with him and she denied that she was.

"So, you're not angry!" he flared up. "What do you call this . . . a laughing jag?"

She looked at him gravely before walking to the piano against which she leaned.

"No—this is despair—because your faith in me is gone and everything is over."

"Linda, I have all the faith in the world in you but I know too much about life—about women. You might be an angel straight from heaven but you're so young and Dickie's young. . . ."

"You're jealous!" Linda turned and looked at him incredulously. Steven dropped into a chair and ran his hands through his hair.

"Dying of it. Every night in that play—my play—he takes you in his arms. Every night in words that I wrote, his youth calls to you . . . every night and two matinees a week. I know nothing happened last night. It's all right. Forget about it."

"Why won't you marry me?" Linda pleaded going to his chair and bending over him. Her hair brushed against his cheek, its fragrance enveloped him like a suffocating fog. With an effort to be calm he took her in his arms and kissed her lightly on the forehead, with the unconcern of a big brother.

"Darling, if I were twenty years younger . . ."

"I'd hate you!" She walked away from him, back to the piano.

"Linda, some day you're going to discover that you belong to youth—that it's something grand, and silly, strange, glorious, and that there's no substitute for it in the whole world. When that happens you mustn't find yourself tied to me."

Linda thought this over later that night when she was turning down her bed. There was a sort of preoccupied despair about her. Steven wrote of women so well—strange he knew so little about them. In the midst of her thoughts the doorbell rang and believing Steven had come to tell her he was wrong she rushed to answer it happily, patting her hair into place as she went, but the smile of welcome froze on her lips as she opened the door.

"What do you want?" her hands dropped to her side and she backed away as Dickie Reynolds stepped into the room and closed the door.

"I want to explain about—about when I was here before. Linda . . ." his voice broke queerly, tensely.

"What's the matter with you?" Linda was very frightened.

"You! I'm quitting the show on account of you. Don't look at me like that. That's the way you've been looking at me for six months . . . as though I was the paper on the wall. I got drunk last night just so that I could break through that look of yours. I love you so darn much I can't see straight."

For a moment he looked at her defiantly,

then suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. Just as quickly, he released her and hurried from the room. Linda stared at the spot where he had stood. In panic she seized her coat, pulled it on over her lounging pajamas and rushed from the apartment. Ten minutes later she dashed unannounced into Steven's library, eyes wild, hair disheveled.

### A Marriage Is Planned

"Steven," she said, clutching his arm as he regarded her in surprise. "I'm not going to listen to any more of your crazy arguments. I love you, Steven—for the last time I love you—and if you love me you'll marry me." How lovely she looked, how very young and desirable, her misty eyes lifted to his—the faint perfume she wore robbing him of reason.

"I only hesitated because I wanted to be sure not that you love me now, but that you'll continue loving me," said Steven as he led her to a chair and seated himself on the arm. "Let's go up to Greenwich tomorrow night!"

"It's a date!" And springing up she kissed him on the cheek.

Not daring to trust himself, Steven went to the piano and commenced playing the scales jocularly while Linda told him they'd ask the cast to an announcement dinner the next night before leaving—all but Dickie, who annoyed her.

"Funny," he mused, not looking at her as she leaned against the piano, swinging one sandaled foot. "About Dickie annoying you. Now if I were writing a play I'd have Dickie in love with you."

"What put that crazy thought in your head?" Linda stopped swinging her foot and stood stiffly erect.

"Well, he's a fine looking kid . . . and it's a good reason for that little visit he paid you. Finally, I'd hint that he doesn't annoy you at all."

"I said he does!" snapped Linda irritably, walking away from the piano. Steven's eyes followed her short, jerky progress across the room.

"Of course, he does . . . but in the play . . . he doesn't. In fact, I'd suggest that you like him a lot more than you're telling. But thank goodness I'm a pianist not a playwright."

The following evening Dickie called on Steven and told him he was leaving the show. Dickie, as the son of wealthy, socially prominent parents had only been trying his hand at acting and, realizing this, Steven ribbed him considerably. Dickie was ill at ease, standing uncertainly in the middle of the room turning from side to side to follow Steven as he roamed about. Finally Dickie asked why he hadn't been invited to the dinner and pleaded for a chance to talk with Linda. As he related what had occurred between himself and Linda, Steven paced the floor restlessly, then angrily, but Dickie, absorbed in his own emotion, didn't notice. Steven told Dickie Linda was due any minute and went out.

But Linda wasn't pleased at seeing Dickie. When he tried to get near her she gave him an impatient shove and told him not to annoy her. Angrily he swung her into his arms, kissing her again and again, as he had done once before. Linda pushed against him, her hands beating his shoulders fiercely. But as Dickie continued his kisses her resistance broke down and she lay passive in his arms not understanding the strange, tingling sensation which warmed her like a glass of wine. Shaken, Dickie released her . . . a moment they stared at each other. Linda had experienced an emotion swift and consuming as



its power drew her blindly back into Dickie's arms as Steven entered. Startled, Linda did not move from Dickie's embrace.

"Excuse me," said Steven. "I came for my walking stick. Dickie may not have told you, Linda, but that was my exit line."

As though stung into action she turned to him tragically, and then, realizing what had happened she shuddered with violent contempt.

"Steven, I hate you!" Head high she walked past him and out of the library.

And so Dickie and Linda were married and went to California. Back in his own setting Dickie became a different boy. He forgot that Linda might have things that she would want to do. The honeymoon developed into a nightmare. Linda watched Dickie do setting up exercises morning, noon, and night. Aroused from sleep at the crack of dawn, she offered him a smile and her outstretched arms and was told to come for a swim. She was dragged into all the sports she had never indulged in, and for which she had no taste. With every muscle aching, she had to smile and pretend to be happy to keep Dickie in good spirits. He seemed to think he had done her a favor by marrying her and that his obligation ended there.

#### Linda Returns

Six months passed. It was the anniversary of the day Linda had first declared her love for him, but to Steven it was just another day.

Unknown to him Dickie and Linda were in New York. That evening Linda appeared in his library, a bunch of roses in her arms. She was wearing a polo coat over an evening gown. Since she had walked out of this same library she had matured and Steven noticed the tragic eyes and the trembling scarlet lips.

"Steven, no matter what I've done to you I've paid for it," she said, arranging the flowers in a vase on her old desk. "And you're the only one who can help me. You were so mean about everything before, I hated you. Maybe I could have loved Dickie: I tried . . . and then came the honeymoon."

"Was it that bad?"

"Oh, Steven," she was walking about restlessly, avoiding his eyes, touching well remembered books and pieces of furniture as though wishing to reassure herself that this was real. "Why didn't you tell me what it means to be young . . . why didn't anybody tell me? We went to Santa Barbara. Out of bed by seven . . . three hasty kisses and a shower—a plunge in ice—horseback riding—tennis, what do I know about tennis?—golf—dancing and more swimming. And did you ever see rich men's sons in their bathing suits waiting for the depression to pass? They all look like Dickie! They talk like Dickie! They're as dull as Dickie! They are Dickie! Steven, I want New York and the theatre, and glasses of beer pounding on the table because somebody has something crazy and beautiful to say to somebody else. I want laughter and bad ventilation and mad dialogue . . . and you, Steven."

Then Dickie arrived, with two of his pals, in search of Linda. Already he had tired of her and since their arrival in New York had had her watched, believing that eventually she would get in touch with Steven. Steven put Linda in an adjoining room and picked up a book from which he looked up in well feigned surprise and welcome as Dickie entered. He invited Dickie to take a seat and have a cigarette but the enraged husband, looking about and asking for Linda, instructed his friends to search the place.

"Gentlemen," Steven attempted to stop them. "Before you make another move I



## Like a **SHOWER** on a **HOT DAY**

—the cooling mild menthol in KOOLS sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork

tips save lips. And a B & W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOLS? It's time to—and a good time, too!

#### SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.





# No takers



**M**EN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit—it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

## MUM



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT  
OF PERSPIRATION**



**ON SANITARY NAPKINS.** Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

wish to call your attention to the fact that this is the United States of America—not Princeton."

"My wife," stormed Dickie dramatically, "carrying a bouquet of flowers, entered this house. If you think you can make a fool of me you're mistaken. I live in a respectable community, I've got a position to maintain, and if anybody gets a divorce, I get it."

### Compromised

But a search was not necessary for, at this moment, Linda walked nonchalantly into the room wearing an old towel robe of Steven's and a pair of his slippers.

"Steven," she said to the staring group, "where are the cigarettes? Oh, hello, Dickie. And Butch!"

"I'm not Butch," pouted the offended youth.

"I'm sorry. I always get you boys mixed." Linda smiled with amiable sweetness. "You're Chuck, aren't you? And he's Butch."

"We'll see who's going to get the divorce." Linda yawned and offered the tip of her cigarette to Steven to light. Dickie turned on them belligerently. "And you thought you were smart. Deliberately giving me

love lessons. Well, your lesson wasn't so hot. She was glad to get a husband, she just fell into my arms and I didn't have to say a word except 'I love you!'"

### Accent on Age

Steven pondered this last shot as the trio made their departure.

He turned to Linda.

"Is that all he said—just 'I love you?'" Linda nodded.

"I ought to slap you around the block for falling for a brilliant speech like that but I think I've got the best doggone idea for a comedy that anybody has had since Time began. Get your pencil! Ready?"

"Ready!" she replied in a voice of hushed excitement.

"Act one—scene one! A penthouse apartment in New York City . . . change that to a castle in Spain."

Steven looked at Linda experiencing a surge of emotion, a happiness unbelievable in its madness, and bent his head so that his cheek touched hers and he was looking at the pad over her shoulder. Linda lifted her eyes to his and smiled.

"Maybe it's not good playwriting but—I love you, I love you, I love you!"

And so age answered youth.

## The "Resting" of the Hollywood Stars

[Continued from page 25]

knew what it was all about, shouted, "You're on the air." All right, what could you think up to say to the great big critical radio audience?

Well, after that Joan decided to take the next plane back to Hollywood and to hell with a week-end in San Francisco. Her nerves and her stomach were completely upset when she got home to her husband, Gene Markey, so she wept on his shoulder for awhile and then announced, "Gene, I must have a rest, I'm going to fly to New York tomorrow." And the pay-off on the whole story is that she had barely been grounded in Albuquerque before the Los Angeles newspapers cracked through with divorce rumors, so Joan hardly got to New York before she had to fly back to her Gene.

One of the funniest "rests" I ever heard of was that taken not so long ago by Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess. They both decided they needed rest in a big way. A friend had told them of a sand bar seven miles off the coast of Long Island, so the two pals had an old boatman row them over and promise not to come back for them for forty-eight hours. They put up their pup tent, fried their hamburgers, and prepared for a healthful night in the open. "Isn't it beautiful," said Bill, and they looked at the stars, and felt awfully sorry for all those poor people back in the city who were ruining their health in night clubs.

Then came the mosquitoes, terrible mosquitoes, and poor Bill and Dick had to put their underclothing over their faces and pull their sox over their hands, but still the mosquitoes drilled. Along about midnight a cold wind blew down from the Arctic, and the pup tent simply collapsed. Hours later they were awakened from a fitful sleep by the lapping of waves, and to their horror found the Atlantic Ocean at their feet. (They learned later that that night was the highest tide that had been heard of in those parts in seventy-two years.)

The next day the sun came out in all its fury, and along with it fifty-seven varieties of insects. Then, with the sunset, came severe cold again, and as all their groceries had been washed away in the tide

they had nothing to eat. When the boatman finally came for them they were almost a couple of raving lunatics, starved, bitten, and so blistered that they couldn't sit down for days.

Bill says that the only thing that didn't wash away in the tide was the radio, and all through the miserable nights they could hear the Paul Whiteman orchestra at the Biltmore Hotel, and Bill and Dick swore then that in the future they would do their resting in a cocktail lounge. And nuts to health.

You haven't heard anything until you've heard Irene Dunne tell of her recent visit to New York. Her intentions were to meet her doctor husband there and spend six weeks in a hideaway in the Adirondacks. But somehow or other she didn't get nearer a hideaway than the Waldorf Astoria. By actual count this is what Irene did while resting in New York: three benefits, seven radio appearances, four recordings of the songs in "Roberta," six formal dinners, numerous teas, parties and such, one lecture at a Woman's Club, one christening, one wedding, one course in operatic singing, twenty-two interviews, and the usual shopping and plays. Of course the "rest" really started down in Cuba where she arrived just in time for a Revolution, and after dodging bullets dashed back to the boat in such a hurry that she lost most of her luggage. In Hollywood Irene keeps awfully busy and is rarely seen in the night spots, but in New York it seems she is all over the place, and even consented to sing at the swanky Casino one evening.

When Janet Gaynor goes on a vacation she works three times as hard as she does at the studio. When she "rests" at her cabin up in Wisconsin she is up at the crack of dawn, rowing or fishing or hauling logs, and she even cooks and does the laundry, things she'd never think of doing at home.

But Janet claims that she has never been as physically exhausted by a vacation as she was by her last trip to New York. For the first time in her life she worked hard at sight-seeing: the Metropolitan Museum, the Aquarium, the Statue of Liberty, and everything. Then at night she would have dates, mostly with Gene Raymond. One



night they got all dressed up and went to the Rainbow Room, which is on the eighty-third floor of Radio City. Janet thought that, like Hollywood night clubs, it would be on the first floor so when Gene shoved her into an elevator marked "First stop 50th floor" she nearly had a fit. "SShh," said Gene, "don't let them know you're from the country." Janet says that Hollywood with its one and two stories looked mighty good after that.

After a number of pictures Clark Gable arranged with his studio to let him have a short vacation and attend the wedding of his step-daughter in Houston, Texas. But two days of being mobbed by fans, signing autographs, saying the right thing, and dressing the right way and Clark was only too glad to get back to Hollywood and his old pants and his sweat shirt.

After a long hard summer Dick Cromwell, last year, set his heart on an automobile trip to San Francisco, so, with a new car and money in his pocket to have himself a big time, off Dick went scurrying to San Francisco. The day he arrived in the city the union called a strike, and, as you may recall reading in the newspapers, everything shut down, there was a food shortage, and worst of all a gasoline shortage. Dick couldn't get out of town, and he couldn't do anything in town. Well, anyway he did get a rest, but it wasn't exactly the sort he had counted on having.

When Madge Evans returned from New York she had to spend two weeks at Palm Springs to recover, and Carole Lombard, after a tour of the East and Cuba, collapsed at her mountain cabin near Arrowhead and wasn't heard of for weeks. George Raft gripes something awful around the studio about having to work so hard, and how badly he needs a rest, and then he gets a vacation and what does he do? He takes a Postman's Holiday and goes around the country making personal appearances, and if there's anything more wearing than personal appearances I don't know what it is.

Bing Crosby wears himself out at the Santa Anita and Tanforan race-tracks. He is famous for his genial disposition at the studio but, one day at the race-track, he was so infuriated when a winning horse was disqualified by the judges that he picked up a chair and in a fit of temper hurled it across the club-house.

Every star who goes to Palm Springs to rest and get away from it all is usually greeted the first morning by a studio cameraman and several boys from the publicity office who are out to get the "best still of the month." After posing all day, naturally the star has to go to the famous Dunes (desert night club) that night and gulp a few martinis, and after a few martinis naturally she will want to place just one chip on "32" at the roulette table, and naturally after that she will just have to gamble the rest of the night. The next morning she will have a complete set of jitters. But what the heck, it all comes under the name of resting.

Be Sure To Buy The  
**SEPTEMBER ISSUE  
OF SILVER SCREEN**

and enter the new contest. There will be many prizes awarded. Take this opportunity to secure an original photograph of your favorite star, framed with taste, and, in addition to that, inscribed with your name and with the signature of the player.

**These Prizes Are Delightful  
And Easy To Win.**

For beauty of  
mouth and lips  
enjoy Double Mint gum  
every day

**WRIGLEY'S  
DOUBLE MINT  
CHEWING GUM**  
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

DOUBLE DISTILLED  
PEPPERMINT

FIVE STICKS



## THE APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

... is using this space to correct a popular error about **ASTROLOGY**

Astrology is no more related to "Fortune Telling" than is a Doctor's advice to **eat certain foods and avoid certain infections.**

—Or the caution of a Beach Guard that you should **keep inside the ropes** at high water. Both **tell and caution**, but do not **COMPEL**.

Just so Astrology **tells**, but does not **compel**; it cautions, restrains or indicates action **on certain Dates** and about certain things.

These favorable and unfavorable **Dates** are not matters of chance, but determined by mathematical progression of Star positions from the exact time of your own Birth.

That the advice is good and the Dates are accurate can easily be accepted, because of Astrology's **absolute accuracy** upon intimate personal matters, **known only to you.**

© 1935 A. R. S.

**Applied Research Society forecasts guide the lives and guard the acts of countless Men and Women in Business, Banking, Education and the Theatrical and Medical Professions.**

*Read letter from Doctor S. H. J.:*

"I was certainly amazed at the accuracy and deep knowledge you have displayed in casting this Horoscope.

I have had work of this kind done many times, in India, Germany and the United States, and I can truthfully say that the work done by you has been the most accurate.

I am sending you the enclosed remittance to cast a Horoscope for a young lady who was born on the 17th. 10 A. M."

These Forecasts are very detailed (about 20,000 words) and cover full 12 months from date it is sent to you.

Being based upon your Birth Date, we must be informed where, what year, month and date you were born.

YOUR Forecast will be sent, sealed, for one dollar (bill or check) which will be refunded if you are not fully satisfied and return the Manuscript.

Or, if you simply enclose a 3c stamp for postage on reply, the Society will advise of certain Dates important to you.

**APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY**  
84 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.

## Garbo Smiles Again [Continued from page 47]

mazurka. But Garbo decided to learn the dance and do it herself.

Every evening, after she had finished her day's work on the stage, Garbo changed quickly from her picture costume to slacks and a sweater and slipped into the studio of Chester Hale, the dancing instructor. In the privacy of that bare room, with only Hale and a piano player as witnesses, she took off her slacks and practiced in her shorts, as shyly eager and determined as any extra girl in a dancing chorus. And Chester Hale arises to say that Garbo can dance with the best of them.

For years publicity pictures of Garbo have been the cause of worry and new gray hairs to the publicity department. Off-stage "shots," informal, unposed pictures, have been absolutely taboo on the set of the young woman from Sweden. She would permit only the required still pictures after each scene. At the end of production of each picture, she spent one entire day in the portrait gallery. Aside from that, she refused to pose for any camera.

A new still photographer was assigned to work on "Anna Karenina." He decided to try his luck with the forbidden off-stage pictures. He would work until he was ordered to stop. But, to his surprise, Garbo made no protest and no move to avoid the lens of his camera. For the first time since she entered her dignified silence Garbo permitted a graflex camera on her stage. And, to cap the climax, she finally asked the photographer if she could see the pictures.

"I have been watching you go snap, snap all day," she explained, smiling.

Eagerly she examined the proofs, liked them and asked for prints for her own personal use. Another unwritten law was broken.

All these changes may seem small and trivial to outsiders, but they are vastly important to the studio through which she has stalked, a silent stranger. I can remember Garbo's one and only visit to the studio commissary when she lunched with Marie Dressler during the making of "Anna Christie." The Queen of Sheba, herself, could have caused no greater excitement. World famous actors and actresses and authors goggled like thrilled middle western tourists.

But why shouldn't Garbo smile and dance and be friendly? The Shearers and Crawfords and Harlows and Bennetts do. There is no logical answer to that question. Garbo doesn't, that's all. At least, she hasn't until recently. Even the return of John Gilbert in "Queen Christina" failed

to change her, as people had expected. Gilbert was so nervously eager, so anxiously grateful, that the atmosphere of the stage was charged with a high-tension electricity and Garbo was more aloof than before.

Garbo's personal life and her working hours are two separate existences. In spite of all the stories about her loneliness, she has always had a small circle of intimate friends with whom she has dined and played tennis and talked for long, happy hours. But she has always been a complete stranger in her own studio. She was invariably courteous to her co-workers but no one, not even the genial and lovable Marie Dressler, was able to cross the barrier of her reserve.

Now, however, she is an active member of her company, playing hilarious croquet on the studio's back lot with Freddie Bartholomew, chatting about Europe with Basil Rathbone, laughing heartily at the crazy antics of the irrepressible Fredric March, drinking tea cosily with Maureen O'Sullivan, instead of retreating to the silence of her dressing bungalow.

Not once has she asked that black screens be placed around her set, to insure an even greater privacy on the most guarded stage in Hollywood. She has worked in full view of the company and technical crew and dozens of extras. She posed merrily one afternoon while Adrian, who designed her lusciously feminine costumes for the picture, photographed her with his sixteen milometer camera. And always close to her is small Freddie Bartholomew, studying his lessons, working his puzzles, telling her about his little boy activities.

The inevitable question as to what Garbo will do when she finishes the picture has been answered. She will make another film, and probably two, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So "Anna Karenina" will not be her swan song, her farewell to Hollywood and the screen. Garbo seems more happily content than she has been for years and she has bought a new set of tires for her ancient town car, the automobile in which she has driven since her first days of stardom. That means, according to the few who know her, that she is preparing for a long stay in Hollywood.

Several years ago a determined, ardent man, John Gilbert, broke down Garbo's shy reserve. Today a small boy has crashed the barricades and brought her out into the friendly warmth of the studio. Freddie Bartholomew has made her a human, gay woman instead of a mysterious figure, walking on deserted streets, knowing no one, known by no one.

## All the Romantic Young Things [Continued from page 27]

and turned into one of Hollywood's most dangerous and potent sirens.

For a long time it was Tom Brown and that was all rather sweet and appropriate, if you ask me. Tom is the intense, freshman type and Anita was (you note that I say *was*) the perfect ingenue. They were naturals for each other. But suddenly, along with the warm weather and the new clothes and all, Anita blossomed out with goodness knows how many new beaux. The handsome socialite-actor, Bob Hoover, is the latest to be seen taking her here and there between her intermittent appearances with Tom, who looks wistful these days.

Then there are Gertrude Michael and Rouben Mamoulian and Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb. (Bob is the manager of the

Brown Derby.) Both these men are a bit older than the objects of their affections. Mamoulian is a serious soul, interested in Gertie's possibilities as an artist as well as in her charms as a lovely young thing. He seems to think that she is pretty frivolous and lectures her about it. I haven't observed that these efforts have succeeded in making her more serious-minded . . . but she seems to enjoy it, never-the-less. She called the studio a day or so ago to cancel an appointment to be photographed. When the young man at the other end of the wire protested, she replied, "But Rouben is going away tonight and I have to spend the day with him. You can see . . . I must!" A mere detail of her career couldn't be allowed to interfere with her farewell to



Rouben.

On the other hand, Bob Cobb tells little Gail, "I know you are pretty and popular and that you must have your fun! If you want to run about, dancing and dining with the younger fry, that's all right with me. I'll be right here for your more serious moments . . . and of course, I want some of your time each week!

There is a lot of commuting, too, these days. Dick Cromwell has been darting up to Santa Barbara at the drop of a hat to see his little artist-friend, Betty Parsons, who has a studio there. Betty, with her straight, blonde hair and her cameo face is so dainty and so unusual that it makes you moan with envy to look at her. Dick has his artistic moods, too. You know he makes those masks of people out of some sort of plaster which I don't understand at all. But no doubt they have a lot in common.

Anyhow, Betty did some commuting of her own when she dashed down to say goodbye to him when he left for Annapolis to make "Annapolis Farewell" for Paramount.

Sally Blane and Norman Foster are really our champion hand-holders. At the theater, in night clubs . . . even at the fights, for goodness' sake, there they are, clasping hands with the most intense expressions! Sally is looking so pretty these days. I think love is very becoming to a girl, don't you?

Gene Raymond is such a causer of pit-a-pats in feminine hearts, despite his shyness. And just now, or at least day before yesterday, it was Ann Sothorn who was pit-a-patting at the sight of him. Seeing him very often, too.

Betty Furness has very firm and rather old-fashioned ideas on the subject of young men. She is popular . . . good gracious, yes! Popular enough to be able to draw the line at going places with men, "Dutch treat," or even paying for the young men—a practise which is pretty general in this town, where frequently a sweet young thing's salary tops those of any of her male acquaintances.

Oh, yes . . . the jasmine and the honeysuckle and the mocking birds are really doing things! And it is hard for a girl to keep her mind on her work. Especially when she lives, as I do, next door to that belle, Alison Skipworth! You should have seen Skippy's pleasure over the wagon load of flowers Grant Mitchell sent her on her birthday!



Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee) have a day at the beach, leaving the baby at home and the careers to take care of themselves.

## SOMETHING SPECIAL IN Chocolate Ice Cream!



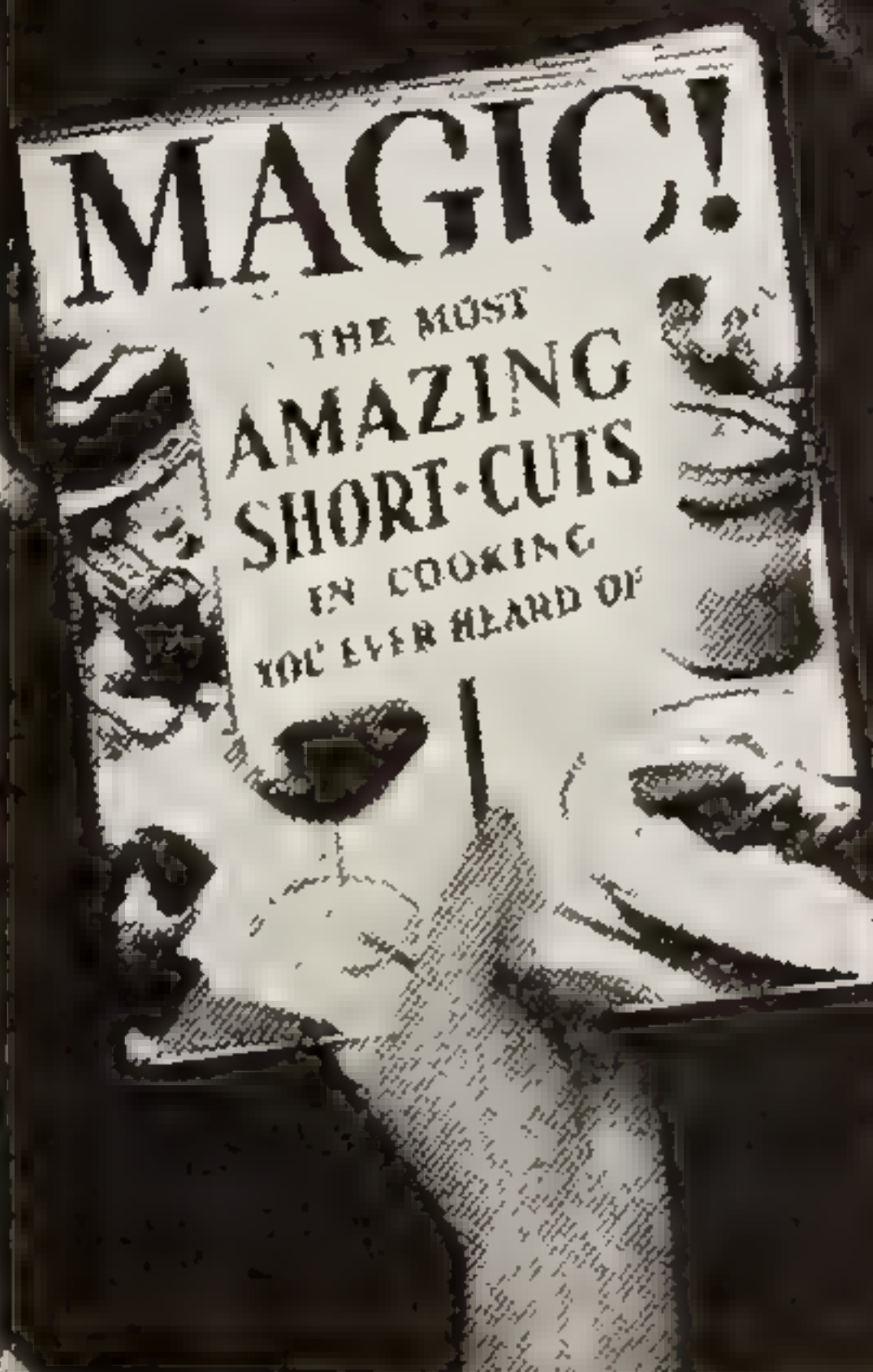
### EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM (Freezer method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  
1 cup cold water  
2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-

quart freezer. Remove dasher. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1 1/4 quarts.

● No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.  
● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



### FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Magic Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. SU-85,, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

*Borden  
Quality*



### U. S. Government Jobs Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Many early examinations expected. Qualify now. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. T314, Rochester, N. Y.

### FREE! A TRIAL BOTTLE OF GLOPLEX THE NEW SUN TAN OIL

Send today for this marvelous new creation that combines the best features of all the old sun tan oils. You'll be amazed at the way it will bring you a soft, even tan without any burning. Just send ten cents to cover cost of packaging and mailing. Or send twenty-five cents for the larger size.

GLOPLEX PRODUCTS

306 Washington Bldg.

Stamford, Conn.

### POEMS

Set to Music  
Published

Send Poems to

**MCNEIL**

Bachelor of Music

1582 West 27th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.



### Be an ARTIST

MAKE \$50 TO \$100 A WEEK!

Our simple, proven methods make it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly, AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," sent free. State age.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART Studio 178  
1115—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



# Reviews [Continued from page 49]

Bruce Cabot, as the public enemy, has never been better. His scene with the plastic surgeon is one of the best pieces of business you'll ever find in any picture—oh boy, is that scene something.

Eric Linden (and where has he been all these months?) plays Virginia's young brother who is murdered by the chauffeur she has paroled, and is excellent in a small part, as is Dorothy Appleby, as the moll. Alice Brady, as Virginia's aunt, gets kind of lost in the excitement. For entertainment and grand suspense this picture is most heartily recommended. I'm all for this G-men cycle, aren't you?

## COLLEGE SCANDAL

Rating: 60°—MURDER FOR ALMA MATER—*Paramount*

IT'S MURDER month, kiddies, and nothing's sacred. Not even the campus of dear old Alma Mater. Two college students get themselves murdered, careless fellows, and a third is just about to be murdered when the criminal is discovered, and who it is is something you'll just have to find out for yourself. Naturally every undergraduate in the place looks guilty.

But murder isn't everything in this picture, thank heavens, there's a rehearsal of a college musical show and a couple of love affairs, and most of all and, hip hip hooray, there's Arline Judge, cute and clever as they make them, who proceeds to pick this rather average picture up and walk away with it. There really should be a law compelling Arline Judge to appear in more pictures.

Well, anyway, the rehearsal gives us an opportunity to hear Johnny Downs sing the new Sam Coslow song "In the Middle of a Kiss," which is a knock-out and worth the price of admission alone. Kent Taylor, as a college professor, Joyce Compton as a dumb dame, and those two nice juveniles, Eddie Nugent and Wendy Barrie, help matters along, but it's really Arline's picture.

She's practically everything but the murderer.

## CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT

Rating: 60°—CHARLIE CARRIES ON—*Fox*

CHARLIE CHAN, they tell me, has many more fans than Philo Vance, so naturally you'll just have to expect him to be popping up at the local cinema every few months. Unfortunately Charlie's creator, Earl Derr Biggers, died last year, and the new Chan scripts are rather put to it for new localities.

Egypt is the location this time (Egg-wipe, as Ed Wynn used to call it) and there among the tombs and pyramids is our old friend Warner Oland, who has become so identified as Charlie Chan, the portly little Chinese detective with the gentle philosophy, that it has become quite difficult to think of Warner as any one else.

The mystery—surprise, surprise—is all about the weird series of deaths that follow the opening of a high priest's tomb, and it's a very good mystery, for even the most adept solvers among you will be kept in suspense regarding the identity of the villain until good old Charlie lays his trap. Don't think we'll tell you who the murderer is—it might be Frank Conroy or Jamison Thomas or Nigel de Brulier or even Stepin Fetchit. Thomas Beck and Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer, lucky girl) look after the romance in a quiet way.

## THE HEALER

Rating: 60°—SIMPLE DRAMA—*Monogram*

RALPH BELLAMY, who becomes more and more popular with every picture, plays an earnest young doctor whose life is devoted to the cure of paralytic children in a mountain resort. Karen Morley acts as his assistant and of course is secretly in love with him.

The doctor supports his own clinic and

is adored by the youngsters, and everything is quiet and peaceful in the little community until Judith Allen, a rich society girl, hears of "the healer" and comes for treatments. Ralph cures her and falls in love with her and she easily persuades him to become a fashionable doctor. A forest fire threatening his boys' camp and his clinic brings him to his senses, and true love finds a way. No sophistication about this one.

## KLIOU

Rating: 69°—FOLKS, MEET HANK—*Bennett Productions*

YOU'VE doubtless read in the fan magazines about Connie Bennett's husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, who goes on long trips into the jungles every now and then to make travelogues. Well, here's one of them and very charming it is. It's done in Technicolor and is very soothing to the eye, and the musical score is very soothing to the ear. If you go in for travelogues you will most certainly enjoy this one.

In a gentle, leisurely fashion it tells the story of "Kliou," a great man eating tiger who terrorizes a small tribe of natives in the jungles of Indo-China. One day Kliou almost claws to death the "Quan," chieftain of the tribe, and the wise-man says that only the life blood of the tiger ebbing away can save the Quan's life. So a native boy with his bow and arrow stalks the beast in the jungle, finally kills him, and wins the hand of the Quan's very beautiful daughter.

The story is played by a native cast, with native scenery, and it is really quite beautiful and very simple. Henri de la Falaise plays an important part in the picture by acting as the raconteur, and my, my what an attractive, good-looking young man he is. I'm all for Hank becoming an actor.

## Studio News [Continued from page 19]

get some out of this," Robinson answers, taking a fresh pint out of his pocket.

"There is an idea there," Rogers remarks. "Gimme that cork."

Well, what does our philosopher do but burn the cork and black his face up. I'll bet you Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson will be plenty sore when they hear about it, too. But, anyhow, when Homespun Bill gets all blacked up, he starts out of the jail doing a tap dance.

"What do you call that?" one of the officers laughs, thinking Rogers is Robinson.

"Yawl white folks calls it 'Off to Buffalo'," Rogers replies, "but I calls it 'Off to de races'," and with that he's out and gone, leaving Mr. Robinson and the jailers holding the well known bag.

They're doing the tap dance when I bust in and Robinson is showing Rogers some steps. "Here," he offers, "you can cheat your face around towards the camera a little. Lemme show you."

It's darned generous of Robinson but any time anybody has to show Mr. Rogers how to cheat his face towards the camera there's a trick in it.

Just then the assistant director comes up. "Sorry. We'll be glad to have you visit our

set any other day but Mr. Rogers feels so self-conscious tap-dancing he doesn't want any visitors around."

"Isn't it wonderful?" my guide breathes as we leave. "A man his age learning to tap dance!"

Good night!



Harvey Stephens and Jean Muir fix it up about the orchids in "Orchids to You."

Well, leaving Mr. Rogers to his self-consciousness, his tap-dancing and the study of how to cheat his face towards the camera, we'll proceed to the next set, which is "Orchids to You." This features Jean Muir and John Boles. Mr. Boles has entertained me at his home at bridge several times and has been sending me Christmas wires for years but he never remembers me when he meets me. Today, however, after carefully asking the guide who I am, he comes up and greets me by name! And Miss Muir and I guzzled tea (and I really mean TEA) at John Beal's party so this is a very ducky set to be on today—particularly as no one is feeling self-conscious about anything.

The scene is a florist's shop and a very elegant shop it is, too. When the picture is released there will be a long string of credits, naming the director, the set designer, the costume designer, the scenario writer, etc., but there will be nary a word carrying the news "Flowers by Halchester." It's a shame, too, because whether they show up on the screen or not, the flowers on the set are really elegant.

"Holy smoke," Halchester ejaculates catching sight of me. "Don't you ever stay home? I saw you at Paramount the other day with Carole Lombard, you were at the



Biltmore with Joan Blondell and now here you are gabbing with Jean Muir."

"Orchids to *You*, Mr. Halchester, and mind your own business."

Mr. Boles isn't in this shot but Jean (see, we're that friendly now) and Harry Stephens are. I've a hunch Harvey is the villain of the piece. At any rate, he's still wearing a mustache.

"Good morning, Mr. Draper," Jean greets him as he enters.

"And to you, Goddess," he *ripostes*. "I have to fly to Detroit today. Be away ten days or so. Would you arrange for the regular delivery of my orchids?"

"Of course," Jean answers.

"And, er—I'd appreciate your personal attention," he goes on, "if you don't mind."

"I understand," she replies calmly.

"Orchids every afternoon—and before five o'clock—to—"

Jean has her pad ready to jot down the name and address as Harvey continues: "Miss Evelyn Bentley—"

Evidently Jean knows Miss Bentley and there is something wrong about the whole business because she drops the hand holding the pad as though she were through taking down the address.

"The address," Harvey goes on and then notices she hasn't the pad ready. "Don't you *want* the address?"

"Oh, yes," Jean replies hastily as though she's never heard of la Bentley.

"75 East 83rd Street," Harvey finishes—and then the dirty work. "I don't suppose," casually, "you'd have any business that might take you to Detroit?"

Jean frowns, is on the point of resenting his implied proposition, then turns it off with a shrug. "I'm afraid not. Each afternoon, orchids, before five. That right?"

"Right," he agrees suavely as if his invitation and its refusal were completely forgotten. "Between the dark and the daylight

When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupation—"

"That is known as the orchid hour," Jean finishes for him.

Next on the list, we have a concoction with the rather daring title of "The Dressmaker."

This whole thing, Mr. Sheehan, of not being able to get the plots—if any—of your pictures is just too, *too* confusing. Here this thing is called "The Dressmaker" and the scene is a banker's office, I don't know who the characters are or why or what bankers have to do with dressmakers. So how can I interest the public in your output? Of course, if I told them the plot they might be even less interested but there's no use looking on the gloomy side of things. Anyhow, we'll assume they know the plot up to this point and are simply on tenterhooks to find out what comes next.

Well, Robert Barrat—as one of the bankers—is bending over Tutta Rolf's (Fox's latest foreign importation—and I will say that despite the fact not one of their furringers has ever clicked they are no whit discouraged and keep bringing more over). "That would be wonderful," he breathes.

Just then the door opens and who should pop in but our old friend Clive Brook. "Madame Petrovna," Barrat goes on, "may I present my partner and friend, Mr. Trent?" And then to Clive: "Madame is the famous Russian disease, Nadia Petrovna."

"I have heard of Madame," Clive admits, and then to her, "How do you do?"

"Madame has done us the honor of opening an account in our bank," Barrat explains.

"But on one condition," Madame interrupts hastily, and turns to Clive: "I understand you are to be married tomorrow and that tonight you and Mr. Dupont (Barrat)



Tutta Rolf (just imported), Clive Brook and Robert Barrat in "The Dressmaker."

will have a little bachelor dinner all alone?"

"Right," Clive acknowledges.

"Well, I have fallen madly in love with Mr. Dupont," Miss Rolf rushes on with breath-taking candor, "and I want you to let him have dinner with me instead."

"You see, Bill," Barrat puts it up to Clive, "what a position I am in? Torn between my friendship for you and my adoration for—"

"Just call me Nadia," Madame interrupts.

"I bow to Madame," Clive bows with a courtly waist bend, "and I hope you both have a very delightful dinner."

"Oh, Mr. Trent!" Nadia (I guess it's all right for me to call her 'Nadia,' too) gushes. "You are breaking my heart. How can I separate two such dear friends and," with marked coquetry, "two such attractive gentlemen. I think we *three* should dine together."

"Why not?" Clive comes back in what for an about-to-be-married man is a surprisingly gay voice.

## JOHNNIE GOES

## PLACES!

Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races,  
June 1935

Call for  
**PHILIP  
MORRIS**



**America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette**



# BARGAIN!

Unusual opportunity to purchase latest model Royal Portable. New sales plan places this amazing new writing machine easily within reach of every reader of this magazine. Act quickly. Use coupon below.

BRAND-NEW GENUINE

## ROYAL PORTABLE WITH TOUCH CONTROL

Made and guaranteed by the Royal Typewriter Company, Inc. Anyone can use it—even a child. Will give lifetime of writing convenience. Here at last is the perfect typewriter for student, home, author—everyone!



**TOUCH CONTROL**... the most revolutionary improvement ever presented on a typewriter. Key-tension is instantly personalized to your own exact finger pressure.

### PAY AS YOU USE IT!

Small down payment. Monthly terms easily arranged to suit your purse—only a few cents a day.

**FREE!**



**FREE!**



New system of touch typing. Prepared by experts. Quickly mastered.

Handsomely designed case. Typewriter easily removed for luggage.

### SPECIAL FREE TRIAL

Try the New Royal Portable at home. If not entirely pleased, it may be returned without question.

### SEND NO MONEY!

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Dept. S-8  
2 Park Avenue, New York City  
Please send me complete details concerning special FREE TRIAL OFFER on the New Royal Portable Typewriter with TOUCH CONTROL.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
CITY.....STATE.....

## Betty Lou

# TROPIC TAN

## FACE POWDER

*Loveliness for your Summertime Complexion*

Purse Size at all  
F.W. WOODWORTH STORES  
Regular Size  
ONE DOLLAR

# 10¢

Betty Lou Allan 500-5TH AVE. N.Y.C.

## SUMMER RASH ITCHING STOPPED QUICKLY

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, eczema, and many other skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

**D.D.D. Prescription**

## GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31 St., New York

"Why not?" Barrat echoes very feebly. And the next thing we see of them they are in a taxi together hilariously singing, "Hail, hail the gang's all here." That is what my friend, Dick Arlen, and I would call *whimsy* but whatever it is, Mr. Sheehan, I think in view of the circumstances and situations, you do well to keep your plots to yourself.

Thus, ending on a note of gayety (forced gayety) we leave Mr. Sheehan to his pictorial machinations and proceed to M-G-M.

### At M-G-M

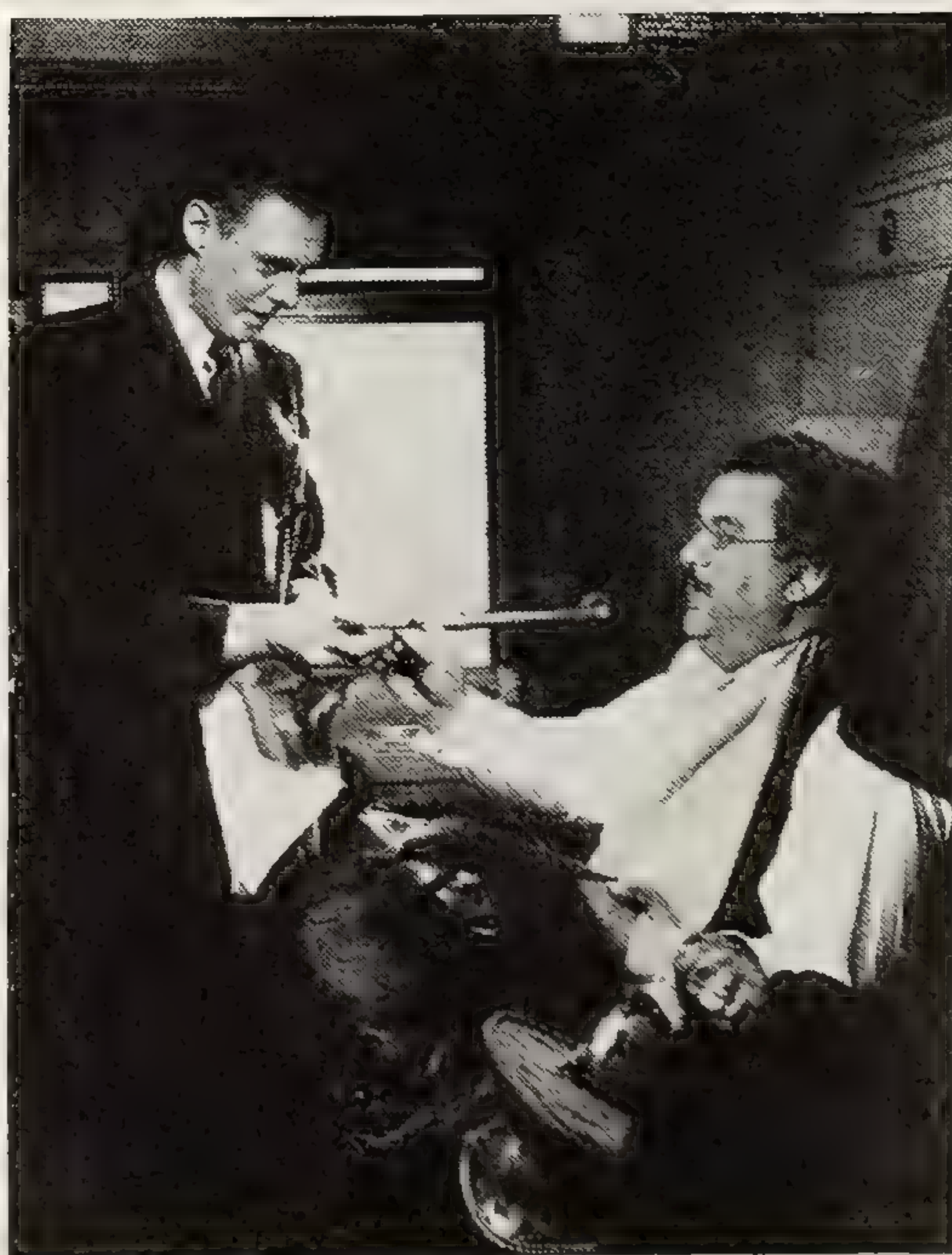
WELL, out here, "Anna Karenina" goes on and on and on with Garbo still veiling her face from the inquisitive gaze of visitors. I should think after her experience with "The Painted Veil" and the panning she and it got, she'd have learned veils are no good for her.

Next, we have "Escapade," the ditty Myrna Loy bawled out of. In her place is Luise Rainer—another foreign importation. The woods—or the studios—are full of 'em and, according to the publicity departments each is going to be an ABSOLUTE sensation—until her first picture is released. If I had all the money that has been paid these potential foreign sensations who have made one to three pictures and then been dropped, I mean money paid in salaries and exploitation, someone else would be writing your "Studio News" for you. Of the hundreds who have been brought over at sums in excess of a king's ransom—if there are any kings left—the only ones who have clicked are Garbo, Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall. And I'm not even sure Dietrich has paid any returns on the investment that has been made in her. But still, the studios haul 'em over and let 'em get back as best they can.

Well, anyhow, Miss Rainer is so nervous over her first American picture, and they are so far behind on production on account of Myrna's defection, the set is closed, which is quite all right with me.

But we still have "Mad Love"—ah, LOVE, could you and I with Him conspire, to change this sorry scheme of things entire But there I go. And Mr. Khayham another furringer.

Well, my little ones, here is as neat a piece of blood-curdling drama as Karloff, Lugosi, Junior Laemmle and Tod Browning have ever concocted betwixt and between



Colin Clive and William Gilbert in "The Hands of Orlac," which introduces Peter Lorre of "M" fame.

the three of them. It's all about a famous surgeon (Peter Lorre of "M" fame), brilliant to the point of being mentally unbalanced, Yvonne Orlic the beautiful young dancer (I disremember who plays her) and her husband, the world-famous pianist (Colin Clive) from whom she has been separated. Clive is on a train to Paris, busily jotting down notes for a musical composition. A fat Frenchman (William Gilbert) is sitting opposite him. First he (the Frog) mops his face and neck with his handkerchief, then he stuffs it in his collar so that it flows down over his fat bosom. Then he opens a bundle. It is a huge meal. Next him, is a little fur kitten. He cuts himself off a huge slice of Bologna. At the smell of the sausage the kitten stirs mysteriously. Finally a dog's head pokes itself out. He slaps the dog back and looks at Clive.

"Fifty francs for the dog in the van," he explains in righteous indignation. "Of course, M'sieu, the guard—you will keep my confidence?"

"If my silence is worth the fifty francs to you," Clive returns, "buy it." He gestures towards the sausage. "I'm hungry."

Frenchy gives him a dirty look and cuts a small slice. Clive takes it, opens the top of the kitten and gives it to the dog.

"Humph!" says Frenchy deprecatingly. The train begins to slow down, the brakes shriek and the plot is under way.

M. Lorre, with his head clipped, or rather, his hair clipped, right down to the quick, is pacing around with a mad look in his eye. Knowing practically everything, as I do, about "The Hands of Orlac," and knowing what he's going to do to Colin before many reels have elapsed, you can't blame me for being a little uneasy.

I leave "The Hands of Orlac" to those as likes that sort of thing and saunter over to the next stage where the programmer is appropriately titled "Calm Yourself."

Of course, when I see Robert Young sitting sedately on a chair in the corner of an office I know everything is strictly on the up and up over here so I relax. I am even more reassured when the synopsis informs me that this is "charmingly nonsensical comedy"—they hope.

The scene is what is known as a "walk through" and is not vitally important to the plot. As I told you, Bob, in a tannish suit with one of the new "action backs" is sitting quite properly and quietly on a



Carlton Griffith, Shirley Ross and Robert Young placidly presenting "Calm Yourself."

chair in the corner, his brief case on his knees and his hat on the brief case.

Behind a desk sits a young man with a mustache and glasses, who is named Carlton Griffith but who looks too much like Johnny Arthur for comfort. The outer door opens and Shirley Ross, very striking in a black ensemble with a three quarter length coat, the whole thing trimmed in white, enters and passes through the office, quite as though she belonged there.



"Good morning, Mr. Whipple," she says briefly as she keeps going.

"Good morning," he replies and turns to Bob. "You may go in now, Mr. Patten."

Well, that's all there is to the scene, except to tell you that Bob has been fired from an advertising agency (owned by Claude Gillingwater) because he fell in love with the president's beautiful daughter (Betty Furness). So he opens a one man "confidential services" bureau and is about to render confidential service to K. S. Rockwell's daughter (Madge Evans)—only she doesn't know it yet. There are many complications but young love triumphs in the end and Bob and Madge find they are meant for each other, while the president's beautiful daughter (Betty Furness) finds happiness in the arms of Bobby Kent (Hardie Albright).

Having seen that everything is okey-doke at M-G-M, even down to solving Clive's dilemma in "The Hands of Orlac" and making sure he's going to be reconciled with his wife, we proceed to Warner Brothers establishment.

#### At Warner Bros.

WELL, All and Sundry, if you think I'm not playing in luck today you're crazy. Everywhere I go there are only one or two pictures shooting—except at Fox and that's already behind me.

Over here, we have Joe E. Brown in "Broadway Joe"—a musical. This is being directed by Busby Berkeley, who directs the best ensemble numbers of anyone in Hollywood, regardless of how he directs an entire picture. And, in addition to that, he's married to Myrna Kennedy who is—or was when I last saw her—one of the most beautiful girls in the world.

Well, anyhow, Buzz' directorial ability and Myrna's looks have nothing whatever to do with the plot of the picture.

The set—and nobody can fool me about this—the set is the interior of a day coach and there are bags and suitcases piled in the racks over the heads of the passengers.

Joe E, who is perfectly magnificent in a black and white checked suit, with a black and white tie and a gray fedora, and Ann Dvorak (his wife) are members of a cheap burlesque troupe. Joe, always clowning, turns some back flips down the aisle of the car, landing at the end of the corridor in front of the stateroom where Patricia Ellis (a madcap heiress) is weeping copiously. She's run away from home but instead of coming out with the truth she fills Joe up with a pack of lies, and in the end he takes her to Joseph Cawthorn, the manager of his company, and gets her a job. William Gargan, who is just as flashily dressed as Joe E, in a tan suit, tan fedora, tan shirt and RED tie, has come down the aisle of the car and stands on the edge of the crowd observing the proceedings. He recognizes Pat.

I could give you the dialogue but it's just routine stuff so there's no use taking up space. It's charm, I'm sure, will lie in the way it's played.

But the part gives Joe a chance to do all the stunts he did while he was with a circus and which gained him such widespread popularity on the New York stage. He tumbles, dances, sings, juggles, and in fact, opens up his bag of tricks and GIVES.

"I suppose, you louse," says Gargan when the scene is finished, "it would be beneath your dignity ever to call a guy up or come out there when you know we have a house guest?"

There it goes again. I spend half my life making apologies and excuses. So I apologize once more and invite Bill up to the mountains for a week-end and I'm quite forgiven for ignoring his house guest who happens to be Mrs. Leslie Howard.

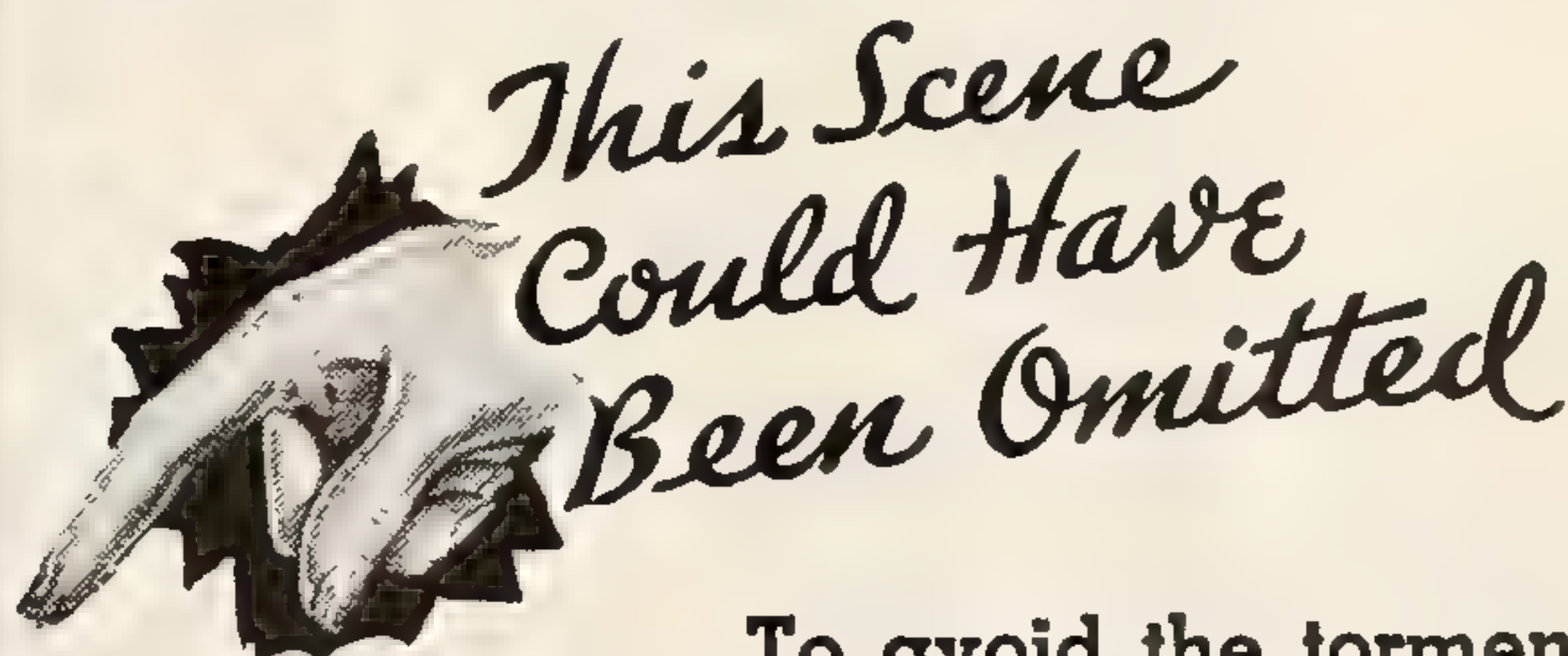
"Page Miss Glory" is also shooting out here but I told you about that one last



## A MENTHOLATUM MOVIE

### "She Spent all Day on the Beach!"

This moving picture tells of a lady who spent a happy day at the beach. But when night came she found that the villain, named Sunburn, had caused her much trouble. If she had called upon the hero, Mentholatum, the unhappy scene at the bottom of the film would have been entirely omitted.



To avoid the torments of sunburn, apply Mentholatum liberally. It cools and soothes, and banishes the pain and smarting. Its medicinal ingredients also promote rapid healing.

for **SUNBURN** use  
**MENTHOLATUM**

Gives  
COMFORT  
DAILY

## Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



You, too, can have a full rounded form

You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' treatment, \$1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive **GUARANTEED** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

#### Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my chest-line 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.

"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.

"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

#### Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid \$1.00 will be sent **FREE** if you send \$1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment **NOW**. **OFFER LIMITED, SEND \$1.00 TODAY.** Add 25c for foreign countries.

**DAISY STEBBING**  
Suite 93 Forest Hills, N. Y.

## Mercolized Wax



### Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free.

#### Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



## Why a corn hurts

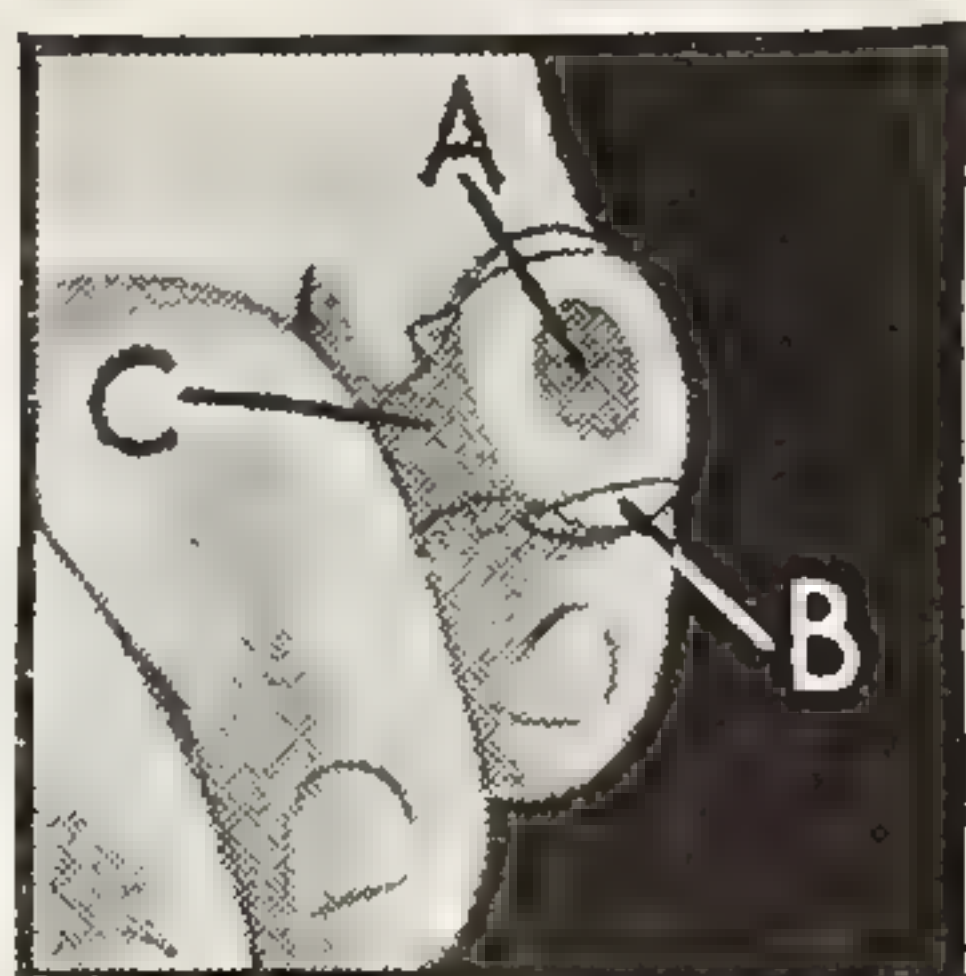


A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system.

That is why a corn ruins nerves and disposition—seems to "hurt all over."

## How to stop the pain

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly, by removing pressure from the corn. The pad is soft for greatest possible comfort... yet snug-fitting enough to be unnoticed under smart shoes. Center the gentle Blue-Jay medication directly over the corn itself. The pad is held securely in place with the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish, does not cling to stocking).



## How to remove the corn



After the Blue-Jay has been on for 3 days, remove the pad, soak the foot in warm water, and you lift the corn right out. It is gone,

never to pain you again. The Blue-Jay medication is absolutely safe... mild and gentle in its action of slowly undermining the corn.

Try Blue-Jay today. At drug and department stores—25c.

**BLUE-JAY**  
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC  
CORN PLASTER

APPROVED WAY TO TINT  
**GRAY HAIR**  
...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

REMOVES HAIR  
**X-BAZIN**  
CREAM  
SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF  
A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢  
DRUG • DEPT. STORES • TEN CENT STORES  
**SAFELY • QUICKLY • SURELY**

month, thank heaven, so we'll skip it.

The other one is called "Not On Your Life" and would you believe it, I reach the stage just as they are finishing the last shot. It happens to be a pick-up shot (a bit of action that is needed to splice the continuity together but which is not important in itself) of Warren William walking through a door. Well, great guns, madam, there's nothing to tell about a man walking through a doorway, and neither can you get a picture of that, so I'm just about to leave when I happen to spy Robert Florey, the director.

"Hullo," he says cordially. "Why do you always come on my sets just after we've finished or just as we're finishing?"

"Well," I congratulate him, "you shoot so fast that if I don't reach you the day after you start production I never am able to catch you."

Bob grins appreciatively and it's almost literally true. He may not be one of the arty directors of the colony but his pictures make money. He made "The Florentine Dagger," "Registered Nurse" and "I Am a Thief" in ten to sixteen days—and even sixteen days is a long shooting schedule for him.

"Next time I start a picture," he offers, "I'll call you and you let me know when you're coming out and we'll put on our big scene for you."

Mr. Florey is the only director I know who works as fast as Woody Van Dyke and I mean to take him up because you'll be interested in knowing how he directs pictures.

That winds up things at Warner Brothers and as there is no use staying there gabbing, I drift over to—

### Universal

THE most important picture here is still "Diamond Jim Brady" but you heard about that one last month, too.

Then there is "Mom" (formerly called "Lady Tubbs") starring Alice Brady. Alan Mowbray, Douglass Montgomery and Anita Louise are also featured.

It seems that "Mom" (Alice Brady) is a cook, no less, on the chow car of a construction gang engaged in building a new railroad. She has put her niece, Wynne Howard (Anita Louise) through college, where Anita falls in love with Phil (Douglass Montgomery) son of the socially prominent Ash-Orcutts. Anita has 'phoned Alice to join her for the week-end at the home of the Ash-Orcutts to look Doug over and see if he fits. Just as Alice is about to leave, she gets another call from Anita telling her not to come—that she is leaving. The Ash-Orcutts don't approve of her.

Alice is thunderstruck.

"But I don't want you to worry about me, Mom," Anita whispers into the telephone. "It doesn't matter. He's not the only man in the world?"



Douglass Montgomery and Anita Louise in Alice Brady's picture, "Mom."

## Seductive Slimness

### Remove that Ugly FAT

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming flesh. Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

**FREE** Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. SL-22, Forest Hills, New York.

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....

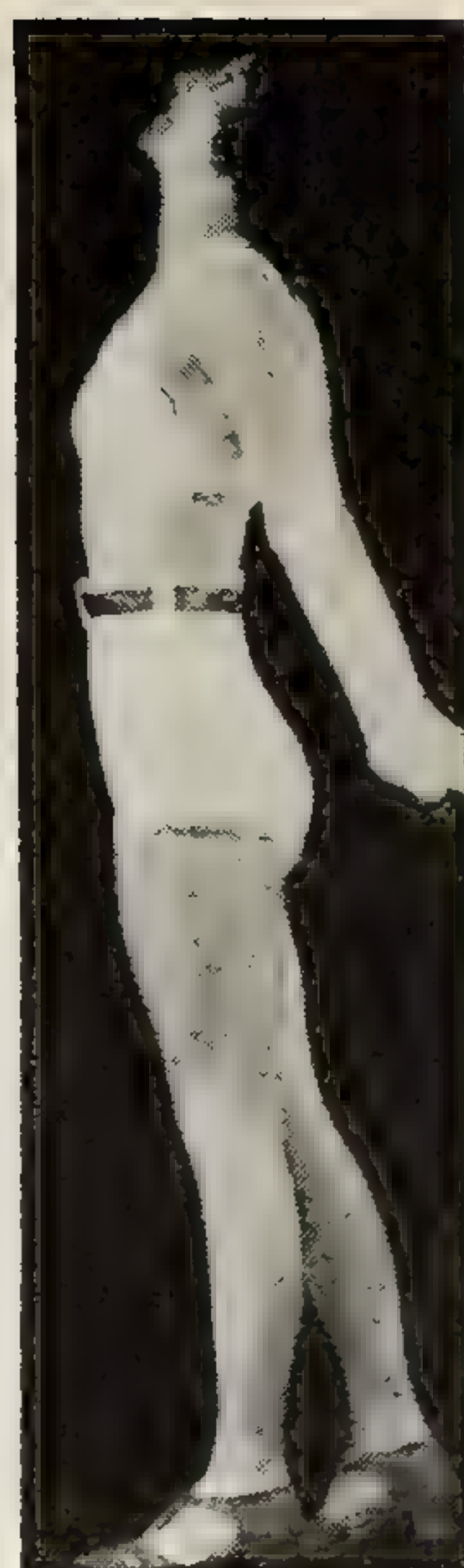


Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

In Hollywood there are two hundred and twenty-one highly skilled writers who report to a waiting world every rumor and amplify every incident. Read the thrilling story of how reputations are made and what happens when the publicity goes wrong. In—

## SILVER SCREEN

September Issue On Sale August 7th

## SINUS—HAY FEVER

ASTHMA - BRONCHITIS - CATARRH

A famous New York physician of thirty years experience, former chief, for fourteen years, of Ear, Nose, Throat Clinic of a noted New York City Hospital, retires from active practice to introduce his scientific home treatment aimed to eradicate the root of these diseases. No narcotics. Write for FREE book and symptom chart and a money back guarantee. D. Friedman, M.D., Department SS, 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

## REDUCE

Without Drugs—Without Exercises  
**EAT EVERYTHING**

A grand discovery for those overweight. Amazingly simple—simply amazing. Makes you feel well and happy over astonishing loss of weight. **FREE BOOK—LET from:**

**EAT-ALL REDUCING SYSTEM**  
11 West 42nd St., N. Y. City

## SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES

### BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. **WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.** UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

## Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(40th Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearance). For Catalog, write Sec'y LANE, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.



"Who says I'm not?" Doug demands as he enters. "I'm the only man for you and don't forget it," putting his arm around her.

"Phil, please don't," Anita whispers.

"Give me a kiss," he orders. "I want your auntie to hear."

"Oh, Phil," she whispers, turning her face away as his kiss falls on her cheek, and then, into the 'phone, "Mom, I'll explain everything in a letter. Goodbye."

The set is the lounge of a country club. The walls are all paneled in wood, deep sofas and red leather chairs. There are palms and bowls of flowers scattered about and loving cups.

Miss Brady is very chic in a suit of henna colored flannel pajamas which she doesn't wear in the picture. She has them on because she is only lending her voice and not her body to the production this morning.

Suddenly the director comes up: "Alice, it doesn't look like you're going to be able to get away."

"It doesn't make any difference," she assures him.

He is still very apologetic about the whole thing but Alice smiles bravely. "It really doesn't matter. If I can't, I can't. This is the studio where I'm working and they have first call on my time."

Well! I've been around studios a long time and this is the first time I've ever heard a star so agreeable about not getting off when she wanted to. But Alice had the reputation in New York of being one of the sweetest and easiest stars to get along with of anyone on Broadway. She's lost pounds, too, and looks fine.

Eric Blore, who played the butler in "The Gay Divorcee," appears on the set suddenly and Alice fairly springs to meet him. "Are you going to work in this picture?" she asks eagerly.

"No, I've been working in 'Top Hat' with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers," he answers.

"Who else is in it?" she asks.

"Oh, Eric Rhodes and Eddie Horton."

"Why," Alice exclaims in amazement, "they have the entire cast from 'Divorcee' except me. Why am I not in it?"

"I don't know," Mr. Blore answers hastily, visibly embarrassed. "Possibly you were engaged on something else and they couldn't get you."

As a matter of fact, Helen Broderick is taking Miss Brady's place in the cast and while I'm nuts about the Broderick, I think I'd have preferred Alice. Oh, well. Nobody asked me.

Alice is too upset over the slight that has been put upon her to chat so I mosey along to the "Sing Me a Love Song" (tentative title) set.

The setting for this picture is the interior of a theatre and I mean to say they have really reproduced one. In one of the boxes sits Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell, a man I didn't recognize and Ricardo Cortez. In the next box are a party of people and Henry Mollison (an English importation). Ricardo is a racketeer de luxe who owns half of New York. He is at the theatre tonight in an effort to collect a gambling debt from Mr. Mollison. In front of the box are a lot of extras in dress clothes. But, here's a funny thing, the farther away from the box you get, the fewer extras there are, until finally, right in front of the camera are only two or three extras to a row. That's so that the camera, shooting over their heads, will catch the tops and make it seem as though the place is filled. As the focus of the camera widens, more and more extras are needed.

The director gives a signal, there is a burst of applause, the curtain parts and out comes the star, Dorothy Page. And what I mean, she is really an eyeful in a

skin tight, dark blue sequin evening gown with flame colored bird of paradise feathers in her hair and around her neck. She takes a bow, the curtain falls and there is more applause. It rises again, she comes out, grabs a bunch of yellow roses one of the ushers has been holding out to her, with a well simulated gesture of surprise that anyone should be sending her flowers, and the curtain falls once more. Then Mr. Armetta, Mr. O'Connell (who is putting on too much weight) and the strange gentleman rise and leave the box. Ricardo is alone, next to Mr. Mollison, and only a freak of circumstance can save Mr. M from a very bad time.

Well, that's Universal but there's still—

#### Paramount

SOMETHING'S always doing at good old Paramount. This month, first and foremost, the one and only W. C. Fields is working again—this time the masterpiece being called "Everything Happens At Once." He is a hen-pecked, underpaid book-keeper.

His domineering wife is Kathleen Howard, formerly editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. She is wandering around the set in a peach colored satin nightgown but, ssh (or however you spell shush). It looks to me as though she had on stays and several layers of other things underneath it. Also, she has on stockings, which is a fine way for a lady to go to bed. It was all right for Wynne Gibson in that bit she had in "If I Had a Million" because then Wynne was the kind of lady who goes to bed with her stockings on.

Mr. Fields? Ah, *there* is a different story. He looks very snazzy in a pair of white pajamas with one of those ducky little sashes tied around his middle. And here I'd always thought Bill the type of man who wears nightshirts.

My reflections are rudely interrupted by a whack on the back. I look around and there's Paul Jones. This is not the John Paul Jones of naval history. This one is William LeBaron's assistant. "How's your golf?" he grins fiendishly.

Mr. Jones took me golfing one Sunday and caught me at my worst. Now, mind you, there's only a difference of about two strokes between my worst and my best but it's something I don't like to have thrown in my teeth.

I turn my back on Mr. Jones and suddenly I gasp. Sitting sedately in a chair, quite as though he were Mr. Paramount, is none other than Sam Hardy—he of the resplendent wardrobe, comprised of suits with checks an inch square (the more conservative models), stripes of variegated colors and other inconspicuous patterns. For his new duties as gag man, writer and assistant director (of sorts) on this picture, he is much more quietly garbed than usual. But even so, he's wearing white socks with elastic in the top to obviate the necessity for garters. I guess it's the sophomore in him.

The scene is the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Howard-Fields' home. Miss Howard's satin gown is out of keeping because it's not much of a home. There's a shoe bag hanging in plain view on the door. Yeah, and where a wall has been taken out to make room for the camera, I catch sight of the bathroom. And it's a pretty cheesy bathroom, too. Wooden wainscoting half-way up instead of tile, and one of those old fashioned tin tubs, painted white.

Kate is already in bed and W. C. is stewing around. "Anything you want, dear?" he asks meekly solicitous. "Can I get you a glass of water—or something?"

"You can get to bed and turn out the lights," she snaps ungraciously.

"Yes—yes," he mutters. "I should have thought of that."

I'd like to stay here all day because that

SEE HOW I  
LOOK SINCE  
I GAINED  
12 POUNDS



Posed by professional models

#### Compare Her Measurements With Yours

H'GHT. 5 FT. 4 In.  
W'GHT. 120 Lbs.  
BUST . 35 In.  
WAIST . 26 In.  
HIPS . 36 In.  
THIGH . 21 In.  
CALF . 14 In.  
ANKLE . 8½ In.



It's a shame to be  
**SKINNY**

When This Special Quick Way  
Adds 5 to 15 Pounds Fast

THOUSANDS who were "skinny" and friendless have gained solid, attractive flesh this new quick way—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater results—regain health, also put on solid pounds—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion, new pep.

#### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets; watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, constipation go, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

#### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

#### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.





**Eyes BURNING AND TIRED?**  
Dust—wind—sun glare—reading—  
tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them  
daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing.  
Used safely for nearly 40 years.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

*Lovely to look at.*  
INVITES A CARESS

STAR-SHEEN Liquid Hair RINSE  
and TINT will make "Him" ad-  
mire your hair because only STAR-  
SHEEN gives your hair those  
shimmering glints that "will be re-  
membered." STAR-SHEEN counter-  
acts dullness, brittleness and pro-  
motes softness. Try STAR-SHEEN



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS  
Star of "Accent on Youth"

note the difference. SEND 10c FOR FULL SIZE BOTTLE.  
Check Shade: [ ] Platinum [ ] Henna [ ] Black  
[ ] Blonde [ ] Dark, or [ ] Golden Brown.  
**8 RINSES For 10c STAR-SHEEN**  
P.O. BOX 131 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
**SOLD AT ALL 10c STORES**

## Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so ter-  
rible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay  
Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while  
your eyes water and nose discharges con-  
tinuously, don't fail to send at once to the  
Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a re-  
markable method. No matter where you live  
or whether you have any faith in any remedy  
under the Sun, send for this free trial. If  
you have suffered for a life-time and tried  
everything you could learn of without relief;  
even if you are utterly discouraged, do not  
abandon hope but send today for this free  
trial. It will cost you nothing. Address  
**Frontier Asthma Co., 377-W Frontier  
Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.**



**Hot Aching FEET**

**Quickly Relieved and Refreshed**  
Aching, sore or swollen feet are quickly  
relieved by Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. This  
invigorating, healing, medicated balm drives  
out inflammation; eases sore muscles and  
joints; soothes irritated nerves; reduces swell-  
ing; quiets painful corns, callouses  
and bunions. Try it and you'll never  
be without it. Get a jar today at your  
drug, shoe or dept. store, 35¢.  
For free booklet on Foot Care,  
write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 299  
W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

**Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM**

guy floors me. He never does a scene the  
same way twice. But right next door is  
"The Big Broadcast of 1935."

The nine million radio stars Paramount  
has lined up for "The Big Broadcast" aren't  
working today but Jack Oakie, Lyda Ro-  
berti and Henry Wadsworth are. This is the  
salon of a most palatial yacht. At one  
side is a very intriguing looking bar and  
on the other is a curved window seat—  
very spacious. Midway between the two  
is a table, all set with a lace cloth, enough  
forks, knives and spoons to start a cutlery  
store and some fruit cocktail in ice.



"The Big Broadcast is the 'big' pic-  
ture of the Paramount lot. Jack  
Oakie, Lyda Roberti and Henry  
Wadsworth at work.

Suddenly the door opens and the three  
players I mentioned enter. Oakie is carry-  
ing a big leather case, which contains the  
"radio eye." "Ah-h-h," Lyda gushes en-  
thusiastically.

Jack is already orating:  
"Now, you take Edison," he spouts off.  
"They laughed when he sat down at the  
battery but when he got up with the elec-  
tric light? Ah! What did people say  
when Eli Whitney invented the gin mill!  
Where were they when Pullman invented  
the upper and lower? Asleep! Necessity,  
the mother of invention! And, believe  
you me, this is mother's day!"

Roberti glances adoringly at Henry.  
"He knows so many theengs," she coos.

Roberti looks like a million—cold cash.  
Oakie has never looked as well in his life.  
He must have lost thirty pounds since he  
finished "Call of the Wild." And this is  
Wadsworth's big chance. He made a big  
hit with Helen Morgan in her first picture  
—"Applause"—and, until now, he's never  
had a chance since then.

Here's to "The Big Broadcast," its play-  
ers and director (drat him!), may it prove  
one of the box office smashes of the year.

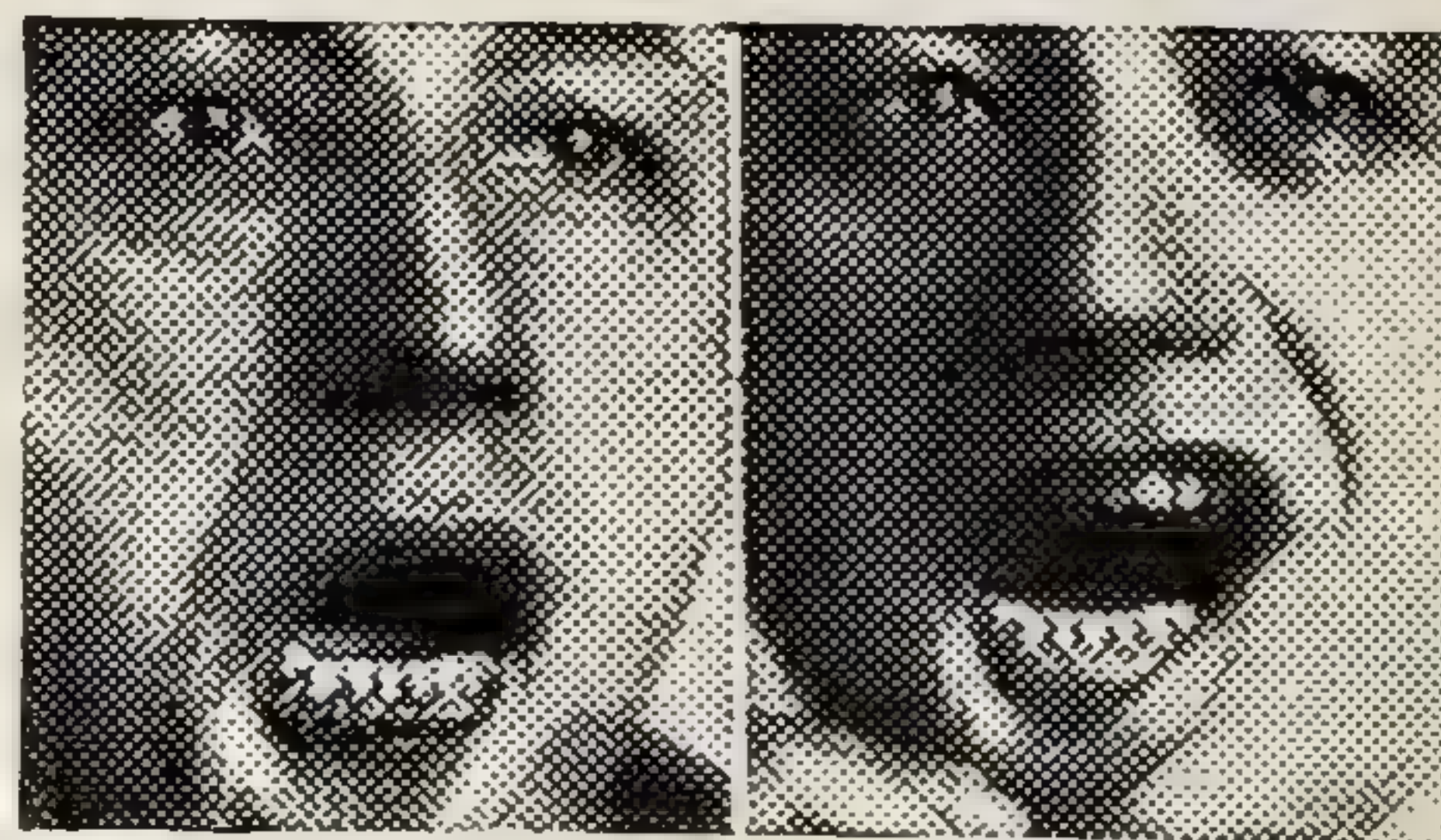
R-K-O

AND, just because I live right, "The  
Peacemaker," starring Richard Dix,  
finished yesterday so he could be free to  
greet his twins when they arrive tomorrow.  
"Top Hat" I told you about last month  
so there is only "The Return of Peter  
Grimm" to report.

In the original play, Peter was a famous  
tulip grower. But, for some reason best  
known to themselves, R-K-O has made  
him a general horticulturist. Lionel Bar-  
rymore plays Peter. Peter dies and goes  
to heaven but he can't let well enough  
alone and comes back to watch over his  
beloved flowers and to direct the affairs  
of those he loved. Quite a harmless, lov-  
able old ghost he is, so no one is scared  
to have him walking around—much.

The particular scene they're shooting  
takes place before he dies. He's in his  
office with his secretary, James Bush. He  
has just finished dictating a letter when

## Heals Pyorrhea Trench Mouth For Thousands!



BEFORE AFTER

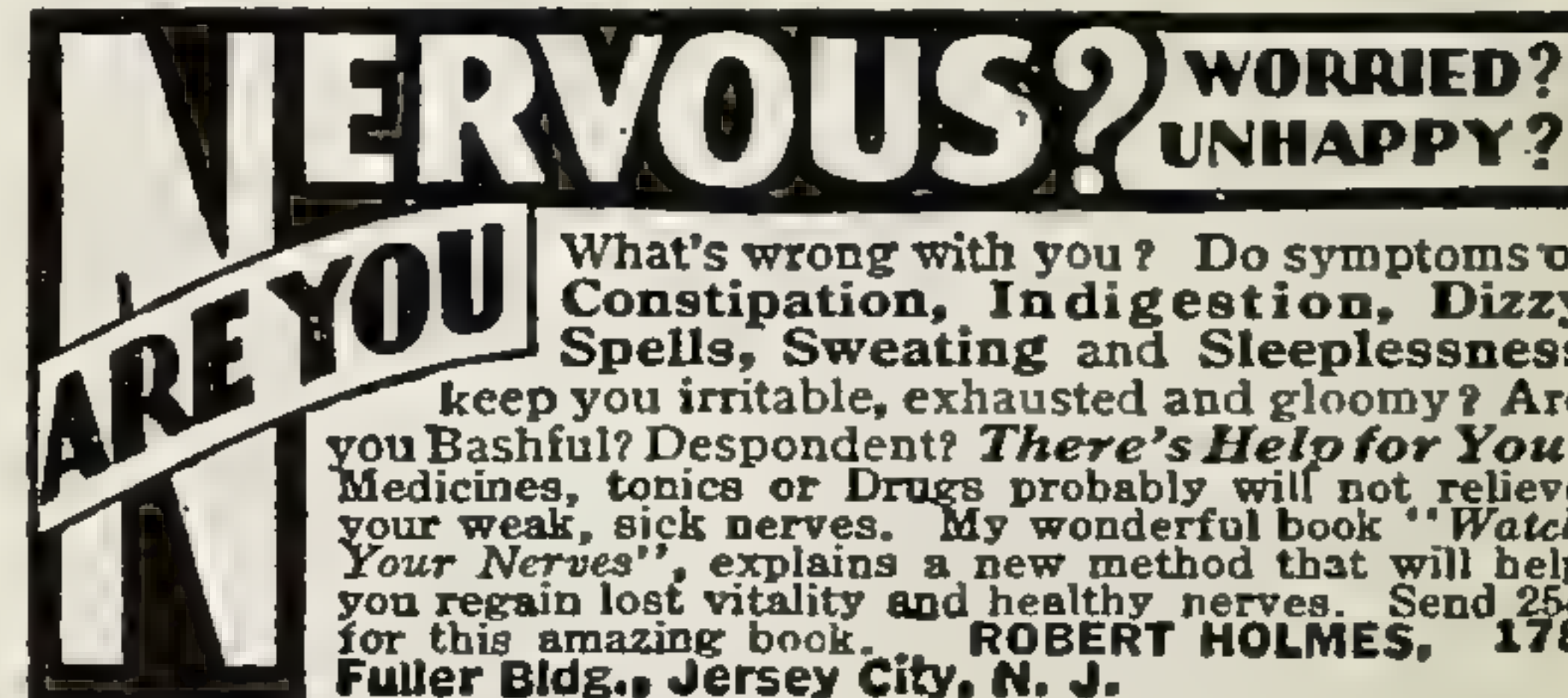
Picture shows Mr. Rochin before and after using P. T. M. FORMULA. He says: "I used P. T. M. for four weeks and all signs of pyorrhea have absolutely disappeared, leaving my teeth and gums in a firm, healthy condition—thanks to your wonderful remedy. My dentist could hardly believe such a change possible. I surely hope that the thousands suffering from Pyorrhea and Trench Mouth learn, as I did, that at last there is relief from these dreaded conditions."—Paul Rochin, Los Angeles, Cal. DON'T LOSE YOUR TEETH! TRY P. T. M. FORMULA, a painless economical home treatment with money-back guarantee. P. T. M. has healed Pyorrhea, Trench Mouth, sore, tender, bleeding gums for thousands of sufferers. It is new in principle, and has proven sensationally effective for thousands of users. If you have Pyorrhea or Trench Mouth—if your gums are sore or bleed when brushed—if your teeth are loose or pus pockets have formed—TRY P. T. M. You be the judge—nothing to lose, your health to gain. Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with successful results in your own case. Write NOW for full information. P. T. M. Formula Products, Inc., Dept. T-33, 4016-Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

## WANTED! ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

for immediate consideration  
**M. M. M. PUBLISHERS**  
Dept. SU Studio Bldg.  
PORTLAND, ORE.

## CASH for EASY HOMEWORK

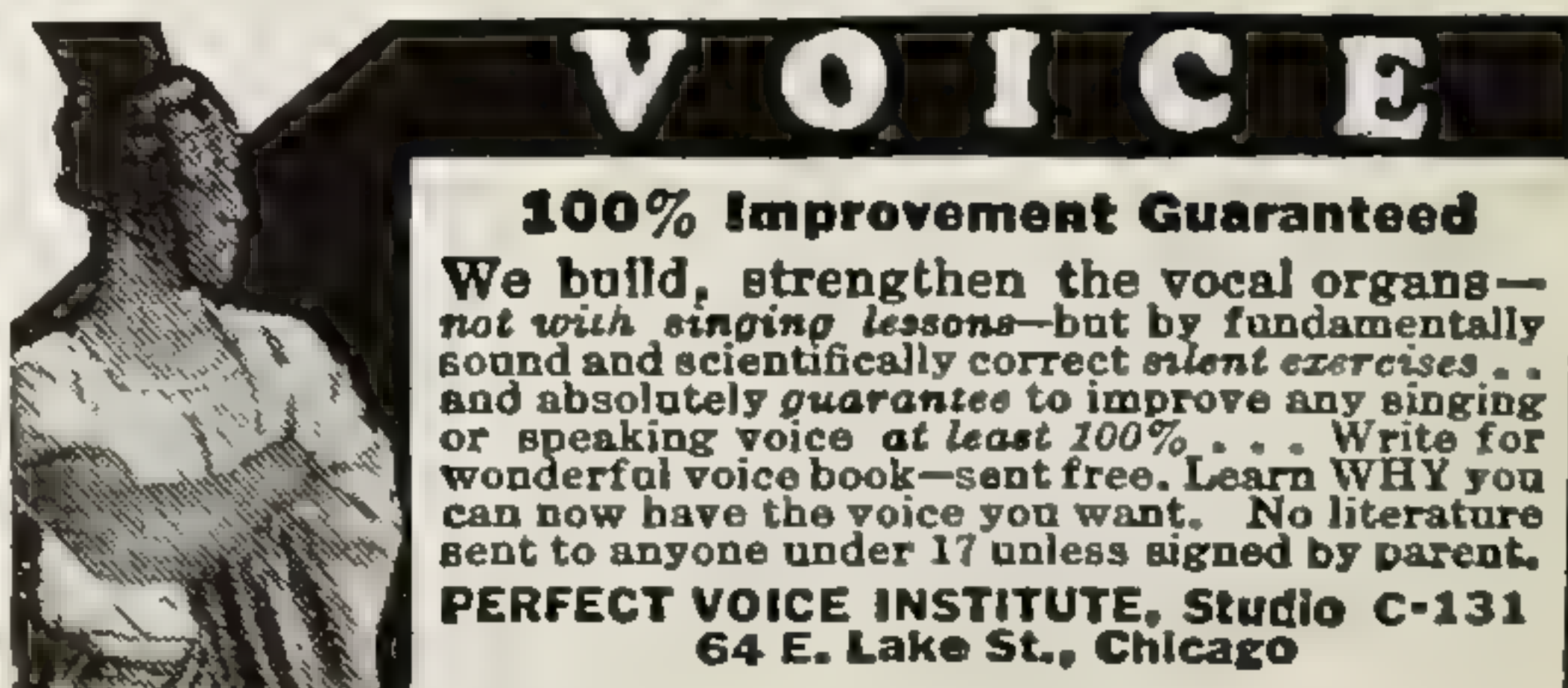
**LADIES—ADDRESS  
ENVELOPES—**  
at home. Spare time.  
\$5.00 — \$15.00 weekly.  
Experience unnecessary.  
Dignified work. Send  
stamp for particulars.  
**HAWKINS**  
Dept. HR Box 75  
Hammond, Indiana



**NERVOUS? WORRIED? UNHAPPY?**  
What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of  
Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy  
Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness  
keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Are  
you Bashful? Despondent? *There's Help for You!*  
Medicines, tonics or Drugs probably will not relieve  
your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "Watch  
Your Nerves," explains a new method that will help  
you regain lost vitality and healthy nerves. Send 25c  
for this amazing book. **ROBERT HOLMES, 178  
Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.**

## HAYFEVER

ASTHMA and SUMMER COLDS are unnecessary.  
Complete relief only \$1.00 Postpaid. Nothing else to  
buy. Over 40,000 HOLFORD'S WONDER INHALERS  
sold last year alone. Mail \$1.00 today for full season's  
relief to THE DANDEE CO., 252 HENNEPIN AVENUE,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, or write for  
Free Booklet.



**VOICE**  
**100% Improvement Guaranteed**  
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—  
not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally  
sound and scientifically correct silent exercises...  
and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing  
or speaking voice at least 100%. . . . Write for  
wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you  
can now have the voice you want. No literature  
sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.  
**PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio C-131  
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**



**5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS**  
Send postcard for our free catalogue.  
Thousands of bargains. Address:  
**HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue  
Dept., Desk M-64, GIRARD, KANSAS**



he glances out the window into the garden and sees Helen Mack and Allen Vincent walking past. He chuckles and turns to Jimmy, who has also seen them. From the way Jim's lips tightened, I don't think he cares much for the picture.

"That ought to tell you it's spring," Lionel smiles. "Yes, sir, SPRING! I wish they'd have sense enough to kiss each other. If I was Frederik (Vincent)," he goes on starting towards Mr. Bush, "I'd certainly want to kiss the girl I was engaged to."

He fairly beams at Jimmy who rises suddenly and stares at the old man. "En-

gaged?" he demands rather incredulously. "Sure," Lionel nods. "Why not? Well, not yet, but soon. They're young—they've had weeks to fall in love—yes, sir, any day now they'll be engaged!"

Jimmy makes a startled move towards Lionel, as though he was about to say something, but the director calls "Cut!" and that suits me because it means I can now duck out to the Richard Arlen's to speed them on their cross country jaunt in their new Duesenberg. So I'll be seeing you next month, when the tulips are blooming and Peter's spirit has returned to heaven where it belongs.

## Games

[Continued from page 29]

murder?" When he has his case completely built up, he turns suddenly to the one he thinks guilty, and says, "I accuse you of the murder!" If he guesses correctly, the murderer becomes the District Attorney, the cards are repassed, and the game continues. If the guilty one is not detected, the District Attorney goes out again. (The Ace of Diamonds is used only the first time.)

It is very amusing to hear the blood-curdling screams when the murderer thinks he is choking his best friend (or his worst enemy!!!) and finds it is a stranger who is visiting his hostess; or to find three or four actors trying to hide under the kitchen sink to escape the roaming murderer.

At a week-end party in his Malibu Beach home, Robert Woolsey played his favorite game of "Pinchy-Winchy." The comedian's victims were George Raft, Virginia Peine, Jack Haley, Benny Rubin, Bud De Sylva, Tommy Duggan and, of course, Bert Wheeler.

Everyone sat in a circle on the floor. Wheeler sat on one side of the circle. Woolsey sat opposite. The guests were instructed to do exactly as their hosts did,

without question or argument.

Woolsey started the game by turning to Benny Rubin, on his right. "Pinchy-winchy," he said coyly, at the same time giving Benny's cheeks an affectionate tug. As he took his hands away, a smudge of black cork left its mark. Benny immediately turned to the person on his right, said and did the same thing. But of course there was no black mark. Everyone burst out laughing but Benny, who could not imagine why all the merriment. While the whole room laughed at him the game continued, and, after several rounds, in which Wheeler and Woolsey pulled Benny's ears and made goatees and mustaches on him, until the victim looked like Al Jolson's ideal, everyone was told to stand up and form a line. Then they marched before a mirror. Benny Rubin took one look at himself, gave his famous yankee-doodle laugh, got down on one knee and sang "Mammy."

Although Benny was the "goat" he carried it off so well that everyone felt free to laugh at him—making the party a success. After all, every good party has one guest who clowns for the benefit of all.

## The Boyer Charm

[Continued from page 23]

a groove that goes only in one direction.

Of "Private Worlds," his first picture under the Wanger-Paramount contract, he spoke most highly. "It was an intelligent theme and required definite thought to interpret it correctly. I should like to do other pictures that have thoughtful plots which stimulate the mind."

As for "Break of Hearts," in which he played opposite Katharine Hepburn, he was not so optimistic. "It was disappointing to us both," he said frankly. "But what could you expect, the dialogue was practically written line by line as we worked on the set. That way, you cannot give your part the intelligent co-operation it deserves. But we did have such a good time while we were doing it! So we can't be too glum."

M. Boyer was somewhat embarrassed when confronted with the fact that the American fans are welcoming him to their hearts as the newest screen lover. "That can't continue very long," he said deprecatingly. "I am an actor and must go ahead on the stage and screen indefinitely—but as a great lover, no! They would tire of me and I would tire of them all too soon."

He agreed, however, that his film work, both here and abroad, has added considerably to his prestige and he is naturally very grateful. "My manager at the theatre in Paris where I played last was not impressed by it, though," he murmured with an amused smile. "One day he came and

joined me at the stage door where a group of fans were asking for my autograph. 'Why are they out here, your precious fans,' he bellowed sarcastically. 'Why are they not in the theatre where they belong?' As the theatre had not been very well patronized that afternoon, I could not argue with him. I had no, what you call *come-back*."

The conversation, veering to other subjects, came back to pictures again and M. Boyer expressed himself most enthusiastically in favor of "The Scoundrel." He conceded that so far as the end was concerned the plot held plenty of loop-holes. "But it was so different, so unusual, one overlooked the flaws. And Noel Coward! What a distinguished character study he gave. I liked 'The Informer,' also. That, too, was different. In Hollywood they laughed at it, but only for a little while. It was tragic, in such a stark, naked sort of way they didn't know just how to take it at first. Yet they remained to applaud it at the end."

Good taste, and a sense of the fitness of things (oh, why oh why was I ever taught etiquette—I could slay Mrs. Emily Post) prompted me to get up at this moment and terminate my visit, but as I wished him *bon voyage* in my very faulty French I knew instinctively that this potent charm, which is his gift from the kindly gods, will outlast his temporary absence, and when he returns next Fall to Hollywood he will find thousands of devoted fans waiting to receive him.

## WHY BE FAT?



Delighted women everywhere are telling their friends how easy it is to have an alluring figure the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

## \*She LOST 50 Pounds without Diet or Exercise

● There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of delighted women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

\*Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes "I reduced 50 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Every other method failed, but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded! After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than for years, and I felt better in every way."

**EASY-TO-USE—SAFE—EFFECTIVE** when used according to directions. Doctors prescribe the ingredients which science combines for you in RE-DUCE-OIDS, in easy-to-use, tasteless capsule form. Hundreds of letters tell of permanently reducing as much as 70 pounds... and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. No weakening diets, no reducing baths, no exercises!

### FAT GOES — OR NO COST TO YOU!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful "slimming" results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back. Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! So start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. . . . Your druggist or department store has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package, or \$5.00 for 3 packages, to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif.—or C.O.D. Plain wrapper.

**FREE** Send no money for this valuable book — "HOW TO REDUCE." Free and Postpaid, plain envelope.

In Easy-to-Use Capsule Form

**RE-DUCE-OIDS**  
TRADE MARK REG.



### GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. S358  
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE." If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name.....

Address.....

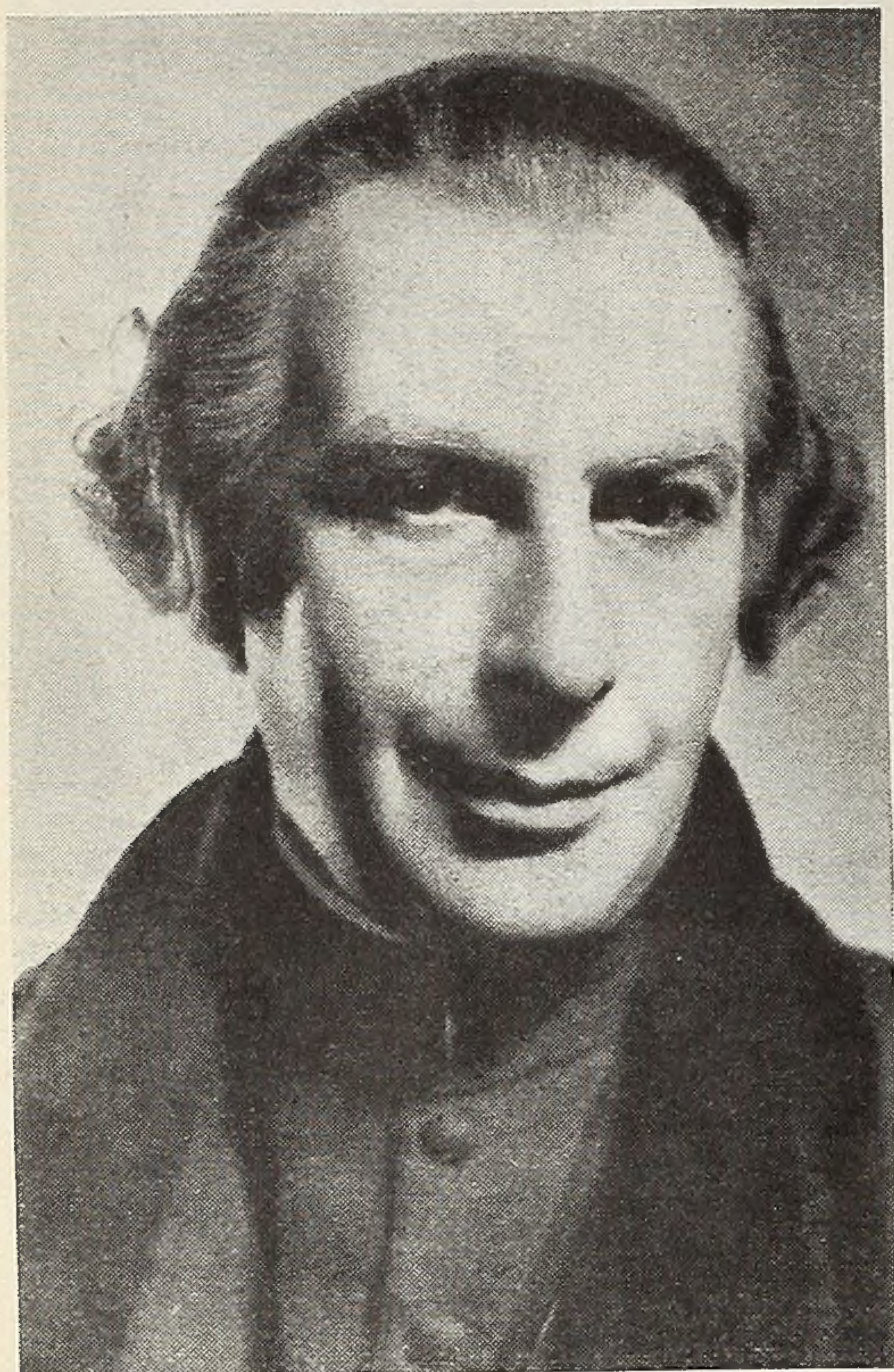
City.....State.....



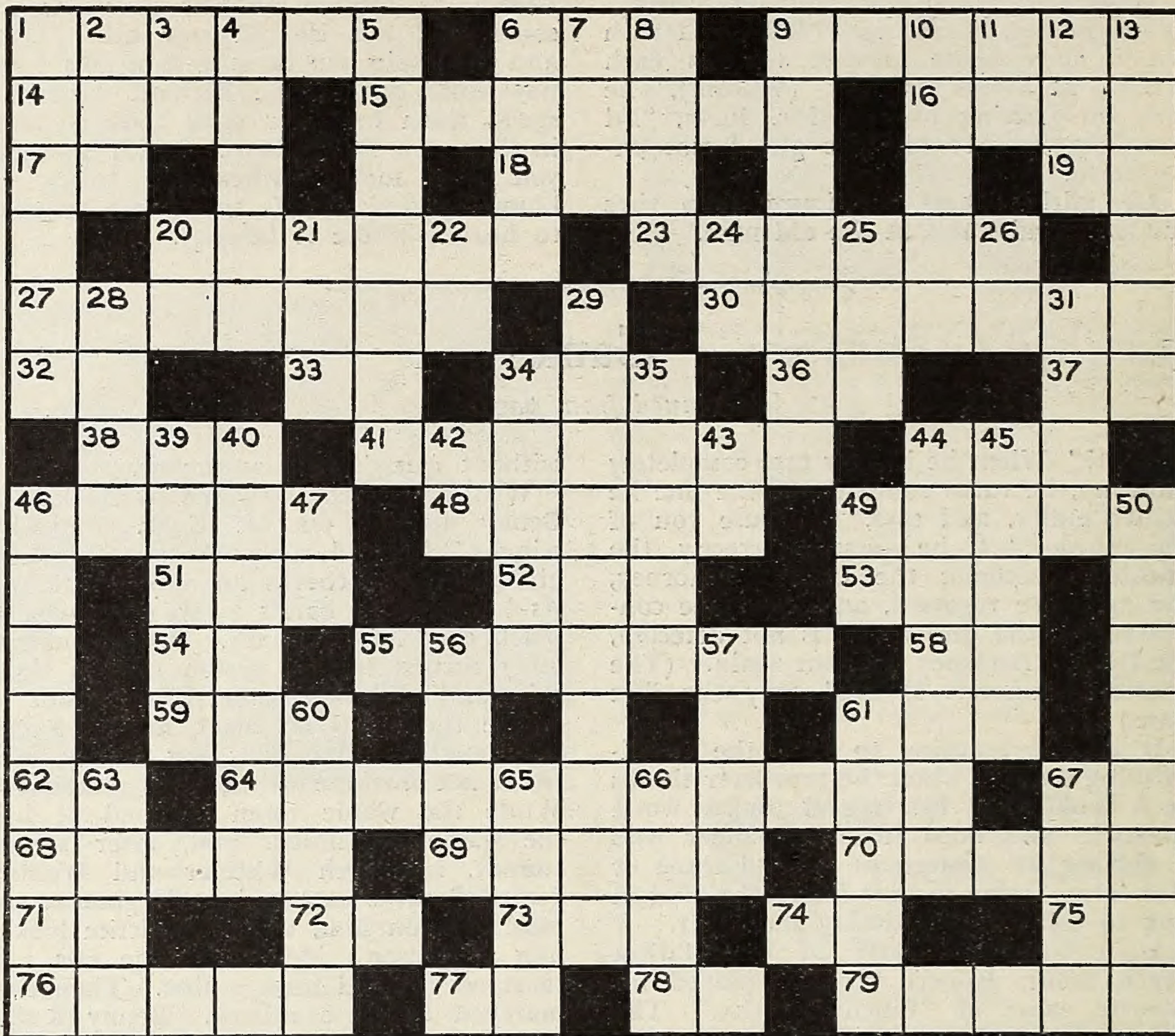
# The Thing Final

## A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



Sir Cedric Hardwicke



### ACROSS

- 1 Al Howard in "Go Into Your Dance"
- 6 A constellation
- 9 She was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia
- 14 He was excellent as the waiter in "The Gay Divorcee"
- 15 An amusing character actor
- 16 To prohibit authoritatively
- 17 He is going to be co-starred with Jackie Cooper again (initials)
- 18 A prefix
- 19 Indefinite article
- 20 Reciprocal
- 23 Trust
- 27 She is making a picture at Universal
- 30 The jilted girl in "Reckless"
- 32 He once played in an orchestra (initials)
- 33 Parent
- 34 Possessive pronoun
- 36 Direction (abbr.)
- 37 Ordnance Department (abbr.)
- 38 To dress in one's best (slang)
- 41 The beautiful wife of Richard in "The Crusades"
- 44 Solemn promise
- 46 Enchantment
- 48 A well known orchestra conductor
- 49 To lessen gradually
- 51 Now vacationing in Europe
- 52 Definite article
- 53 Son of Mohamet
- 54 A Warner player (initials)
- 55 Independence
- 58 Type measure
- 59 Partake of food
- 61 Part of verb "to be"
- 62 He has abandoned tennis for a movie career (initials)
- 64 Bing Crosby's latest film
- 67 Exist
- 68 A musical composition for eight parts
- 69 He inherited a dress shop in "Roberta"
- 70 To indulge freely
- 71 The sun god
- 72 Masculine pronoun
- 73 A single unit
- 74 Two-toed sloth
- 75 An ex-Governor of New York
- 76 She married Gene Raymond in "Transient Lady"
- 77 Into
- 78 Negative
- 79 "The Man Who Knew Too Much"

### DOWN

- 1 Amelia in "The Casino Murder Case"
- 2 The eye
- 3 Fifty-one (Roman)
- 4 To clean or scour
- 5 Not artificial
- 6 The brother of Cain
- 7 Corded material
- 8 Dry

- 9 The star of the musical picture "My Song For You"
- 10 Paul Lukas' secretary in "Age of Indiscretion"
- 11 Definite article (Fr.)
- 12 Letter of the Greek alphabet
- 13 His next picture will be "A Tale of Two Cities"
- 20 She is under contract to Columbia (initials)
- 21 To touch lightly
- 22 Paid publicity
- 24 Speech of hesitancy
- 25 A tract of land (abbr.)
- 26 A prefix
- 28 A solemn declaration of truth telling
- 29 Franchot Tone's father in "Reckless"
- 31 He attended Santa Clara University
- 34 Angry
- 35 A spirited horse
- 39 With Clark Gable in "The Call of the Wild"
- 40 A newcomer from England
- 42 Either
- 43 Symbol for Tellurium
- 44 His last name is Hobson
- 45 To think
- 46 Brian Aherne will play opposite her in "Glitter"
- 47 Possessive pronoun
- 49 Tantalum (abbr.)
- 50 The romantic interest in "Life Begins at 40"
- 56 The star of the "Show Boat" radio hour
- 57 To leave out
- 60 The tenth part of anything
- 61 The month of showers
- 63 A mark or blemish
- 65 A sacred image
- 66 The lovely Polish girl in "The Wedding Night"
- 67 To carry or convey

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

|    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| AL | B | A | R | T | H | E | L | M | E | S | S | A | H |
| R  | U | D | Y | O | R | D | E | N | T | O | N | E |   |
| E  | K | E | C | L | A | U | D | E | T | T | E | E | G |
| N  | A | B | S | A | C | Y | E | R | D | R | E | G |   |
| A  | S | P | O | N | Y | S | G | R | E | T | A | L | I |
| S  | H | E | A | D | I | R | E | E | A | R | N | E |   |
| K  | E | N | T | T | R | U | T | H | E | W | E | S |   |
| M  | A | R | C | H | H | M | A | L | E | V | E | L |   |
| A  | Y | E | L | O | M | B | A | R | D | L | N | E |   |
| R  | D | R | E | A | M | A | L | E | I | L | A | B |   |
| S  | A | D | A | R | A | B | T | O | T | S | T | H | E |
| H  | M | E | R | R | S | G | W | A | L | T | E | D |   |
| A  | Z | A | S | U | P | A | L | C | E | R | E |   |   |
| L  | A | C | P | A | R | R | I | S | H | I | N | F |   |
| L  | I | G | H | T | B | O | Y | E | R | I | M | H | O |

IN THE reviews of that excellent picture "Les Miserables," great stress was given to the implacable, unrelenting character of Javert—brilliantly played by Charles Laughton—and his dogged hunting down of Jean Valjean, Fredric March.

You have no doubt seen the picture by now (and if you have not, let us urge you to do so). It has occurred to us that the theme of the man hunt is not the real reason for the success of this Victor Hugo classic. In fact, the greatest thrill comes when the bishop, benignly played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, opens the eyes of Jean to the beauty of brotherly love and trust:—

"Long ago, Jean, I learned that life is to give—not to take."

The screen has been very entertaining lately with its musicals, its Federal officers and those pictures from the classics, but we wish to point out that the screen was greatest when it used to preach a little. Is there a bit of confusion in the minds of the producers? Do they think that to be skeptical is to be intelligent? Let them study "Les Miserables." There is nothing stupid or provincial about this picture. There is no hokum about its beliefs. When Sir Cedric Hardwicke so simply talks to Jean, and when later Jean lives up to the Bishop's beautiful teachings, we feel a glow of joy and pride in the screen.

\* \* \*

THE most remarkable scenes that we have found on the screen this month, are in "Escape Me Never," Elisabeth Bergner's picture. She is unbelievably real as the wild Gemma. The beginning of this picture has action, a remarkable setting and this extraordinary actress in a whirlwind start-off. There is no one on the screen like her—adorable!

Elmer Keen  
EDITOR



Found on Alice Faye's memo pad



# "Have Mabel Lux my Blue Organdie"

"DO I USE LUX?" says Alice Faye. "I insist on it! One of the first things I tell a new maid is that she must never, never use anything but Lux for my stockings or sweaters or any of my personal things."

"If a thing is washable at all, Mabel Luxes it. She says then there's no 'luck' about it. Things keep their 'brand-new' look so much longer."

Never are Alice Faye's lovely things rubbed with cake soap, or subjected to ordinary soaps with harmful alkali. These things might easily ruin delicate threads or fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali!

There's no end to the applause *your* precious summer frocks will get if they're cared for this way. Just test a bit of the material in clear water first—if it's safe in water, a whisk through Lux completely recaptures its crisp perfection.

You'll be wise to follow this care for stockings, too. Lux is especially made to save elasticity. Then threads *give* instead of breaking into runs so easily. Stockings fit better—wear longer!

## Specified in all big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes in the Fox studio are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says wardrobe supervisor Royer. "It protects colors and materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

Hollywood says —

**DON'T TRUST TO LUCK—TRUST TO**

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO



"Freshly Luxed feminine frills will melt any man's heart," says ALICE FAYE, petite Fox star, appearing in "Argentina."







Miss Elphinstone's Jay-Thorpe print, spattered with carnations, tucks more in the belt for gaiety

*Among the many  
distinguished women who prefer  
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE  
*Philadelphia*

MISS MARY BYRD  
*Richmond*

MRS. POWELL CABOT  
*Boston*

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.  
*New York*

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II  
*Boston*

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT  
*Richmond*

MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.  
*Wilmington*

MRS. HENRY FIELD  
*Chicago*

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*New York*

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER  
*Chicago*

MRS. LANGDON POST  
*New York*

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE  
*New York*



Copyright, 1935  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**"NATURALLY I LIKE CAMELS BEST...."**

**MISS BEATRICE BARCLAY ELPHINSTONE**

"They're so much milder and have so much more flavor to them," says this charming representative of New York's discriminating younger set. "They are tremendously popular with us all because they never make your nerves jumpy or upset. And smoking a Camel really does something for you if you're tired—you smoke a Camel and you

feel like new—it gives you just enough 'lift.'"

That is because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy in a safe way—fatigue vanishes. And you can enjoy a Camel just as often as you wish, because Camels never upset the nerves. Smoke a mild, fragrant Camel the next time you are tired, and see what a difference it makes.

**CAMELS ARE Milder!** MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...  
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND